

Astaire—Rogers' New Film Fictionized

Silver Screen

ADVANCE

COPY

See Page 26

February



Jean Harlow

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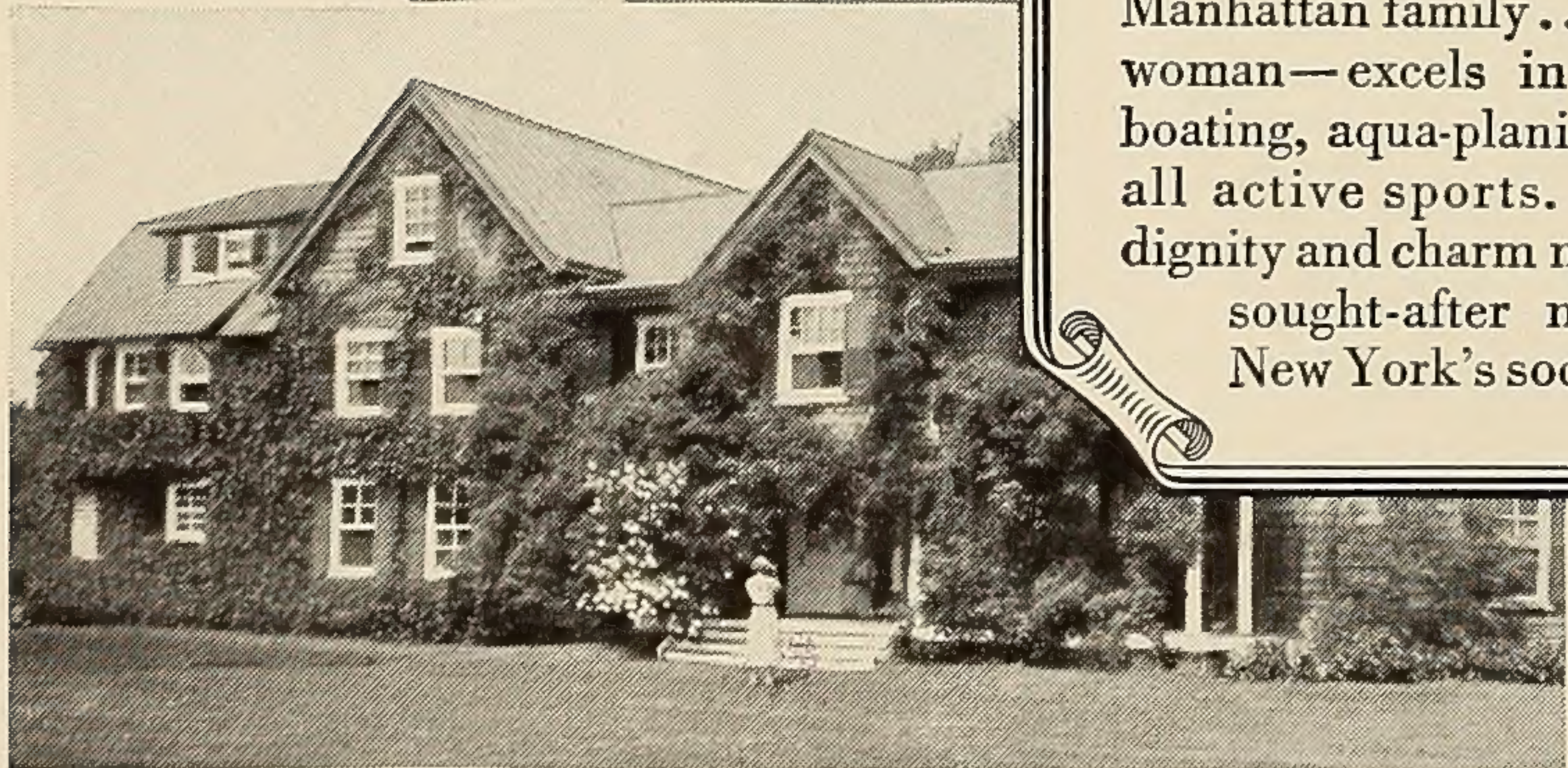
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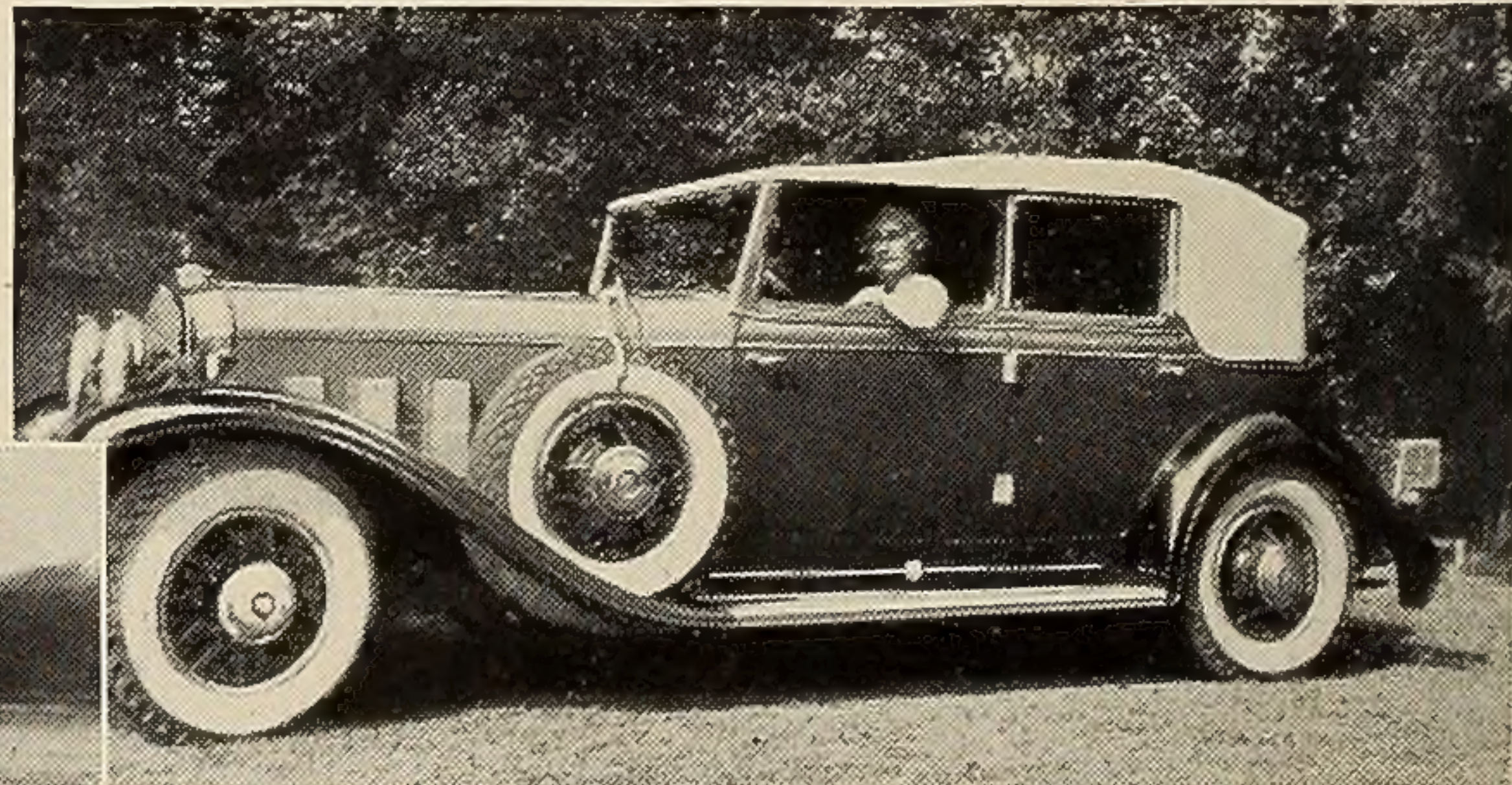
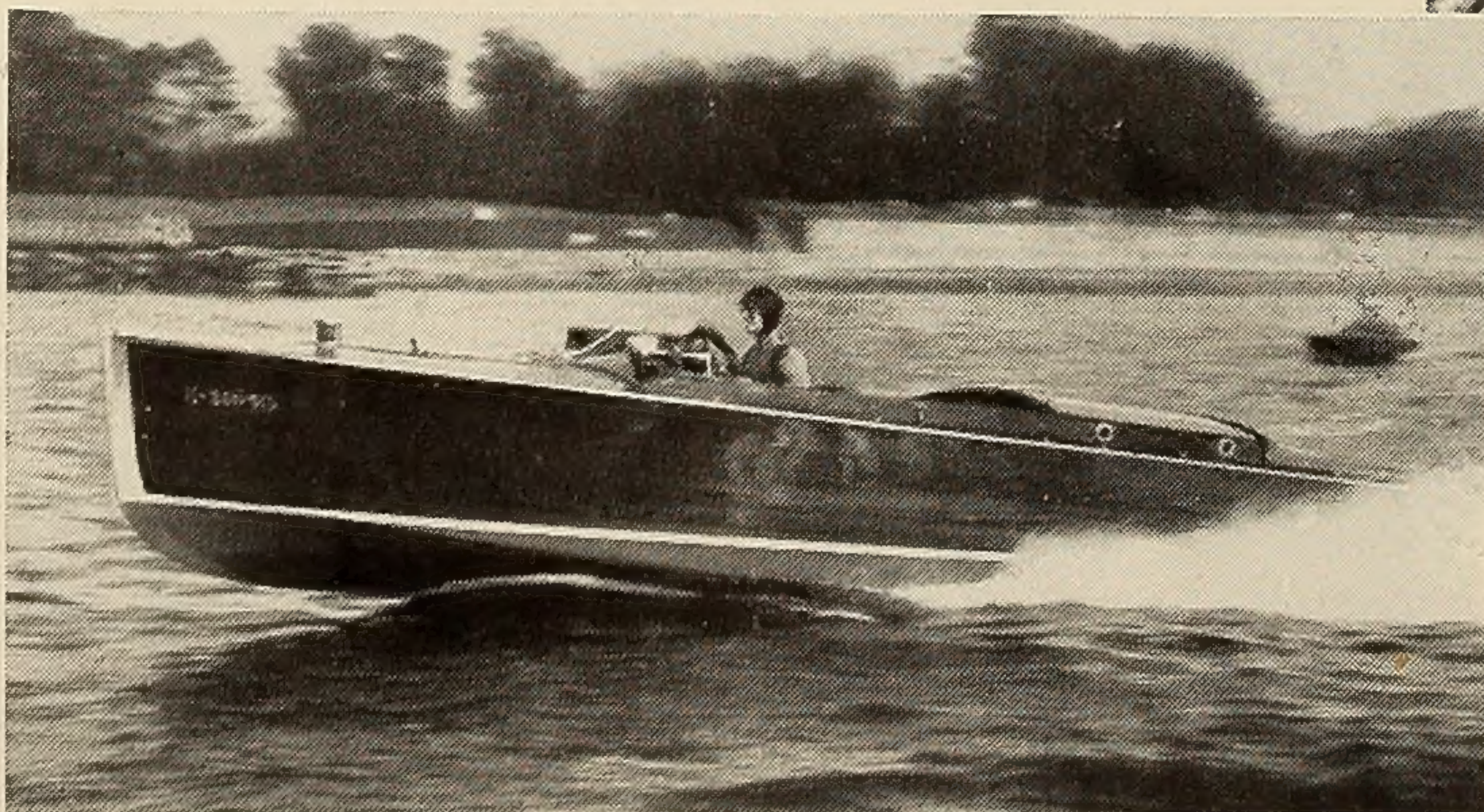
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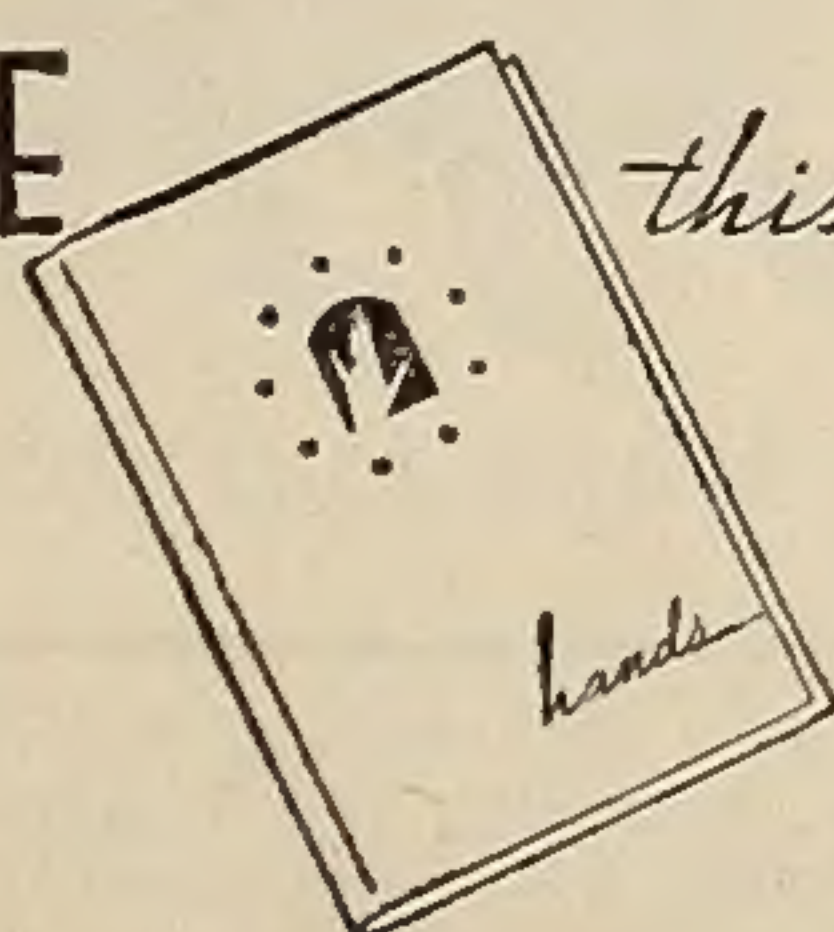


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THESE days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish, because they use so much more of it. That is the reason for PLAT-NUM'S generous, over-sized bottle . . . more than others give you for the money. Try a bottle.

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The Opening Chorus



Una Merkel

A Letter from Liza

DEAR EDITOR:

The subject of our little talk today is Raffles. Not Gentlemen Raffles like Ronnie Colman, but church and fair raffles. It all started when Madge Evans and Una Merkel asked me to drive down to San Diego with them to close the fair which you've read so much about this last year. It seems that a beautifully furnished Barkers Brothers house had to be raffled off, not to mention an Auburn car, spode china, and radios galore, and Madge had been chosen to reach into the big barrel and pull out the winning tickets. Despite the fact that Una and I grew reckless and bought fifty chances between us at the last minute we won not a thing, and haven't spoken to Madge since. A Mexican from Sonora, Mexico, won the beautifully furnished house and it will be such a dandy place for whipping up chile and enchilades.

"I've never won anything in a raffle," Una complained, "except once at a church social in a little southern town. I was eleven at the time and as skinny as a rail. I bought a fifty cent raffle ticket and won a hand crocheted brassiere—size forty."

I was telling this the next day at Metro and it seems that half the Metro lot had had their sad experiences with raffles. Jeanette MacDonald once won a parrot at a school raffle, when she was a little girl taking the first stepping stones to literature in Philadelphia. She was crazy about the parrot, though it did seem rather sulky and absolutely refused to talk, and could hardly wait to get home to show it to her mother and sisters. The parrot took one look at the very lovely and regal Mrs. MacDonald and croaked, "Why, you son of a gun." The parrot went right back to the school-house.

Myrna Loy won a turkey from the local missionary society once but it seems that the bird was a patriarch of a long line of turkeys, so it was more to be admired than chewed. Clark Gable won a box of Dotty Dimple cut out paper dolls, and you can just imagine how happy that made Clark. Of course, only last fall Elizabeth Allan took two chances on a car in Hollywood, gave one of the tickets to her cook and the other to her maid and promptly forgot all about it. Several months later she read in the newspapers she had just won a new Ford roadster. And now Elizabeth Allan's maid is the happiest maid in town.

Though she didn't pick a winning ticket for herself either at the fair Madge Evans won the comment distressing. One of the officials said to her: "How long since you've been in pictures, Miss Evans?" Madge told him she was planning a come-back. Me now—I've never even won a crocheted brassiere, have you?

Liza

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

FEBRUARY 1936

VOLUME SIX
NUMBER FOUR

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON

Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL

Art Director

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COVER PORTRAIT OF JEAN HARLOW BY MARLAND STONE

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. V. G. Heimbucher, President; J. S. MacDermott, Vice President; J. Superior, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 400 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 511 S. Alexandria Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; Walton Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$1.60. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1936.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!



"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved...

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES



Cast of 6000 including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Billy Bevan, Lucille La Verne, Tully Marshall, E. E. Clive, Lawrence Grant, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Tom Ricketts

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway

REVIEWS

TIPS ON PICTURES



FIRST STILL.
Olivia de Havilland and Fredric March making the first scene for "Anthony Adverse."

ANNIE OAKLEY—Fine. Barbara Stanwyck as the vivid Annie Oakley, crack rifle shot in Buffalo Bill Cody's famous circus several decades ago. This film should please all types—it has color, action, romance and some historical interest. (Melvyn Douglas.)

BROADWAY HOSTESS—Fair. There's a night-club background to this tale of a torch singer (Winifred Shaw) who loves her manager (Lyle Talbot), only to learn that he's gone daffy over a Park Avenue socialite (Genevieve Tobin). Allen Jenkins and Spring Byington furnish the laughs.

CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS—Fair. This was once one of Harold Bell Wright's most popular novels dealing with civic affairs in a large Western town. The story still holds elements of general interest. (Richard Arlen, Donald Cook, Charlotte Wynters.)

CORONADO—Good. An amusing musical, with tuneful melodies, some uproarious rowdy comedy, and young romance, of course. Eddie Duchin furnishes the music, Jack Haley, Andy Devine and Leon Errol the laughs, and Betty Burgess is the love interest.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—Fine. Josef Von Sternberg turns in an interesting production of this famous Dostoevsky study of a man tortured by his conscience after deliberately committing murder, even though the characterization hardly penetrates the possibilities of the original. (Peter Lorre, Edward Arnold, Marian Marsh.)

EAST OF JAVA—Fair. This is simply bursting with melodramatic situations . . . with Charles Bickford the bad man who takes command of a tramp steamer that is beached on an island seething with wild animal life. (Elizabeth Young, Leslie Fenton, Frank Albertson.)

FIRST A GIRL—Amusing. An English comedy with music, with lovely Jessie Matthews as a clever impersonator, and Sonnie Hale as her light-hearted manager. It is really quite entertaining.

FORCED LANDING—Good. A murder takes place on an airplane and by the time it is landed every passenger is considered a suspicious character. If you like mysteries of this kind, this won't let you down except at the end—and by that time you will have had your fun. (Toby Wing, Onslow Stevens, Sidney Blackmer.)

FRISCO WATERFRONT—Good. Ben Lyon as a candidate for governor of his state meets with an accident, and during his time under an anesthetic relives his entire past life. A story told backwards, as it were, but interesting nevertheless. (Helen Twelvetrees.)

JUST MY LUCK—Fair. A come-back for Charlie Ray in the awkward boy type of role he made famous during the old silent days. (Anne Grey.)

GRAND EXIT—Good. Edmund Lowe cast as a wise-cracking detective whose particular racket is concerned with fire-insurance cases. There's enough action and excitement in this for anyone. (Ann Sothorn—Onslow Stevens.)

HIS NIGHT OUT—Amusing. All Edward Everett Horton fans will enjoy this hilarious story about a dyspeptic who deliberately runs into trouble because he thinks his days are numbered anyway. (Irene Hervey.)

MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO, THE—Fair. Ronald Colman in the somewhat spectacular title role will still thrill the hearts of the very romantic. Joan Bennett is the girl who complicates the plot.

MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE—Excellent. If it's shrewd, exciting melodrama that you like, here's your night's entertainment. Sylvia Sydney plays the title role most effectively, aided and abetted quite expertly by the charming Melvyn Douglas and Alan Baxter.

METROPOLITAN—Fine. There's no singer in the world who gives a more dramatic interpretation of his songs than Lawrence Tibbett. You really shouldn't miss his "Road to Mandalay" and his "Prologue to Pagliacci" as sung in this amusing comedy. (Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady.)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—Excellent. Here's a film you can't afford to miss. Based on an actual sea voyage, during the 18th Century, that ended most disastrously, it is chock full of drama and action, with just a *soupc* of romance on the side. (Chas. Laughton, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone.)

MY MARRIAGE—Fair. A mixture of gangland and the ultra-ultra social whirl are blended together neatly enough in this action-melodrama featuring Claire Trevor, Pauline Frederick, Kent Taylor and Noel Madison.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA—Most amusing. With those mad, dizzy Marx Brothers taking charge of the proceedings, what would you expect? A riot of fun! And you get it, plus some swlegant singing by Kitty Carlisle and Walter King.

PAYOFF, THE—Fair. Here we have Jimmie Dunn cast as an honest sports writer who is forced by a wealthy racketeer (Alan Dinehart) to go crooked in order to save his wife's (Claire Dodd) reputation. In the end the wife and the racketeer get their just deserts.

PERFECT GENTLEMAN, THE—Good. Frank Morgan gives an amusing character study of an elderly Britisher whose son, a vicar, and his sister, a shrew, disapprove of him heartily when he learns about life from Cicely Courtneidge, a music hall favorite. (Henry Stephenson, Una O'Connor.)

PETER IBBETSON—Fine. George Du Maurier's exquisite story of a mystic love that existed mainly through the medium of dreams, becomes an absorbing photoplay. (Ann Harding, Gary Cooper, Dickie Moore, Jane Weidler.)

RENDEZVOUS—Delightful. Heroes are certainly made not born. In this story of political intrigue in Washington during the World War, Bill Powell, forced to remain at home through the clever ruse of Rosalind Russell, proves the point in most exhilarating fashion.

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Fair. A wealthy man (Walter Connolly) wills his pleasure-loving, extravagant family to George Raft, a former gangster, with the usual romantic cave-man results. Joan Bennett is the daughter who gets tamed, and Billie Burke the wife.

SHOW THEM NO MERCY—Fine. Another exciting G-men picture which will keep you tense in your seats until every kidnapper and gangster is either dead or behind bars. (Rochelle Hudson, Bruce Cabot, Cesar Romero.)

SONG OF THE DAMNED—Fair. A story that takes us to the penal colony at Devil's Island in So. America for the greater portion of the dramatic plot. The principle players are Victor Jory, Florence Rice and Norman Foster.

SO RED THE ROSE—Excellent. An extraordinarily moving tale of the old South just before and during the Civil War, and the war's effect upon an aristocratic old family. The cast is headed by Margaret Sullavan, Walter Connolly, Randolph Scott and Janet Beecher.

SPLENDOR—Fine. Although the story is a blend of sophisticated trivialities (that of a snobbish N. Y. family going to any lengths in order to retain its smug position in society) it is so lavishly produced and cleverly acted it's bound to capture your interest. (Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Billie Burke.)

STARS OVER BROADWAY—Good. A musical with Pat O'Brien excellent as a talent scout, and with Jean Muir as the girl with high ambitions and not too much ability. Both Frank Melton and Jane Froman, of radio fame, sing very well indeed.

3 KIDS AND A QUEEN—Good. A wealthy, eccentric woman (May Robson) allows her money-hungry relatives to think she is kidnapped, and this idea of hers leads to plenty of melodrama—and romance. Fine cast includes Frankie Darro, Charlotte Henry, Henry Armetta.

THANKS A MILLION—Excellent. A political satire set to music, with Dick Powell cast as a singer who actually wins a governorship! Fred Allen, the radio top notcher, gives a fine show of himself here, as do Ann Dvorak, Patsy Kelly and Raymond Walburn. You'll like this.

THROWBACK, THE—Good. An average Western tale—dealing with cattle rustlers—and with Buck Jones riding his horse into victory at every count. (Muriel Evans, Bryant Washburn, George Hayes.)

TO BEAT THE BAND—Fair farce. One of those typical musical comedy ideas about a goofy young man (Hugh Herbert) who is left a huge fortune with the provisos that he marry a widow. Helen Broderick lends excellent support.

TWO HEARTS IN HARMONY—Good. A British-made picture featuring our own Bernice Claire as an ex-cabaret singer who turns governess in the home of George Curzon, a peer of the realm. There's plenty of tuneful melodies and some good comedy situations.

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—Amusing. Edward Everett Horton is cast in the title role of this comedy about a poor sap who finally turns the tables most successfully on all those who laughed *too soon*. Cast includes Lois Wilson, Marjorie Gateson and John McGuire.

WHIPSAW—Fine. Myrna Loy's first picture since her vacation, and an exciting event not alone because of its plot—concerned with expert jewel thieves—but because Myrna and Spencer Tracy, a G-Man, are a most effective team.



SAMUEL GOLDWYN *Presents*
EDDIE CANTOR
IN
Strike Me Pink

with **ETHEL MERMAN • PARKYAKARKUS • SALLY EILERS**
and the **GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS** Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown... Dance
Ensembles by Robert Alton... Directed by Norman Taurog
... Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland"... Released thru United Artists

"You're Telling Me?"

Write A Letter—
Win A Prize.

"WHY MUST actors naturally fade out after being in pictures for a while?" asks Lydia Aaronson of Bennett Ave., New York, N. Y. "I am referring to Jack Mulhall, in particular. He certainly is still a favorite with the public. He appeared as a doctor in the picture 'Two for Tonight,' and although he was only on the screen for a minute the audience actually applauded at the sight of him. It really gave me a thrill to see such an enthusiastic welcome given a one-time favorite. Why not have bigger and better parts for Jack Mulhall?"

Also in "Show Them No Mercy."

"WITH APOLOGIES to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, I'd like to make a few awards of my own to the following on past and future performances," writes Adolph Zapfel of Desplaines Ave., Forest Park, Ill.

"To the fellow who can put over a song like no one else and who appears to really enjoy singing—Dick Powell.

"To the best comedian on the screen who never lets down an audience when they want good clean comedy—Edward Everett Horton.

"To my favorite comedienne, who isn't given nearly half enough to do—Patsy Kelly.

"To a very lovely lady—Ginger Rogers."
You're the judge.

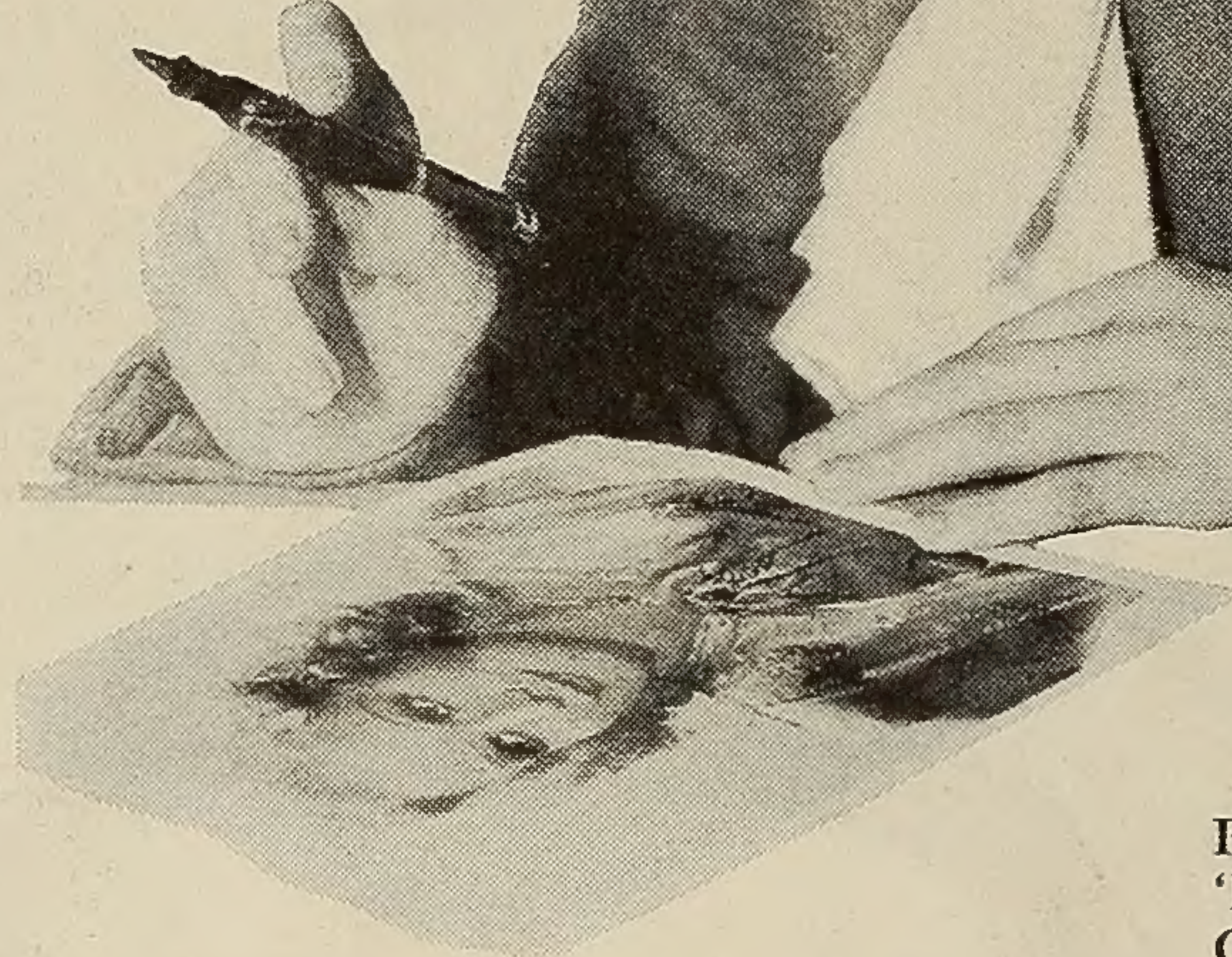
"HELEN BRODERICK and Hugh Herbert may have tried to 'Beat the Band' in that insufferably insignificant picture, but Fred Keating stole what honors there were," writes Alice Anne Shue of Brewster St., Providence, R. I. "It was the first time I had seen Fred Keating and I want to go on record as a Keating booster; he was charming, delightful and bears watching. Good work, Fred Keating. And Editor, can't we have a story on him please? He's my 'star-to-be' nomination!"

Fred is O.K. but Hugh Herbert is Okayer.

"UNA MERKEL is the swellest actress on the screen. Her loving personality and most delightful southern accent, along with the wonderful talent that Una possesses, make her 'The Tops' in any picture on the screen," writes Jack Kilroy of Glenwood Ave., Port Huron, Mich. "The screen has few artists but none of them are any finer than Una Merkel. She is the most lovable little actress in the world."

Una and the lionizer.

Jean Harlow
writing a word
of greeting to a
Silver Screen
Winning Letter
Writer.



"I HAVE been to see George Brent in his latest picture, 'In Person,' every day during the week it was here and I can certainly say I liked it," writes Marion Cameron of Portland, Me. "I adore him and think his acting is great, for he is so natural and engaging in his ways. I do hope to see my letter in your grand magazine."

As Maine goes—!

"TIME AND again I read of Madge Evans as the Typical American Girl. This is all very true and what with Madge being so beautiful, clever and charming, why must we wait so long for her pictures," asks Ida Mae Shreero, of N. W. 47th St., Miami, Fla. "My friends and I enjoy watching Miss Evans on the screen, therefore SILVER SCREEN Editor, can you do anything about this for us? SILVER SCREEN is our pet magazine and Madge Evans our pet actress. I would like nothing better than a pretty autographed photo of this charming lady, autographed to Ida Mae. Please grant this Yuletide wish."

It takes about five weeks for the photo to reach you.

"THAT MOST charming manner of Franchot Tone took my fancy long before 'Lives Of A Bengal Lancer' and 'Mutiny On The Bounty,' the two pictures in which most people are only starting to appreciate him," writes Mrs. F. Allen Roth of Penn Ave., West Reading, Pa. "Regardless of the role he plays he's 'tops' with me. I can't see too many pictures of him. Thanks to SILVER SCREEN for 'Pamp' and may your magazine continue to give us pictures and news of Franchot Tone."

Hooray for Cornell.

"I HAVE just seen 'Broadway Melody of 1936.' I think it is the best musical picture of the season (notice I didn't say 'one of the best')," writes Blanche Gerber of Teller Ave., New York, N. Y. "I have always been one to have a new favorite actor each week, but after seeing that picture, Robert Taylor tops the list for keeps. Incidentally, don't you think Joan Crawford would be swell with Bob?"

Excellent with Joan or you.

LANIE KARTHANS of Bonne Terre, Mo., writes: "My parents own a cafe two doors from the theatre. After the shows people stop in and buy eats and drinks. After seeing 'Broadway Melody of 1936' people came in and exclaimed about Robert Taylor and Eleanor Powell's talent and looks. All are looking forward to this couple again. Here's our cheer."

In the meantime see "The Magnificent Obsession."

The fifty winners of the signed, framed photographs offered in December have been notified by mail.

The Best Fifty Letters Received Before February Sixth Will Win Beautifully Framed And Inscribed Photographs.

This coupon must accompany your letter. Not good after Feb. 6, 1936

Editor,

"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"

SILVER SCREEN, 45 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y.

In the event that my letter is selected for a prize, I should be pleased to have a framed and inscribed photograph of

My name is

Address City State

The Bride Comes Home

No Wonder She's a Blushing Bride!... Claudette Colbert practically has to fight her way to the altar with that hard-boiled **FRED MACMURRAY** in Paramount's "The Bride Comes Home." P. S. — **BOB YOUNG** is the other guy.



This Doesn't Mean a Thing... Who said three's a crowd? Not when Claudette, Fred and Bob Young get together.

"Lady, I'm the Boss!" ... Yeah, that's what Fred thinks, the big stiff! But when Claudette begins battling, things are mighty different... and how they *do* battle in "The Bride Comes Home."



What's Wrong with this Photograph?... We'll tell you. It's too peaceful! There's not a moment as quiet as this in the whole rip-roaring comedy of "The Bride Comes Home."

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE...DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES

The Lloyds Have Found
The Secret Of Happiness
In Marriage
—Mildred Never
Made A Biscuit.

By
Ruth
Corbin

Mildred Gloria,
Mrs. Lloyd and
Peggy are hav-
ing fun in the
kitchen making
fudge.



HAROLD LLOYD'S CANDY COOKS

HAROLD LLOYD and his wife, who was known to film fans as Mildred Davis before her marriage, have managed to achieve two difficult goals together. They have kept their marriage safe and happy in Hollywood and they have managed to remain normal and wholesomely middle-class in their daily life and habits, although they are surrounded with every magnificence and luxury. Their home is one of the real show places of California, with its landscaped gardens, golf greens, outdoor theatre, tennis courts and swimming pool. Yet all of this grandeur has not changed either Mildred or Harold in any way. They feel fortunate, but not superior.

Having Mildred Gloria, Peggy, and baby Harold Jr., has made normal living easy for them, because it has tied them up with the same kind of interests and experiences that John Smith and his wife have back in Oskaloosa.

I spent an entire day at the Lloyd home two weeks ago and I found Mildred facing the same sort of problems that occur in my own home. Little Mildred Gloria and Peggy have reached the same stage that my twin girls have. They have become autograph collectors and are busy formulating plans for a club composed of their little girl friends. They are learning to type-write too, and are proudly displaying their small knowledge of the "hunt and peck" system in letters to all of their friends. Both were busy pecking away at machines, while Mildred and I went in the pool for a swim.

The girls are going through the ordeal of having their front teeth straightened, wearing the usual bands. They told me in detail about their plans for the "Jolly-egggers Club" and it sounded very much like the small club in our own neighborhood,

with initiations, planned picnics and all-proof that they are growing up in normal fashion.

As for Mildred, she is as pretty and vivacious as on the day she gave up her screen career to become Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Their romance was as normal and even-tenored as their married life has been. Mildred had been in Los Angeles to try for a screen career during her summer vacation from school. Then, when fall came, although she had won several coveted leads at Universal, she returned to her home in Washington to complete her High School course. She was only sixteen, but she was enrolled as a senior.

Two weeks after she began her finishing term, she received a wire from Hollywood, asking her if she would accept a year's contract as leading lady for Harold Lloyd, at a salary of one hundred dollars a week. She says that the girl doesn't live who is prouder than she was the next day, when she took that telegram to school and showed her classmates proof of her big opportunity. She accepted pronto, too, receiving the wire on Tuesday and being packed and ready to start for Hollywood by Thursday, with all of her immediate relatives in tow. She didn't doubt that she was going to be a big success, for the opportunity had come to her without any effort on her part and this convinced her that she was fated to succeed.

Harold's leading lady, Bebe Daniels, had left him suddenly to accept a DeMille contract and he had looked everywhere for a girl to take her place. He tested any number of girls when, by accident, he saw Mildred on the screen. He was waiting in a darkened projection room for his turn to run some film, when he saw a part of a feature in which Mildred had played. He

knew the instant he saw her walk across the screen that he wanted her to be his leading lady. After a lot of difficulty, he learned that she had returned to school and he had his manager wire her an offer. The rest is screen history. She came and their pictures together were successful. Through their close association, friendship came and then love.

The day I visited Mildred, the girls coaxed her to let them make some fudge. They can't cook yet but they make good candies. Fudge is their favorite. It is the favorite at our house, too. All of the Lloyd children are fond of taffy but they don't eat it now, on account of the bands the girls are wearing on their teeth.

Mildred gave me some of their best candy recipes. When I asked her about cooking, she confessed that she can't cook very well, but she knows how food should be prepared and oversees everything that goes in and out of the kitchen. She started working on the screen when she was sixteen, and, when she married, Harold always had plenty of servants so there has never been any need for her to work in the kitchen herself. She likes to make candy with the girls, and popcorn balls on holidays, but she doesn't cook anything except spaghetti. She cooks this whenever they week-end at their beach home.

Harold likes roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. All kinds of roast meats, in fact. The children are fond of fried chicken and creamed peas so they have this twice each week. All are fond of soup and macaroni and all kinds of vegetables, especially stewed tomatoes and roasting ear corn. Their only dislikes in food are—tongue, tripe and kidneys. Their favorite dessert is chocolate ice cream.

Here are the spaghetti and candy recipes:

Spaghetti

Drop a package of spaghetti (1 lb.) in boiling salted water and cook about twenty minutes. Serve with the following sauce—

- 1 cup tomato puree
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- ½ pound ground round steak
- 1 can stewed tomatoes
- 1 cup mushrooms, diced
- 2 small chopped onions

Brown round steak in oil. Add chopped onions, and continue cooking. Add stewed tomatoes and tomato puree. Cook slowly for two hours. Add pepper and salt. Strain, add diced mushrooms, and serve with spaghetti and grated Parmesan cheese.

Fudge

- 2 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1½ cups sweetened condensed milk
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate
- 1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add sweetened condensed milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water. Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire. Add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

Quick Fondant

- 1¼ cups confectioners sugar, sifted
- ¼ cup sweetened condensed milk
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

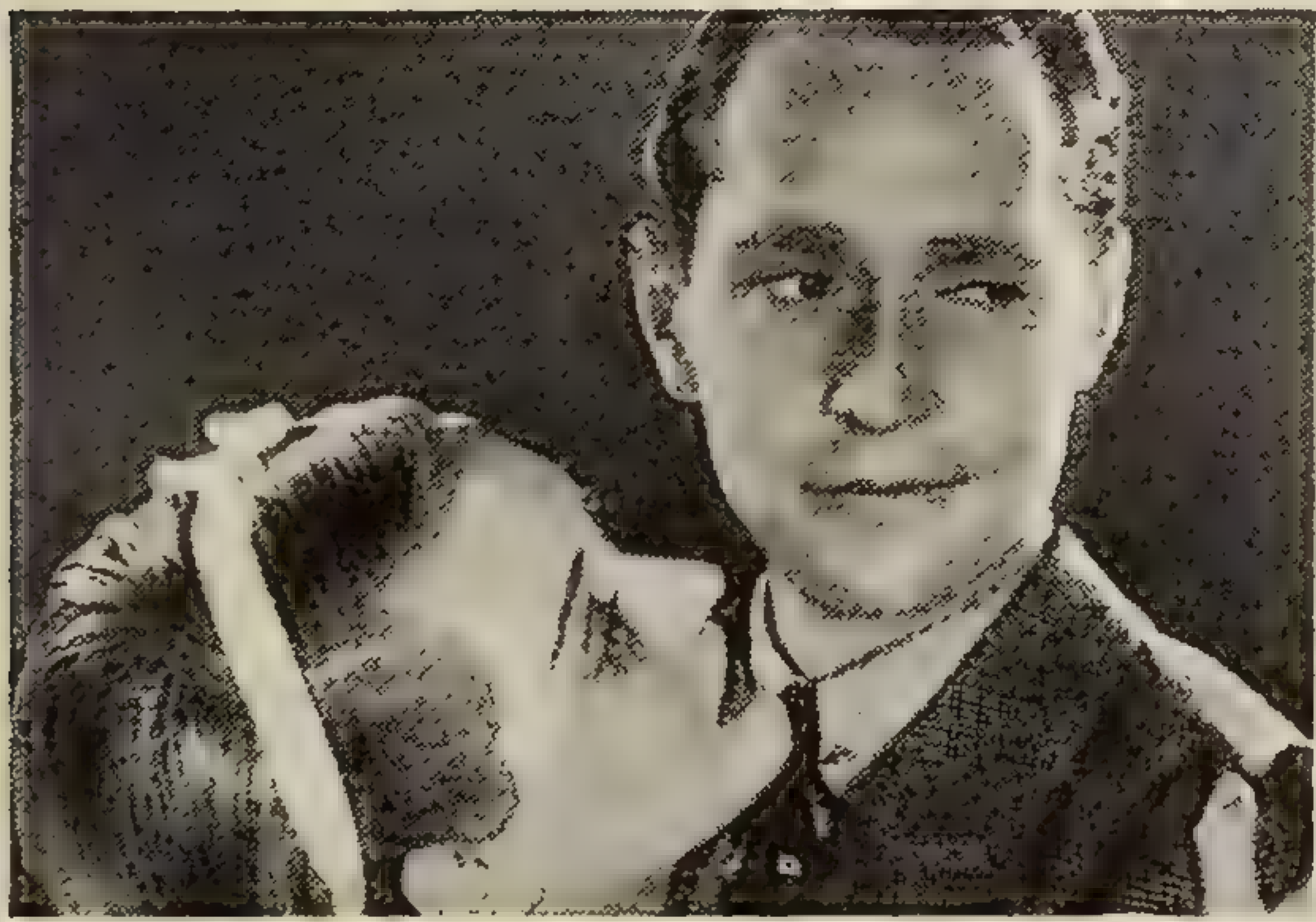
Blend sifted confectioners sugar gradually into sweetened condensed milk, using fork. Add vanilla and continue mixing until smooth and creamy.

For variations use plain fondant between halved nut meats or as a stuffing for dates. Or form into small balls and roll in chopped nuts, shredded coconut, grated chocolate, chopped candied fruits, or flavor variously and form into round flat creams.

No Wonder Franchot Tone *calls* BETTE DAVIS

"DANGEROUS"

**LOOK WHAT SHE SAYS,
IN HER LATEST PICTURE,
ABOUT LIFE, LOVE, MEN!**



"I'm not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you'll find I'm the woman you'll always come back to!"



"I've never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I've lived more in a day than you'll ever dare live."



"It's going to be your life or mine! If you're killed, I'll be free... If I'm killed, it won't matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance."

In their first film together!



THE PICTURE

OF THE MONTH

YESSIR, "Dangerous" is the label Franchot tags on the screen's famous blonde temptress. And that's the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together! If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in "Of Human Bondage", "Bordertown", and "Front Page Woman", wait 'til you hear her cut loose as "the woman men always come back to", in "Dangerous".

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you'll say she's right when you see what men did to her life. But you'll *certainly* agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year. Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There's no use telling you you *must* see "Dangerous". Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!



The Roving Reporter

... DISCOVERS THE SAFE SURE WAY TO REDUCE!



"DID DRUGS TAKE OFF FAT?"
"Yes, too much of it. I really feel miserable most of the time."

"DID DIET REDUCE YOU?"
"It took off weight but chiefly from my neck and face. I look a hundred!"

"IS EXERCISE EFFECTIVE?"
"I'm tired out going through these strenuous exercises. I have no pep left."



"WHAT DID PERFOLASTIC DO FOR YOU, MISS HEALY?"
"I lost 9 ins. from my hips and 20 lbs. in weight. I feel so much better and I eat everything."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST and HIPS
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**
... or no cost!

You will appear inches smaller *instantly* ... and in ten short days you will *actually* lose 3 inches of solid fat from hips and waist or it will cost you nothing!

■ Our Roving Reporter found that the majority of women want to be slimmer, yet most of them go about it the wrong way. The successful Perfolastic method requires no effort, diet, drugs or exercise ... it is based on the healthful, invigorating principle of massage. The special "live" material exerts a gentle, massage-like action on your flesh.

■ With every move you make, each breath you take, this massage-like action removes those extra inches at just the spots where you want to reduce. And with the loss of excess fat comes energy and pep!

Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere For Ten Days at Our Expense!

■ Try the Perfolastic Girdle *yourself* and prove that **YOU**, too, can reduce without effort. Why not profit by the experience of 200,000 women and reduce the sure, safe Perfolastic way!



Don't wait! Mail this coupon now!
You, too, can regain your slender, youthful figure!

■ Send for a **FREE** Sample of this wonderful fabric-lined, perforated material and illustrated descriptive booklet. Read about the amazing experiences of Perfolastic wearers.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 732, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me **FREE** BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10 Day Free Trial Offer.

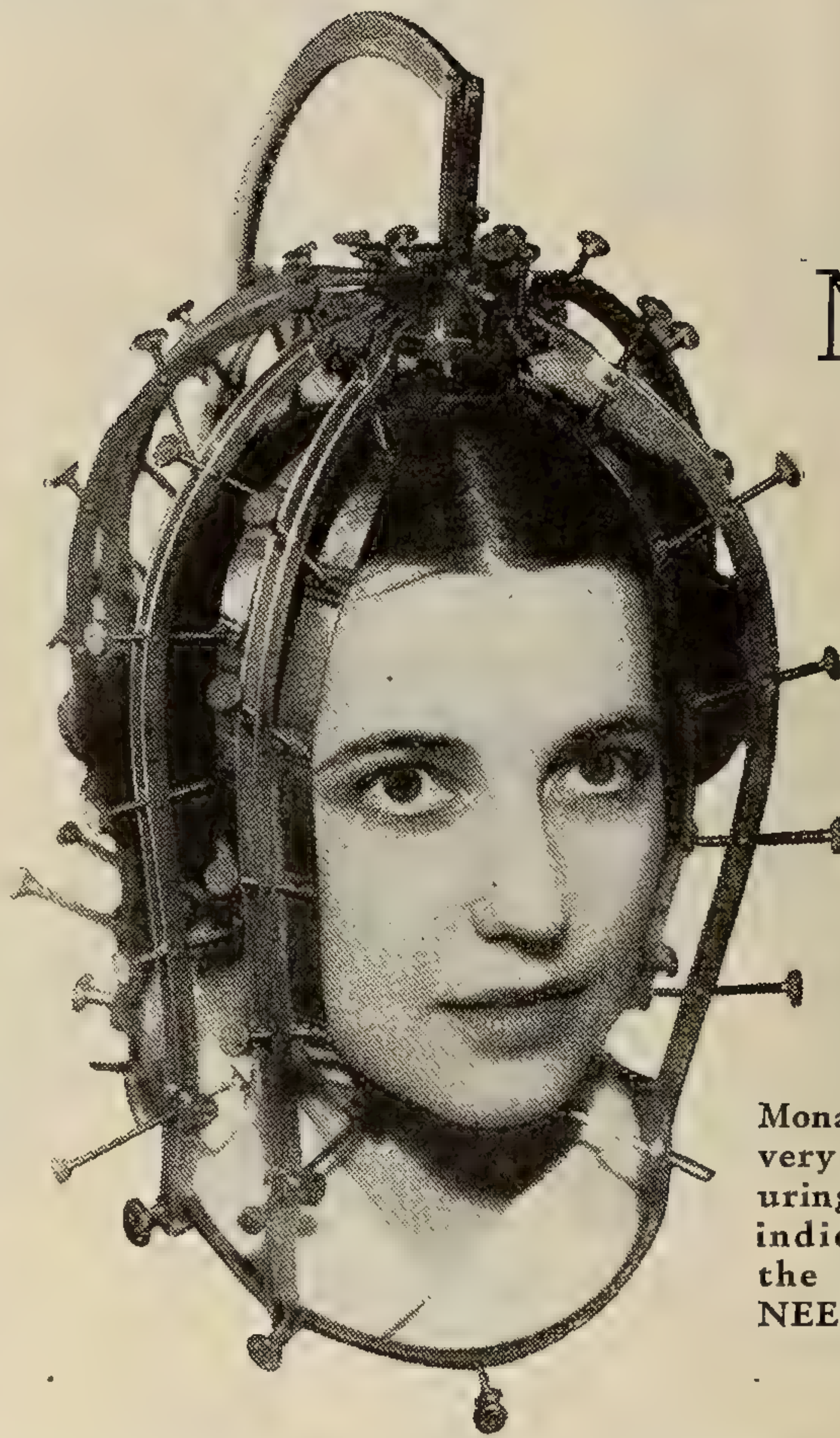
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

GADGETS FOR BEAUTY!

By
Mary
Lee



Mona Barrie in the very scientific measuring device which indicates exactly the make-up she **NEEDS** to be more beautiful.

STRANGE devices have appeared in the aid of beauty! Among the most incredible (and effective) are to be found in Hollywood where often a woman's face is a fortune worth millions.

A star, to be a star, must be the most honest woman in the world when it comes to her own good looks. She has to know her slightest defects so they can be corrected, and she must be intimately aware of her best features so as to play them up before the all-seeing, all-revealing camera.

There are curiously intricate machines at Max Factor's gorgeous new make-up studio to guide that expert in making the most of the stars' beauty—a job he has been doing for 26 years!

The "Beauty Calibre," which Mona Barrie as a willing model wears upon her head, is an intriguing device that looks like a combined hairnet and football helmet. This amazing machine makes it possible to measure the features of a star to a fraction of an inch. As the make-up artist knows the measurements for perfect beauty, he can tell with this machine just where each star fails to come up to standard. Then the imperfection is remedied with tricks of make-up. Nothing is left to chance. The Hollywood beauty that thrills moviegoers from Coast to Coast has been reduced to a science of mathematical exactitude.

There are laboratories for diagnosing complexions as carefully as one's doctor diagnoses illness. One contraption looks like a modernistic nickel slot machine. It is used by skin experts to get a "close-up" of unadorned skin. The dermatologist looks in one end and the star in the other. Between the two, encased in the machine, are revealing lights and magnifying lenses. To the candid eye of the dermatologist, the star's face is so enlarged that he could count every pore if he chose!

With the help of this machine, there is no guess-work in determining whether a woman has oily, dry or normal skin. And any little point where there is room for improvement is noted. Then the exact beauty care to keep her complexion flawless is prescribed. And the type make-up that is best for her skin, as well as most becoming, is selected.

In the make-up rooms (which look like attractive living rooms in private homes) a button is pressed and a whole section of

wall slides back to reveal a lavishly appointed dressing table with special lights and mirrors. There are separate sets of lights to duplicate ordinary room lighting, outdoor daylight and the dim lighting effects of a night club.

There's a room for blondes only, with lights shaded a pastel blue. This is because blue is a complimentary color to blonde complexions. For brunettes, the room is lighted in rose tones, since rose suits brunettes in the same way blue suits blondes. We're told that Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Margot Grahame and Binnie Barnes are among the stars who've proved the value of this new type of lighting! Incidentally, this is one of the Hollywood beauty tricks you can try in your own home, simply by fitting blue or rose shades over your own dressing table lights.

Coming across the continent to New York's Fifth Avenue, there's a remarkable beauty contraption in the new Richard Hudnut salon. It's a "Right Angle Facial Chair" that's tipped gradually downward during the treatment until your feet are higher than your head! The idea is to get a smooth, fresh flow of blood to your face, nourishing the tissues from within and stimulating the action of the pores.

First, while you're sitting up, your back is massaged to relax all the nerves along your spine. Then an adjustment is made at the nape of your neck to take out congestion and allow the blood from your body to flow freely to your head. As the treatment goes on, you are gradually lowered to a reclining position. Your feet are massaged, then your legs, to stimulate the circulation from the tips of your toes to your face. You hardly realize what's happening to you until you find yourself

completely relaxed, with your feet slightly higher than your head. Then, after you're fully prepared, the astringent is applied and your face is tied up in a contour-shaping bandage.

A "Skin Detector," shaped like a box, with facing windows and fitted with a microscopic lens, determines the individual beauty care you need. What is visible to the eye, we're told, is often a fallacious picture of a skin's true condition, but with this device it is possible to see where a woman will have wrinkles three years later. What the detector reveals is noted on a chart. This chart is the guide for what creams and lotions you should use, how you should make up and even how you should wear your hair!

Much has been learned about women from the revelations this "Skin Detector" has made. For instance, most women have underlips too heavy for beauty. This is remedied by rouging the upper lip more and the underlip less. In fact, one can rouge only the upper lip and then draw it down over the lower one to transfer a little of the color.

It's quite simple to create an optical illusion about the length of one's nose, especially in the evening. To make a long nose look shorter, take your finger with a bit of lip rouge on it and faintly color that little strip at the end of your nose that separates the nostrils. To make a wide nose look slimmer, smooth the color very lightly on the outside of both lobes, from the tips of the nostrils to the little depressions where the fleshy part ends.

As for your hair, the way the waves go has a lot to do with the symmetry of features you can make people *think* you have. For the turned-up nose and a chin that's too determined, waves should run parallel with the line of the nose. If you have a long nose and sharp chin, have your waves run at right angles to the line of your nose, so as to avoid emphasizing its length.

We wouldn't believe, until we were shown, that nine out of ten women have eyes too close together for true beauty. However, this defect is easily remedied by creating an illusion of eyes spaced farther apart. This is done by make-up and, above all, by shaping your eyebrows. Eye shadow should be applied from the middle of the eyeballs out toward the temples. Eyebrows should be shaped to follow the curve of the upper eyelid when the eyes are opened wide. They should begin no closer to your nose than the inner corners of the eyes and end in a line parallel with the outer corners. Wear your hair pulled back from your temples to give more width.

Speaking of eyebrows, there's a new device to be found in many beauty shops which has actually taken the pain out of tweezing. It's an electric eyebrow tweezer, made by Nestle-Le Mur, which works very quickly and has a certain vibration that prevents you from feeling pain.

SECOND THOUGHTS

New Titles For Coming Pictures

"Shoot The Chutes" (Eddie Cantor)

has been changed to

"Strike Me Pink"

"Prison Farm" (Donald Woods) has

been changed to . . . "Road Gang"

"Meet The Duchess" (Dolores Del

Rio) has been changed to . . .

"The Widow From Monte Carlo"

Van Raalte says:
"IVORY FLAKES keeps
fine fabrics looking fine"



A three-minute date with Ivory Flakes will make your undies and sheer stockings wear longer! You see, if perspiration is allowed to linger, it attacks fine fabrics.

But if you think daily washings mean washed-out colors you've been using a too-strong soap! Change to *pure* Ivory Flakes—made from the same pure Ivory Soap that doctors advise for babies' tender skins.

Here's good advice from Van Raalte, makers of the famous Singlettes, "We heartily recommend frequent washings in cool Ivory Flakes suds for our lingerie, silk stockings and washable gloves because Ivory is pure—keeps colors and textures like new through *many* washings!"



CHIFFON-THIN FLAKES
OF GENTLE IVORY SOAP
99⁴⁴/100⁰/0 PURE

YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture
— just as it did to the countless millions of people who read
the strange love story from which it was filmed . . . For
it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's
soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all
humanity — for the admiration of men,
for the inspiration of women!



IRENE DUNNE · ROBERT TAYLOR ^{IN} MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION

Far greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable
"Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life" . . . With

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH · BETTY FURNESS

Arthur Treacher · Ralph Morgan · Henry Armetta · Sara Haden
From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle

SILVER SCREEN

Topics For Gossips

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is very proud of her autographed picture of President Roosevelt, and if you call on Shirley at her Santa Monica home it is the first of her treasures that she'll show you. Shirley wanted a picture of the President so she sat down and wrote him a letter requesting one. A short time later the photograph arrived, an 11 by 14 and handsomely mounted. It bore the inscription: "For Shirley Temple from Franklin D. Roosevelt." In the same folder was another picture of the President which he asked her in a polite note to deliver for him. It was autographed by the President to Bill Robinson.

IT SEEMS that London must have its little romance. Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers, who are appearing in the theatre over there, are rumored as engaged—though Mary and Buddy still maintain that it is only a beautiful friendship. With Dick Powell head over heels in love with Joan Blondell and Mary Pickford head over heels in work on her new movie company, which is just about to start production on its first picture, maybe it is just as well if Mary and Buddy do pair it off.

YOU can always tell an out-of-town fighter at the Hollywood Legion Stadium because the minute he enters the ring he starts staring at Seat one, Row one. Seat one, Row one is where Mae West sits, and has sat ever since she came to Hollywood, and those boxing boys are just as eager for a glimpse of Mae as you are. She was late one Friday night recently and a fighter from Frisco kept looking over at her vacant seat so often that he got knocked out in the first round. Celebrity unconscious.

DESPITE the fact that "The Milky Way" has been jinxed by sickness ever since production started, those who have been lucky enough to see "rushes" of the picture say that it is the best that Harold Lloyd has had since "Grandma's Boy," which was way back yonder when you were a little girl with an Alice in Wonderland comb. On the sick list were Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale, Helen Mack, and Director Leo McCarey who was laid low for many weeks with a Malta fever, whatever that is. The doctors do not wish Adolphe Menjou to return to work for months (he nearly died you remember) so



Charlie Chaplin in jail in his new picture, "Modern Times." His troubles make the whole world laugh.

the end of the picture will have to be changed, as Menjou had several unfinished scenes.

HAROLD LLOYD took his two little girls and Harold Lloyd, Jr., to the Paramount studio one day to watch daddy work—but the kids were so busy visiting the set where Bing Crosby was working that they didn't see poor daddy do a single scene. Which all goes to prove that you must never expect to be a hero to your children.

AS SOON as his picture "Modern Times" is released, Charlie Chaplin is leaving for England to put his two young sons in school there. He wants the boys brought up with an English accent. There is a lot of talk that all isn't so well with Charlie and Paulette Goddard these days. Charlie has been seen dining with the ex-Mrs. Buster Keaton, and Paulette has been playing at Palm Springs with no Charlie in sight.

PRODUCER Hunt Stromberg had the surprise of his life the other day, when he called Jean Harlow into his office and told her that she had better take a course in shorthand and typing so she could play with conviction the rôle of the secretary in "Wife Versus Secretary." "But, Mr. Strom-

berg," said Jean, "I'm already a good typist and I know all about shorthand. My secretary taught me." And you could have knocked Mr. Stromberg over with a feather.

In Jean's new picture she plays Clark Gable's secretary—some fun. But Myrna Loy is the wife, so that's going to make it tough for Clark trying to choose between those two girls.

ROCHELLE HUDSON has been doing a bit of night clubbing lately with Harry Richman, he who sings. But she still insists that her real heart throb is Bert Glennon, a cameraman. Goodness, how the girls do go for cameramen.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is one of those people who never puts a book down until he finishes it. His favorite habit is starting a new novel about nine in the evening and sitting up all night.

KAY FRANCIS has come down from the mountains again and is having a mad social whirl in Hollywood. Delmar Daves, her writing boy friend, is always along. It looks serious.

"FORGET about the lucky break," we heard Anita Louise tell a group of the younger generation the other day and marveled that such a pretty little head could contain so much wisdom. "The Hollywood so-called lucky break is usually an illusion," said Anita. "Back of almost every one of these miraculous instances that you read about are years of concentrated effort, preparation and training in the direction of an individual's goal. Anybody who thinks he can achieve fame in pictures through a series of lucky breaks is wasting his time in Hollywood." And Anita Louise spoke a mouthful. A very pretty mouthful, but a mouthful.

MAE WEST isn't the only gal in Hollywood who can "make" a cameraman. (Remember Mae had George Clemens, an unknown assistant, promoted to first camera when she wasn't able to get Karl Struss for "Klondike Lou.") Katharine Hepburn claims that distinction too. During the shooting of "The Little Minister," people on the set noticed that a strange man came over to the stage every day and sat right there on the set until the company went home at night.

They wondered who on earth this strange man was, but he wasn't very conversational. One day, the very last day of production, the cameraman, Henry Gerrard, collapsed with acute appendicitis and was rushed to the hospital by the strange man, who turned out to be Gerrard's doctor. He had been pleading with the cameraman to have his appendix out since the start of the picture. But Henry Gerrard belonged to the "show must go on" school—and paid the price. The "retakes" were made by his assistant, Robert De Grasse. And Hepburn was so pleased with them that she insisted upon having De Grasse photograph her in "Alice Adams"—which he did so beautifully that now he is Katie's favorite cameraman.

WELL, you just couldn't have a picture with a title more innocuous than "The Perfect Gentleman," now could you? But when the London censors saw that

[Continued on page 60]

CONFESSIONS

OF A

COLUMNIST

By Ed Sullivan

Have You Ever Wondered How They Get The Inside News That They Print? Here Is The Secret.



THE title of this article fills me with forebodings. "Confessions of a Columnist" has a Sally Rand ring to it. I feel a bit like a literary fan dancer, if you know what I mean; as if I were about to strip down my type-writer to skin and bones in an exposure that might well be indiscreet, if not actually indecent. But so many readers have asked me to tell them the modus operandi of a Broadway columnist that these so-called "confessions" may be interesting.

Claudette Colbert, on her last trip to New York, asked me to explain to her how I'd secured an item that appeared in my column of April 15, 1935. It read: "Claudette Colbert will wed Dr. Pressman." I told her that it had been wired to me from the Coast, that I'd checked the authenticity of the information by a long-distance call to Hollywood that same night—and that the informant who had wired me the line satisfied me he knew what he was talking about. "But you knew it before the family knew it," said Claudette, much mystified, and she eyed me suspiciously as though looking at a 20th century wizard. Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow probably were just as startled when I itemed in my column of August 23, 1934, that they would be married. In the same column I stated that the action of Dolores Costello in quitting the Barrymore yacht at Seattle indicated a definite break-up of the ideal marriage. As far back as November 11, 1934, I reported that Sid Smith and Lillian Bond would wed.

The question is—how does a Broadway columnist call his shots so far in advance? How does he know there is a romance blooming months before it takes shape and form—how does he know it before the groom-to-be has engaged a minister or bought a ring? As Sherlock Holmes might say, the answer, my dear Watson, is based on observation and DEDUCTION. If, for instance, I learned from my Coast operatives that Claudette Colbert

has been seen three or four times with a Dr. Pressman, the first question I must have answered is whether or not the man in the case is married. A Broadway columnist, in all but exceptional cases, will not mention a married man or woman. Once I learn that he is eligible to marry the girl, I concentrate on this particular twosome. Within twenty-four hours after my first tip on Claudette and her doctor, I had wired three of his patients. All of them were friends of mine from New York, people I had aided on Broadway with column

fore this particular marriage would be wrecked. The minute my Coast operatives shot me the wire telling that Dolores had returned to Hollywood from Seattle, the deduction, in view of the facts already in my possession, was that this was the beginning of the end.

But, you ask, where does all this information come from? Who is the one who tells? The answer to that is expansive. In Hollywood, I have three staff correspondents. From them, in the course of a week, I receive four telegrams, bulky messages that come to me over the wires as Night Press. This is a cheaper rate than the ordinary telegraph rates as a concession to newspapermen. In addition, I receive two bulky letters of general comment. There is very little that happens in Hollywood that does not come to me within twenty-four hours every day in the week.

In addition, on every studio lot, I have a personal representative, a volunteer courier. The stars' dressers, cameramen, directors, grips, studio writers, stand-ins for the stars—all of these are working for me. I know most of them from New York, for Hollywood now is well-populated with New Yorkers. Some of them are on the Coast



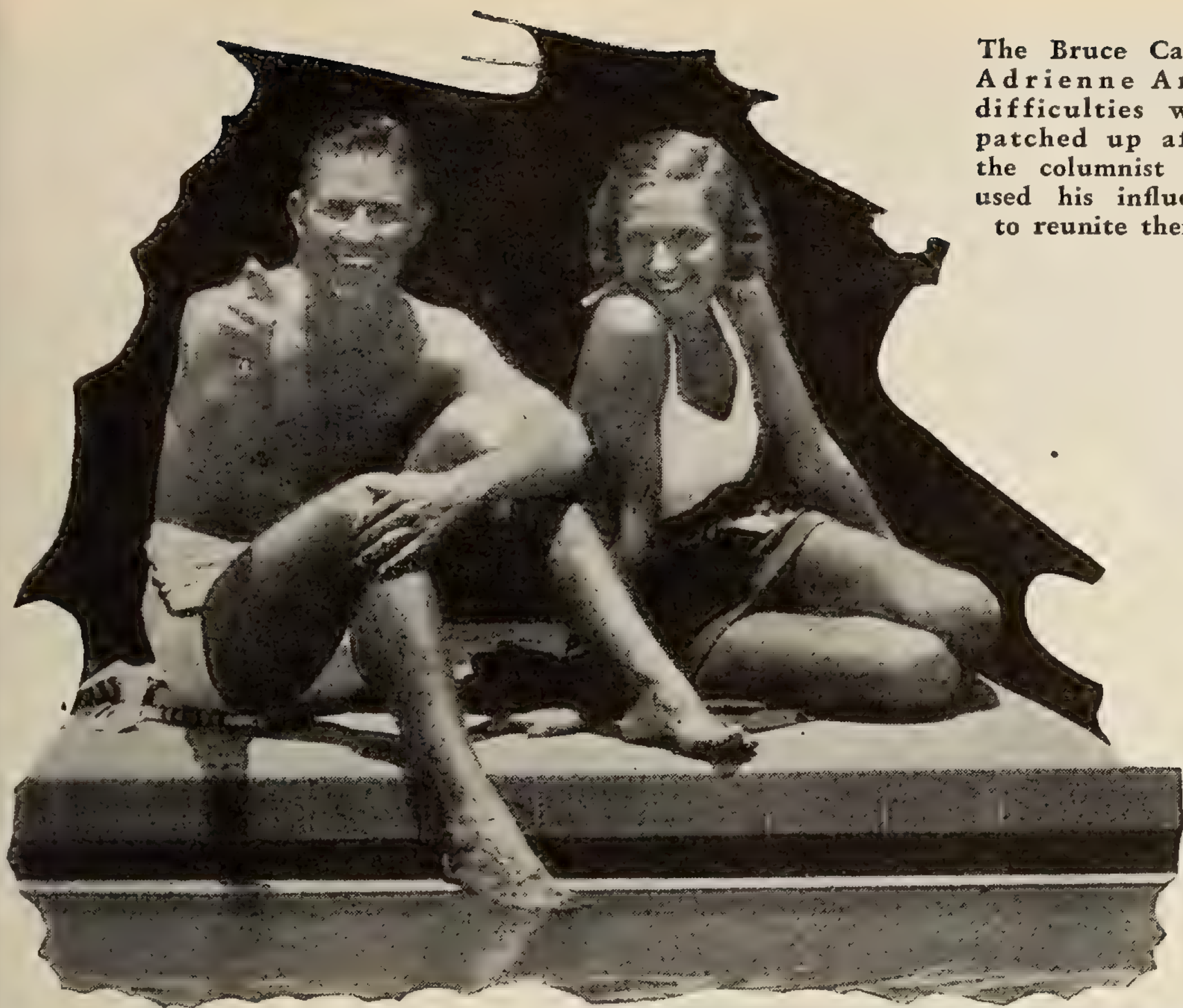
Back in June, 1934, the Clark Gables' domestic troubles were first Sullivanized.

boosts. The telegrams they sent back to me confirmed the fact that Miss Colbert and Dr. Pressman were serious.

The reason, similarly, that I went out on a limb on the Dolores Costello-John Barrymore story was that earlier "inside" reports from the Coast had prepared me for a separation. Letters from Broadwayites on the Coast had warned me that it was only a question of weeks be-



Dolores Costello Barrymore has returned to pictures. She will be in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."



The Bruce Cabot-Adrienne Ames difficulties were patched up after the columnist had used his influence to reunite them.

as a direct result of me plugging them in my column. They express their gratitude by informing me of what goes on behind the scenes. Not long ago, in my column, I devoted a few paragraphs in praise of a director on the RKO lot who had turned out an excellent two-reeler. Two weeks later, he sent me a story that served as the lead of my Monday gossip column. It was picked up by the Associated Press and flashed all over the world. The managing editor, Harvey Deull, probably thought I was a very smart reporter to have landed the scoop. I didn't tell him, and he won't know until he reads it here, that a grateful director was responsible. In this game, you cast your bread upon the waters and it comes back as headlines.

It is not all beer and skittles. You must, above all, be accurate. My column is syndicated in such wealthy papers as the New York News, the Washington D. C. Post, the St. Louis Star-Times, the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, the Detroit Free Press, the Miami News, the Chicago Times—an inaccuracy on my part would plunge all of them into libel suits. In five years of Broadway columning, I've had only one libel suit that went to court and we won it. It was a curious suit, too. I learned that the winner of a national Jewish beauty contest was married, at least that was the information. To check it, I telephoned the man who was supposed to have married her. He was a New Jersey lawyer. He confirmed the story and I printed it. To my horrified amazement, the girl instituted suit for criminal libel. The paper's lawyers immediately contacted the New Jersey lawyer who had given me the confirmation: "He will deny that he told it to you," the lawyers told me. Instead, he not only repeated the assertion but offered to go into court and so testify. It was then that he revealed that there had been no legal ceremony, that his claims rested on a common law marriage basis. We won the suit, but it was the most unusual experience I've ever had in this racket. Now I don't believe 'em unless I see the marriage license and talk to the officiating clergyman or town clerk.

I stated above that a Broadway columnist will not mention a married man or woman in a romance that will upset their family life. This goes for all the craft.



Wide World

The romance between Claudette Colbert and Dr. Pressman was revealed last April. "How did you know?" asked Claudette.

Sometimes it happens accidentally, but the unwritten law is that such mention is taboo. A married man or woman can sally about with any escort she chooses and he or she will be safe from columnar mention. In fact, if married men were as careful in avoiding such romances as the columnists are careful to avoid mentioning them, there would be fewer heartaches.

Only in rare instances is this unwritten law broken. I broke it for the sake of a great newspaper story to get the scoop on

the marriage of Eleanor Roosevelt Dall and Charles Boettiger, Chicago Tribune political writer. On October 2, 1933, I ran this line in my column: "Next marriage in the Roosevelt family will involve a Chicago newspaperman." The President's daughter at that time was married, but she and Curtis Dall had separated. The Dall divorce already was in the works. So I decided to go ahead and shoot with it, holding back the names but so wording it that nobody could mistake it was Eleanor. I caught the country flatfooted on it. My old foe, Winchell, burning up at being scooped by five full months, taunted me in his column with the fact that I had written about a married woman and a married man before they were divorced, but in this particular case, I was in possession of facts that justified breaking the craft's unwritten law. The Page 1 scooperoo was worth it, and the proof of the pudding was in the eating. I mean to say they did get married, verifying my boldness.

Not all of our predictions, of course, come true. For instance, when "Tobacco Road" opened on Broadway as a stage play, I assured Jack Kirkland, who had adapted it for the stage, that his play would be a box-office flop. To date it has grossed \$1,500,000. I was only a million and a half dollars wrong on that one, and I've been wrong on plenty of others.

But it is amazing to look back over the index of columns written in the past five years and see how accurate the log is. For instance, on July 7, 1933, I queried: "Are the Conrad Nagels drifting?" It was denied, of course, but a year and a half later, they got tired of concealing a hopeless rift and split. On July 31, 1933, I wrote: "The Charlie Chaplin-Paulette Goddard marriage is being kept a secret until the release of his next picture." That was hooted at the time but later proved true.

These old columns reveal a lot of interesting Water Under the Bridge items. Here is a line about Alice Faye, a chorine in George White's Scandals, and here's another about one Fred MacMurray, playing in the "Collegians," a five-piece band in the stage musical "Roberta." The line about MacMurray, then an unknown, linked him romantically with Lillian Lamonte. That was on April 2, 1934. Despite his rise to screen fame, MacMurray and the Lamonte

girl are still Cheek-to-Cheek, which indicates that his upward spurt didn't change the size of his hat. There's a line here of August 21, 1933 that Mrs. Dick, the Astor widow, was dancing last night at the Hotel Pierre Roof with an Italian fighter, Enzo Fiermonte. Later they were to be married and create Page 1 stories that lasted for the proverbial nine days. On July 17, 1933 is the first report of Arthur Loew and Barbara Smith romancing. On

[Continued on page 62]

The MAN the STARS FEAR

He Is A Hard Man To
Impress And Harder
Still To Frighten.

By Liza



Myrna Loy and Spencer
Tracy working in
"Whipsaw," with
James Wong Howe at
the camera.

THE most feared man in Hollywood is—you'd never guess! He isn't the income tax collector, he isn't the process server, he isn't Boris Karloff, and he isn't the dentist, though I can work up a good fright over the dentist any time. The man the stars fear most in Hollywood is—surprise, surprise—the cameraman!

Every star believes that the cameraman on her picture can make her look as young and lovely as Shirley Temple or as old and ugly as the Witch of Endor, just as it pleases his fancy. So she may be rather rude to the director, and she may snap something awful at the supervisor, and she may be quite abrupt with the publicity department—but for the cameraman she has only love and kisses. He can make those circles under her eyes (she really shouldn't have danced all night at the Troc before her close-ups) disappear like magic, and he can make those red spots (heavens, she really shouldn't have eaten that chocolate cake and toasted almonds) look like so many rose petals. No wonder she worships him—and fears him!

Of course the movie star is a little bit stupid for she really ought to realize that whether the cameraman likes her or not he has to make her look like a Dream Girl—or else—

Miss Movie Star has various ways of currying favor with her cameraman. Sometimes she marries him, sometimes she gives him beautiful presents, but most often she gives him her undying loyalty which means that she is going to fight heaven and earth and the "front office" to get him on her next picture. Yes indeed, the boys behind the cameras are far more important in Miss Movie Star's opinion than her leading man, even though he is Clark Gable. That gives

you a general idea.

Though you've been going to movies several times a week ever since Mary Pickford made "Little Lord Fauntleroy" you've probably never noticed on the main title of the picture the name of the man who photographed it. You may never have noticed it, Toots, but every star in Hollywood has. I am asked continually in Hollywood not who directed such and such a picture, but who photographed it. I'm telling you those boys are important. And, incidentally, they certainly have a lot to do with your enjoyment of the picture.

Just who are these cameramen who are so important that they can strike terror to the souls of movie stars? There's an army of them, but among the top-notchers are Karl Struss, Victor Milnor, Hal Mohr, William Daniels, George Folsey, Gregg Toland, James Wong Howe, George Barnes, Charles Lang, Leon Shamroy, Ted Tetzlaff, Charles Rosher, Sid Hickox and Ollie Marsh. Ever hear of them? Probably not, if you just go to the movies to see Joan Crawford melt into the arms of Bob Montgomery. But ah, if you know anything about cinematography you know that those boys are "big shots" in the movie industry—and more favored with smiles from the Glamor Girls than any men in the country.

Many a man in Hollywood would like to get a smile and a cheery good morning out of Garbo just to start the day off right, but I don't know but one man who rates such attentions from glamorous Greta and he's Bill Daniels. Bill photographed Garbo in her first American picture, and so pleased was she with the breath-taking beauty he gave her on the screen that she

has demanded Bill Daniels for her pictures ever since. The producer may change, the director may change, the leading man may change.

But the photographer, NEVER! If anyone even suggested it Miss Garbo would probably go home. Bill Daniels has one of the few autographed pictures of Garbo which, naturally, he cherishes, and when she went to Sweden last time she wrote him a letter. It is Bill she converses with on the set between "takes," often she teases him—but Bill Daniels, like every one else who has become friendly with the mysterious Garbo, *won't talk*. It's the Garbo curse.

Bill's own life is far more interesting than a lot of the film stories he has to shoot. This is the case of a lot of the cameramen I have discovered. Bill claims that he never would have been a cameraman if he hadn't fallen in love. He was attending the University of Southern California, and studying hard to be a lawyer, when he met a pretty co-ed on the campus one day and fell so much in love that he decided he must have a picture of her to wear over his heart. So he bought a dollar kodak to take snapshots of her and this led to his interest in photography. From "still" pictures he began to experiment with motion pictures, completely forgot all about his law course, and soon became one of the ace cameramen of the industry. The co-ed became Mrs. Daniels, and she isn't the least bit jealous of Garbo.

Another cameraman who has had an especially interesting life is James Wong Howe, a Chinese, and one of the most brilliant men in the business. Ann Harding claims that Jimmy "catches" her better



George Folsey is Joan Crawford's favorite cameraman.

him to visit him at the studio the next day. Jimmy became interested in camera work immediately and his delightful and skilled artistry with the lens makes him one of the most important cameramen in Hollywood today. It was Jimmy, incidentally, who started the rage for diffused, or soft focus photography. In the midst of a picture a star was scratched by a kitten that was in the scene with her. The scratch made a nasty furrow which showed through the make-up. So Jimmy went downtown and bought a dollar spectacle lens on Hollywood Boulevard, put it in front of the regular lens, and diffused out the scratch. James Wong Howe has more beautiful ladies smiling at him than even Charlie Chan.

During the last few years three important movie stars have said it with marriage, though only one of the marriages lasted. Jean Harlow was so enchanted with the way Hal Rosson made her look in "Red Dust" that she couldn't help but admire the man, and admiration led to marriage as you may recall. It didn't last long. Jean probably discovered that she was beautiful without benefit of cameraman, and so she divorced Mr. Rosson giving, as her reason, that classic remark—"He read in bed." Hal Rosson has been in England since the divorce, photographing English pictures, and reading good books we hope.



Charles Lang photographs Marlene Dietrich. He won the Academy Award for "A Farewell to Arms."

Joan Blondell had been at the Warners' Studio for a year or thereabouts when Sam Goldwyn borrowed her for "The Greeks Had a Word For It." Now, the cameramen at Warners' hadn't done right by our little Joanie. Joan is a good-looking girl, but like all stars she needs special lighting—which she proceeded to get at Goldwyn's by the ace cameraman of the business—George Barnes. Joan almost swooned with delight when she saw herself in the "rushes," never had she looked so divinely beautiful. Naturally she had to thank Mr. Barnes, and that led to conversation, dates, and marriage. George followed her to Warner Brothers' Studio, where he is still on contract, though he hasn't photographed a Blondell picture since their separation last fall. He was scheduled to photograph "Colleen," the picture Joan and Dick Powell are making now. But maybe it's just as well that he isn't, for with Joan and Dick in love with each other in real life, maybe we shouldn't test George's good sportsmanship too far. With no light here, and two lights there he could make Joan and Dick look like

[Continued on page 70]



Jeanette MacDonald thinks the photography of "Rose Marie" is wonderful. Bill Daniels is pretty modest about it all.

Hal Mohr photographed "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

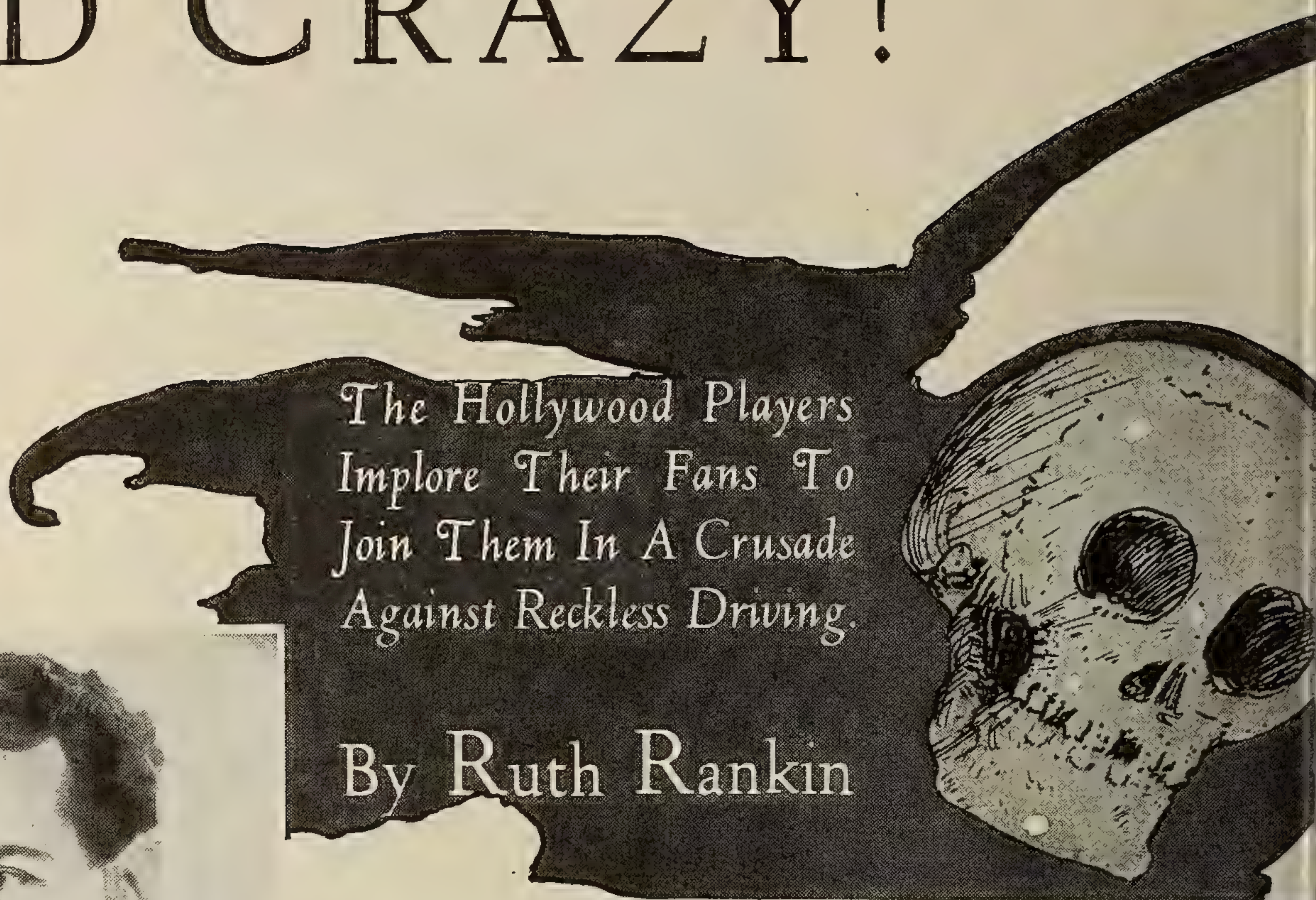
than any other photographer and always gets him for her pictures when she is working at Metro. Norma Shearer and Myrna Loy also have great admiration for Jimmy's work. Jimmy was in the process of growing up in Seattle when he discovered he could fight. He became a prominent bantam-weight boxer, and fought a number of bouts that brought him fame up and down the Pacific Coast, and finally decided to try his luck in Los Angeles, which is quite a "fight" town. An assistant cameraman who was a dyed-in-the-wool fight fan met him one night after the matches and invited



SPEED CRAZY!

Editor's Note

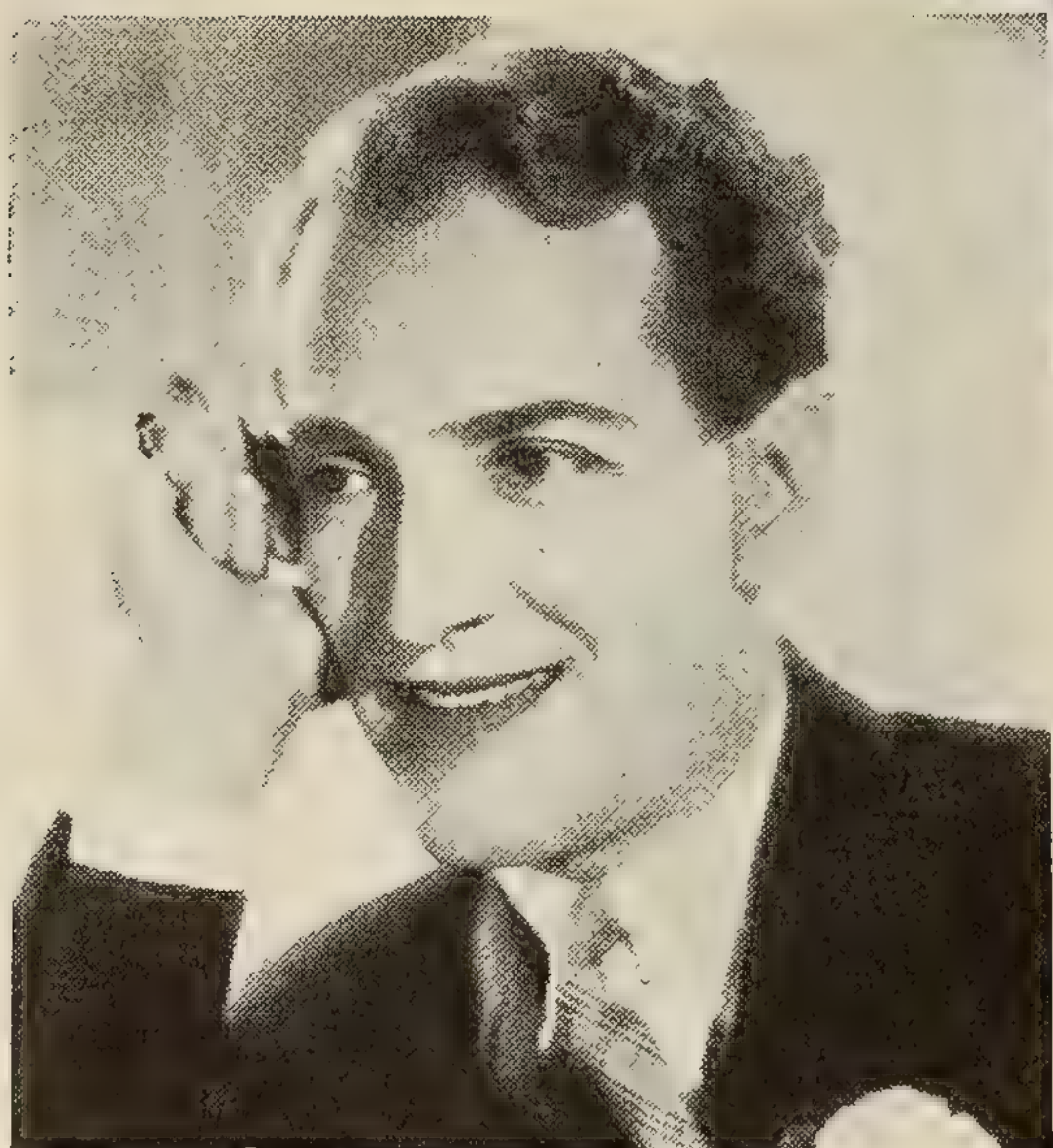
THIS is an unusual article for SILVER SCREEN to publish. It is a serious effort to aid the crusade for safer automobile driving.



The Hollywood Players
Implore Their Fans To
Join Them In A Crusade
Against Reckless Driving.

By Ruth Rankin

Otto Kruger warns parents to avoid accidents to children by forbidding them to stand on the seats of a moving auto.



Ann Harding, herself a careful driver, says: "Jumping red lights should be a penitentiary offense."



THE most urgent and the most desperate situation existing in this country today arises from the misuse of the automobile. It should be man's best friend, since it replaces the horse. What it has become is a death-dealing instrument of destruction, the most powerful enemy on our horizon.

It is a frightful thing to lose trust in every man on the public highway. Suspicion of him amounts to the same thing. But we are forced into suspecting him. He may mean potential death to you and your family, and you may mean the same thing to him, in order to save five or ten minutes of time—and what will you do with that time after you have it?

The question has risen to one of national import, a crusade for the preservation of life. The editor of SILVER SCREEN is the first to conduct a personal campaign among the most influential picture stars in Hollywood on this momentous subject.

A picture star sits on top of the world, he has money and fame and the earth is pretty well his oyster . . . His natural impulse would be to feel rather more privileged than the average man, to get out on the highway and let off a little steam in his high-powered car.

Some terrible tragedies have resulted.

Tragedy has a way of being received with a certain detachment—unless it strikes close to home. Hollywood has experienced the untimely death of Dorothy Dell, in a speeding car. It has seen the awful example of Jackie Coogan's father and Junior Durkin in one crash leaving several bereaved families from the catastrophe . . . the death of Adrienne Ames' sister in an automobile crash, besides the innumerable injuries that

have been sustained by others.

Fellow actors are viewing the subject of speed with a sober seriousness. In the face of these and other ghastly accidents, Hollywood has decided to take its place with the conservative thinking communities, and to use all possible influence to impress on drivers everywhere the fact that fast or careless driving is the most terrifying hazard in our lives today. When 36,000 persons can meet death in a year, the comparison with bloody war and pestilence is too near for comfort.

It has been proven that Garbo can wear an eccentric hat in a picture and have every woman in the country copying it. Joan Crawford's clothes and Jean Harlow's hair are examples of the tremendous influence exerted by picture stars. They cannot help being conscious and proud of that influence—and now they have become resolved to wield it in another, more profound, direction.

I have talked with all but one of the stars you will find quoted in this account. It is their genuine desire that you read and be guided by their words of caution.

Wallace Beery is a man of tremendously powerful build who gives the immediate impression that he could dominate any situation. He could not, however, prevent the wreck of his car if he was in collision with a reckless driver, any more than John Jones could. He told me this:

"I have reached the age where I do not think it is smart to take chances—not at this or any other age. You never need to be in *that* much of a hurry. It is with a

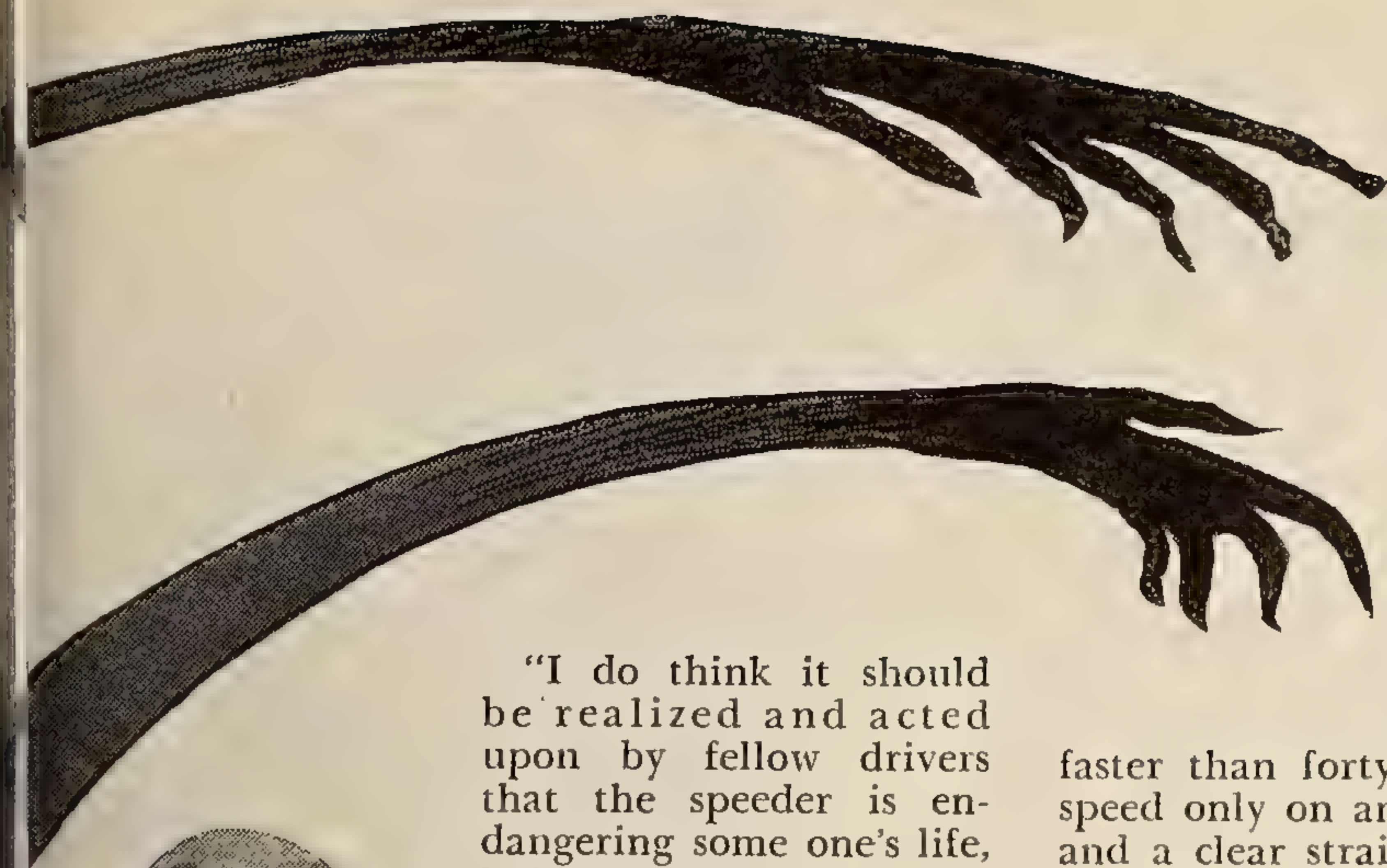
sense of responsibility to *everyone on the road* that I take my car out on any occasion. If you look at it in that light, it cannot be what *you* do, but what the other fellow does. The other fellow owes you the same consideration you give him.

"One cannot help realizing the seriousness of this driving problem when every paper carries reports of the staggering number of deaths and injuries from motor accidents."

Beery adds that he believes in moderation in all things. He is known to be one of the best and most cautious pilots in the air, as well as on the ground.

Jimmy Cagney—reckless, dashing Jimmy—on the screen—said in absolute seriousness:

"So far as I am concerned, we can go back to the horse and buggy days. I think the whole tempo of the age is too exaggerated, but to go so far as to speed an automobile through congested districts is simply an outlet for morons. I never drive a car when I can avoid it, and then I do not drive fast. There are other ways to get a kick out of life preferable to speeding. Get up and sprint a mile before breakfast, that will take some of it out of you.



"I do think it should be realized and acted upon by fellow drivers that the speeder is endangering some one's life, before the law steps in and writes a ticket. There are only so many motor cops, and they cannot take care of every speeder. Speeders break the law whether they get caught at it or not. They are the most active menace to every community and should be treated as such."

Leslie Howard, in his make-up on the "Petrified Forest" set, discussed the subject with his own penetrating intelligence. He was so absorbed in it and so exceptionally interesting, I could have listened indefinitely. He told me he began to fear speed in traffic long ago. Now he is certain that unless some desperate measure is taken, *speed will destroy the world.*

Mr. Howard is a leisurely gentleman of the new

faster than forty miles an hour, and that speed only on an open road with no traffic and a clear straightaway," he says.

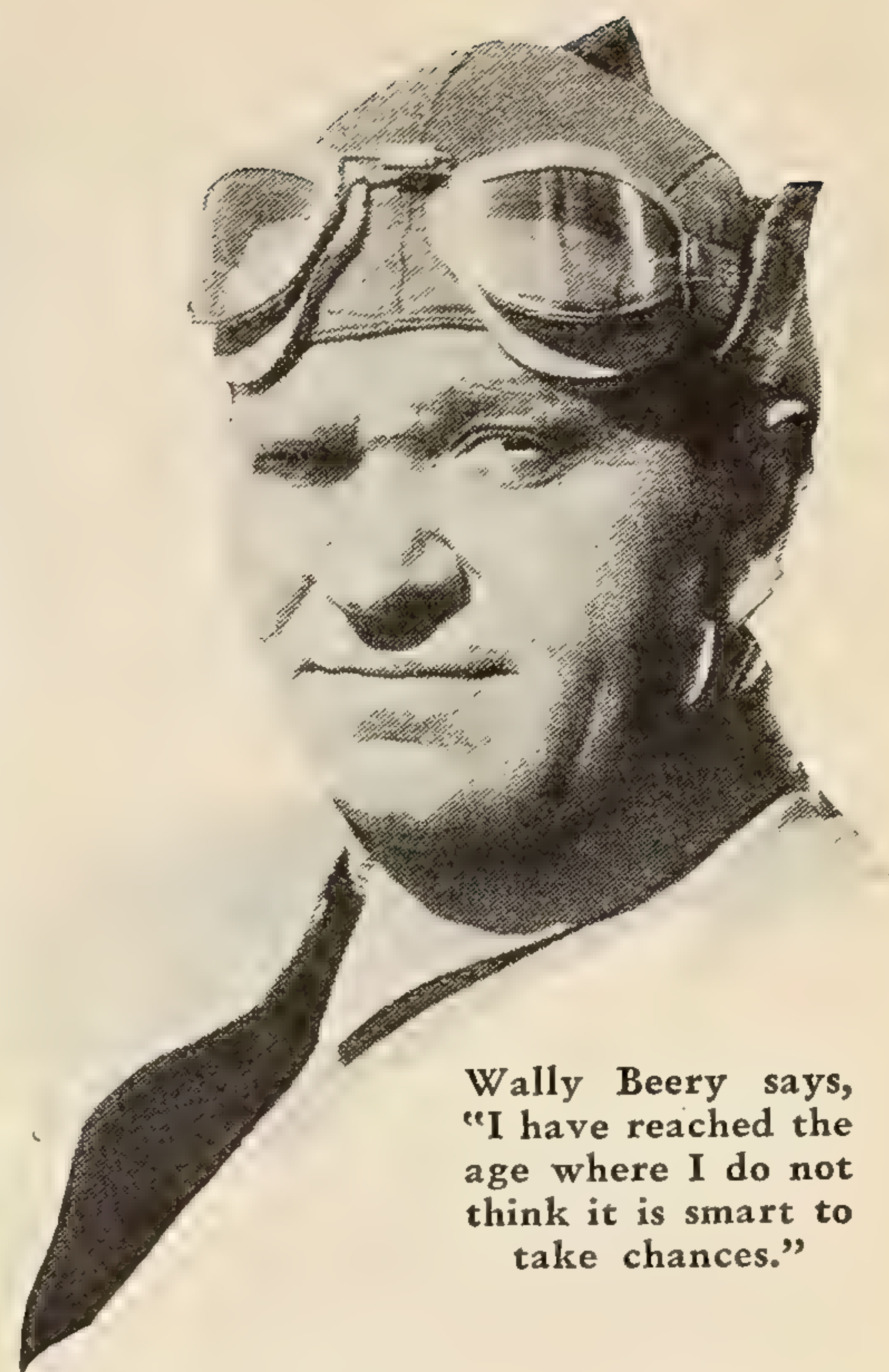
"People ask me how fast the English car I own will go, and I can't tell them. I don't know and I shall never learn. In traffic I drive at half the rate as in the open, and less.



Binnie Barnes once read of a woman hideously scarred in a motor accident. She has refused to drive fast ever since.

school—one who has considered speed as a factor in modern life, and who has decided there is no point in hurrying. He feels that men who lived before automobiles were invented were much happier, much less given to neuroses. He believes *speed* to be the primary cause for the tragic state of nerves from which the world is suffering—aside from the more obvious and gruesome fatalities.

"I never drive a car



Wally Beery says, "I have reached the age where I do not think it is smart to take chances."

an honest admission. "I get a definite thrill from speed," she admitted, "yet I fear it."

She said it was an article in a recent magazine which first brought to her the realization that traffic in America is out of control.

"But the danger that lurks in speed was brought to me with even more force when recently I visited a young woman in the hospital. She had been terribly injured in a head-on collision between her own car and one driven by a boy who was racing with another machine, and who was on the wrong side of the road.

"All the way home I did not drive over thirty miles an hour, and I shall make the lesson last—but of course it will not help me much if another racer comes along.

"I don't think any person under twenty should be allowed to drive a car. I know when I was a kid I was reckless and careless.

"In my opinion, it isn't the *good* fast drivers who cause all the accidents. They are caused by the reckless people who never think beyond the next curve in the road. I still want to go fast. But I am finding new outlets for this desire. Whenever I want speed, flying will give me a release for this impulse."

Ann Harding, beautiful Ann who has had her share of trouble in this world, is one who does everything within her power to spare others. She is one of the few women stars who drives her own car. Frequently I see her long cream-colored roadster on Cahuenga Pass where cars shoot up and down at a dizzy rate. There are few side-streets, but Ann's hilltop home is reached from one which turns off the Pass at a particularly dangerous angle, midway, with no signals. I have seen her stop and wait for five minutes until the traffic is absolutely clear, as she has to make a left turn on her way home. You know and I know she is anxious to get there—but she is not endangering lives to save a few minutes. Ann told me:

"Women are the worst offenders against the hand-signal. Their motions from the side are apt to be vague, or wrong, or they simply don't make any at all. And I believe the practise of jumping the red lights by all drivers should be a penitentiary offense. Certainly *nothing* can be so important that life itself should be risked."

Jeanette MacDonald admits honestly she
[Continued on page 74]

Jeanette MacDonald has a speed limit for her chauffeur. If he drives faster, out he goes.



"The driver who pauses at the wrong time," says John Boles, "is as dangerous as the too-confident driver."

"I have no desire for speed. I never ride a horse fast. Unless there is a contract to fulfill, I am never in a hurry to get from England to California. I travel leisurely, even slowly, and do not like fast ships, fast trains, or fast automobiles. I can see no benefit in getting from London to New York in five days or from New York to California in one day.

"Unless the world curbs its desire for break-neck speed, I feel that *man is surely headed for insanity.*"

Bette Davis, at work with Howard on this picture, joined the conversation with

OFF TO THE DESERT

By Ben Maddox

RIGHT now every divine darling in our fervent Hollywood is anxious to recover from the strain of it all. You know how it's been—continually climbing into your best bib and tucker and forever putting your best foot forward until you thought one more holiday party and you'd scream! Today's motto is "Rest!" and lots of it. And so there's hardly a familiar face in the standard Hollywood hangouts. Everyone's dashing to the desert. Those swell open landscapes are the January tonic.

It's really no effort to plunge into the Southern California sagebrush. To whisk into a suddenly serene, tranquil atmosphere you need only a little time. If you're still an old-fashioned gal or boy you zoom along on a keen highway for three hours and you're at Palm Springs, chief desert settlement. The daily airplane leaves the city at 3 p.m. and gets you there in an hour and a quarter. Or, if you are a star, you likely pilot yourself in your own ship.

If Paul Lukas invites you to step into his 'plane I'll bet you wouldn't dream of saying no. But his wife isn't so impressed with his sales-talk about the safety of the airlines. The dainty Daisy pokes along after him in her car.

The lure of the far flung ranges is at its height these days. Even movie celebrities are turning over fresh leaves and resolving to pep up by going back to nature. There are all sorts of spots in the desert, and all of them expensive, by the way. You can loll luxuriously at such swank hotels as El Mirador or The Desert Inn at Palm Springs, sharing the shadow of a placid Joshua tree with society folks from the East. A bell-boy's on hand to anticipate every wish. You can rent a house, build your own, or rusticate at some of the other expensive hostleries. Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have discovered so much housekeeping on their new Encino ranch that when they grab the baby and direct the chauffeur to scoot them to the exquisite expanses, they prefer New Yorkish comforts.

So does Gloria Swanson. Our snappiest gossips are wondering, incidentally, whether the romance that blossomed for Gloria last winter will endure through this season on the desert. While waiting for a picture break the devastating Swan-

son enjoys the simple sun life. Her charming beau is so well appreciated by the cameras that he's kept pretty busy in the studios. But he joins her frequently.

When Ruth Chatterton and George Brent were married, Ralph Forbes was often popping around to chat with his ex-wife. The intriguing George Brent isn't so sociable now that he's in a position to follow suit. He's flying to and from the Springs, and so is Ruth. But they never land their modish 'planes at the airport simultaneously. And that cozy cottage George is having finished in the desert will probably receive more calls from Greta (She's-his-flame!) Garbo than from La Chatterton. At last the natives expect to be able to trail the elusive Swede when she decamps for an extra sample of solitude.

Unless the past six months abroad have lowered the Brent stock in her august opinion!

That particularly clear, brilliant sunlight that streams down out where the cactus grows is having an exhilarating effect on the Joan Blondell-Dick Powell twosome. The domestic upheaval which Joanie went through is as much of a memory as she can make it and the captivating Dick is doing all in his power to cheer her up. She's always been fond of camping trips, but they couldn't investigate the boundless mesa without a mess of chaperones. And you know how that is—the most amiable chaperones are usually off on a jaunt themselves! Anyway, Dick can't do a week-end justice while he's tied to his national radio hook-up every Friday evening. Consequently, he and Joanie go to the Mike Leves (he's Dick's agent) at Palm Springs and indulge in a wicked game of croquet. What about Mary Brian? Ah, she's been in London and that's faded into merely a beautiful friendship!

Before Leslie Howard launches "Hamlet" on Broadway he and the missus will once more vacation at the Springs with the William Gargans. Mrs. H. and Mrs.



Charles E. Kerlee

Horseback riding in the desert, where the flowers bloom amidst the sand ripples and the mountain tops glisten white in the sunlight.



Ruth Chatterton flies her own plane to the desert playland.



The Hollywood Stars For Their Winter Vacations Flock To An Oasis In The Desert.

Palm Springs. Some stars, like Madge Evans and Una Merkel, for instance, go for bicycling. They pedal from the hotel to the drugstore and order a soda, thumbing over the magazines while gayly gulping their drink. You don't have to dress up and that's a major draw. Ladies pack their panties when preparing to transport their sweetness to the desert air, for slacks have supplanted shorts except for tennis. He-men dig out their rakiest scanties. If a fellow has that Richard Arlen silhouette he doesn't have to be a Great Actor to be feted by the women. (You should glimpse Charlie Laughton in terse trunks!) Informal sports attire is donned for the cocktail hour and evening. A few of the ladies insist upon dolling up.

Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay are forgetting their Hollywood boy-friends as they lie out in the sun for hours, absorbing strength to go back and dazzle at the Troc. Carole Lombard invariably asks her



The pool at Palm Springs. Paul Lukas and Eric Blore basking in the sun.

G. sit about wondering what they'll feed their hungry husbands for dinner while said hubbies ride far into the waste stretches every morning. The cooks are sent ahead to have a tasty breakfast piping hot in some bit of oasis. Then the gentlemen return for serious sun-tanning. Comes a leisurely lunch and a siesta. They awake and swim in one of the hotel pools. Cocktails and dinner, which is early so that the four of them can make the seven o'clock movie at the Village Theatre. Afterwards they all trot over to the townlet's bowling alley and make whoopee there. (And can you raise a temperature with nine-pins?) They end up with hamburgers at the Nut Kettle and are wooing sleep at 11 p. m.

You play baseball if you're energetic enough, when you're at



Janet Gaynor dressed in shorts for tennis, with a smart white linen coat to wear between the hotel and the courts.

Carole Lombard delights in days of tennis.

secretary "Fieldsie" to accompany her. This feminine fixture of the Lombard menage not only answers all letters, but is chief com-

panion and tennis partner when there's no Robert Riskin in sight. The Crosbys and the Arlens are currently missed. Since Bing fixed up his Rancho Santa Fe estate, near San Diego, he's forsaken the desert. Dick and Joby have the Europe bug. Jean Harlow's not been enthused about Palm Springs lately. Maybe she remembers that a man may be romantic beneath a huge limpid moon and then turn out a nightly book-worm after you marry him!

However, there isn't a grander locale for a high-powered honeymoon than Palm Springs and I'll refer you to Errol Flynn and Lili Damita for references. They've traveled the globe [Continued on page 75]



Charles E. Kerlee

The Desert Inn is open from October to June so that the players may escape the winter chills.

By
Dickson
Morley

Jean Arthur
Found Out A
Thing Or
Two For Her-
self.

Jean drinks a
toast to wish
good luck to
every fan.



A THOUSAND TEACHERS

IT TAKES a super-superior blonde to stand out in Hollywood, where there's one in every film, two on every block, and three being refurbished in every class beauty parlor along the Boulevard. If you want to ask me, who's on talking terms with the town's best fair-haired *femmes*—including Harlow, Lombard, Bette and Marlayna the Magnificent—today we have a new runner-up for tops. It's a pleasure to spotlight, for your extra special consideration, Miss Jean (Gives you that mile-a-minute pulse!) Arthur. In person she's now nearly the most exciting of 'em all; verily, the Blonde of the Month.

The Arthur hair is an exquisite pale gold, and the way she can set off a gorgeous coiffure is suddenly every other lady star's business. But this is simply a starter. Listen on. The Arthur orbs are vividly, beautifully blue. Without, as well as with, mascara, her lashes are sweepy. She has a trim, aristocratic little nose, a provocatively curved mouth, and a figure that's diminutive and exceedingly graceful.

Not only her increasingly notable performances have made her important, but the news has spread around that here is another real *personage*—a volcanic spirit that can go far. There's a constant swirl of suspense around her because she's liable to go into most any mood any moment. Her ideas and her actions invariably bear a bang. She leaves you with a "lift," and when a gal does that she's got Something. The exuberance of a dashing, gay soul is irresistible.

Like all originals, Jean (She's-a-young-smoothie!) Arthur blithely makes her own rules. She scorns the old Hollywood patterns and zestily chooses for herself. She won't hit the headlines nor tease the gossips. And, as for her love-life? Why, it's so completely her very own that you wouldn't know she had one. Until you meet her and instantly realize that she must!

You don't see her cocktailing about or dining at the Troc, except on rare occasions. More often she's gracing the elegant spots in New York City. She prefers the orchestras in the big city and airplanes back and forth 'cross-continent between pictures.

Meanwhile, the local superficialities don't enmesh her. Actually, you might sum her up as a smart New Yorker in a nine o'clock set-up. A discriminating as well as a colorful individual, she doesn't burlesque sophistication. She moves with breeze and punctuates her conversation with varied topics. She possesses intelligence and civilized humor along with her ambition and flair.

But, you may be mumbling to yourself, wait a bit. Didn't there used to be an Arthur who didn't matter? Is this the same gal and, if so, what's the trick? How come the transformation?

Ah, madame, I kiss your hand. What keenness—you are the quick-witted sort who appeals so strongly to Jean (She's-the-tops!) Arthur. But you needn't have a feeling

I'm fooling. Or that she's framed me by putting on a perfect pose whenever I've heaved into sight. There has been an amazing change. She's the same Arthur, but unshackled. Oh, my goodness—how revamped! It's as swell a Before-and-After as you'll ever encounter in this most amazing of all artistic professions.

Jean's formal confession occurred in her dressing-room at Columbia. It was high noon on the final day's shooting of her current click, "If You Could Only Cook." I always politely order whatever my interviewee picks, and was ready to be heroic on a lettuce leaf. To my delight, Jean (She's-the-Coliseum!) Arthur bid for ham-and-eggs, toast and coffee. What a woman.

It seems Jean was catapulted into this movie line when she was just sixteen. She was still high-schooling in New York City and dreaming of bright college years when a studio scout offered her a contract. In those days she had the gosh-darndest inferiority complex. But even at that her natural verve peeked through. They said they'd give her \$75 a week. She replied, "I can't accept less than \$150!" To her astonishment they handed her the pen and paper, called her parents down to sign, too, and pronto Jean and her Mother were off to Hollywood.

Her shyness soon rose and confounded her luck with a vengeance. What she didn't comprehend about acting would fill a book. And she was so perpetually abashed by the bombastic behavior on every side that she didn't dare speak up to the directors for more attention.

"If my acting has improved noticeably," Jean declared, attacking her second egg with fervor, "you can credit a thousand teachers." I gasped. Now that was being practically colossal with gratitude. I was disconcerted to the point of dunking my toast. "Coming again, plezzer?" I hissed in my neatest Nipponese.

[Continued on page 63]



Herbert Marshall, Jean Arthur and Leo Carrillo in "If You Could Only Cook."

ANNOUNCING THE
AWARD
OF THE
SILVER
SCREEN
MEDAL
FOR
1935

The most popular
player on the screen
today. Shirley Temple,
with her proud mother,
Mrs. Gertrude Temple.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE WINS

THE great popularity of little Shirley Temple was one of the most remarkable developments of the last few months. Her charm puts over picture after picture and extends beyond that to many commercial enterprises. Dolls, dresses, books, magazines—all reach a tremendous sale so long as they carry the magic of Shirley Temple's name.

It all began in May, 1934, with the appearance of a gangster film, "Little Miss Marker," and like every popular success it was a complete surprise to the producers. Shirley Temple had been on the screen before but never had been given a real opportunity. "Little Miss Marker" introduced the bewitching Shirley that we have come to know in her later films. At that time Shirley was not quite six years old.

As everyone knows, she has two older brothers, and with them and her father and mother she lives a perfectly normal home life. Through the wisdom of her mother she has been kept from being spoiled.

It is interesting that the Temple family makes no claim of ancestors of brilliant stage tradition. Shirley is the first of their kin on both sides ever to have entered the theatrical profession. Her first appearance on the screen was in Educational Comedies, and it was the all-seeing eye of a Fox director—who came to the conclusion when viewing one of these comedies that here was a little girl with possibilities—which is responsible for her success. And how right he was!

Among the pictures that came out soon after "Little Miss Marker" was "Stand Up and Cheer!"—in which Shirley did her first cute little dance with James Dunn. This was followed by "Baby Take a Bow."

FINAL STANDING OF THE STARS IN THE VOTING

Shirley Temple
Jeanette MacDonald
Joan Crawford
Clark Gable
Ginger Rogers
Claudette Colbert
Dick Powell
Nelson Eddy
Greta Garbo
Bing Crosby
Ruby Keeler
Fredric March
Jean Harlow
Gary Cooper
Norma Shearer
Charles Boyer
James Cagney
William Powell
Robert Montgomery
Myrna Loy
Fred Astaire
Katharine Hepburn
George Raft
Gene Raymond
Janet Gaynor
Sir Cedric Hardwicke
Franchot Tone
Robert Taylor
Loretta Young
Carole Lombard

Writers in Hollywood were now enthusiastically interviewing the little star. SILVER SCREEN's representative, Mr. Mook, asked Shirley, while she was making "Baby Take a Bow"—"Suppose the film is not a success?" "Then," said Shirley, "we'll call it 'Baby Take a Flop.'" This is a true story, as we can well believe from what we have since come to learn about the little player.

Shirley has had the trying experience of being cast in a poor picture, too, for "Bright Eyes" was not generally liked. But her popularity survived this setback and when the SILVER SCREEN readers were asked to vote for the Most Popular Star on the Screen for 1935, the ballots indicated, from the very first day, that to Shirley Temple belonged the greatly desired title—The Most Popular Star in Pictures.

The recent films in which Shirley has appeared have shown the little star in nineteenth century costumes, very quaint and pleasing. Every production, these days, has to have a dancing star and Shirley has tapped up stairways and down, and, thanks to Bill Robinson, has quite out-classed in dexterity any other child star.

In addition to playing her emotional parts Shirley sings—very sweetly and naturally. In fact she is at her best when singing or dancing. In "The Littlest Rebel" she gives a finer performance than ever before. The high spot is her duet with John Boles.

There is, at the present moment, a gold medal being prepared which will be sent to Shirley as soon as it is ready. SILVER SCREEN is very happy for Shirley and very proud to have helped to establish the little star in this unique position. We wish her many years of good pictures.

ASTAIRE'S AND ROGERS

Fictionization Of "Follow The Fleet" From The Screen Play By Dwight Taylor And Allan Scott.

The dance king joins the navy. Fred Astaire in "Follow The Fleet."

By
Dena
Reed

THE lights of the Paradise Ballroom which advertised fifty dancing partners for the price of ten cents per dance twinkled brighter than usual this evening. For the fleet was in and when the fleet is in prosperity walks from around the corner and pops right into the cash register!

"Gee," said Dopey, a young gob, to Bat Baker, leader of the band of his battleship. "That music sounds good, don't it? My feet's just itchin' to dance. I got fallen arches from tangoing with them Chinese dames."

But Bat wasn't even listening. He was thinking of Sherry Martin, his former dancing partner, with whom he was still in love. Somehow they had had a silly argument and the last he had heard of her was that she was dancing in some high class cabaret.

While Bat stood in romantic revery, his friend Bilge Smith, the handsomest tar in the navy, had gone to see about liquid refreshments. His thoughts, too, centered on the female of the species, but he wondered about them all, not about just one.

Bat paid his admission and turned to his sailor pals with a nod to precede him on to the dance floor.

"Wait there for me," he told them, "I gotta look up a party in the 'phone book." "That's a good place to look," Dopey said, "they have a lot of swell numbers there."

In the meanwhile Bilge had come back from the beer counter and stood outside the window waiting his turn to go in. He quite ignored the prim-looking young woman with the eye-glasses on her nose who looked like what she was—a teacher. He didn't like that type but it seemed to be his luck to find one in every port.

Here was this one grabbing his arm and crying "There you are! I've paid for both of us" and hauling him into the dance hall before he knew where he was.

"Thank you," she said. "I wanted to get in to see my sister—she works here—but they wouldn't let me in without an escort."

Bilge eyed her skeptically. "I thought you were trying to frame me," he said with a scowl, trying to put this homely jane in her place quickly. He moved toward his sailor friends hoping she would take the hint and beat it. But she didn't take the hint—she followed him.

"I spent the whole afternoon watching the fleet come in," she told him eagerly. "If I were a man I'd be a sailor." Wistfully she waited for a reply but Bilge was looking over the pretty girls and wasn't even listening.

With a sorrowful little sigh, she looked after him and then went in the direction of the dressing room and knocked on the door.

"It's Connie," she announced.

"Come in," cried her sister, Sherry Martin. "I'm glad to see you sis, but what about your singing lessons tonight?"

"I didn't feel like giving them." She

(At left)
Fred Astaire,
Ginger Rogers
and Lucille Ball.
(Above) Harriet
Hilliard and Randolph
Scott.

NEW PICTURE



(At left) Randolph Scott and Fred Astaire among the gobs. (Above) Randolph Scott upholds the honor of the gobs in a scene with Harriet Hilliard.

Ginger Rogers, as Sherry Martin, is the big moment in the life of Bat (Fred Astaire) in "Follow The Fleet."

turned away so that Sherry wouldn't see her misty eyes. "I don't know what is the matter with me. I—I just seem to frighten the men away."

Sherry looked sympathetic. "You look like a music teacher—that's the trouble. It isn't really that gentlemen prefer blondes. We just look dumber."

"You're so attractive, Sherry," sighed Connie watching her lithe, lovely sister pull a dress over her head.

Sherry watched her sister thoughtfully. Connie would be as glamorous as anyone if she didn't go around looking like a member of the S.P.C.A. Maybe if she dolled Connie up—she snatched a gorgeous gown from a hook and tossed it over to her sister.

"Put it on," said Sherry, "then maybe men won't act like brothers to you. You'll make them say 'uncle.'"

Connie's laugh was like a chime of bells. "Even though I'm not a blonde I could be dumb, couldn't I?"

"Sure," said Sherry, "it takes a lot of brains to be dumb. But I've got to go now sis. It's my turn to go on. Remember, dear, 'clothes make the man.'"

The curtain was going up and Sherry hurried to be in time for her cue—

Her fresh young voice had the ring of confidence. The couples dancing looked at her and smiled, for she presented a beautiful picture of youth—hopeful, optimistic, gladsome youth. "Let yourself go . . ." she sang. Her voice was an invitation, but more than that, it thrilled her hearers and stirred every pulse to the tempo of the joy of living.

The dancers responded with alacrity. They let themselves go off into a gliding, slithering fox trot. But one of her audience stared fascinated. Bat had come back from the 'phone booth in despair of finding

his lost sweetheart again. And here she was singing to him. When her act was over, he followed her, whistling their old signature song. She stopped eagerly, turned around and her pert little face lit up like a small child's at Christmas time.

"Bat!"

"Sherry!"

"What a surprise to see you here." There was the suspicion of tears in Sherry's blue eyes. "I've missed you, Bat."

They sat down at a nearby table and talked endlessly. Before long they had patched up their differences and were friends again.

While Sherry and Bat were kissing and making up, Connie Martin, looking young and lovely in her sister's evening clothes, went onto the dance floor in search of Bilge Smith. The sailor had attracted her strangely. Passing rows of sailors who eyed her covetously, she at last came upon Bilge's handsome face among them. Her heart pounded relentlessly.

"Hello, sailor, haven't we met before?" Bilge grinned and shook his head. "Want to dance, baby?"

"I'd rather talk," said Connie boldly though her knees shook.

"Okay with me, Toots. Let's get out of here." Connie grew frightened, but she was playing the romantic game for the first time in her life, and she was determined to see it through.

She followed Bilge out into a patio paved with imitation bricks, trellised with imitation flowers and flooded with imitation moonlight.

Without warning, Bilge was taking her in his arms and was holding her close. Her heart throbbed joyously and then she broke away a little breathless with excitement.

"Please," she said.

"What's the idea?"

Bilge asked, intrigued.

"It's—it's a line of defense," Connie said weakly.

Bilge's answer was to take her in his arms again and Connie's soft face glowed with happiness.

"Want to come up to our apartment and raid the icebox?" she asked.

"Do it!"

While Bilge and Connie found love in a synthetic patio, Sherry and Bat were still trying to accustom themselves to the idea that they had found each other again.

"Let's dance," Bat said tenderly, "it will be good to feel your feet stepping over mine again."

"How about your feet stepping over mine?" retorted Sherry, yet the thought of dancing with Bat as they used to do thrilled her.

The orchestra played a soft medley of fox trots. The lights were low and dreamy. Sherry followed Bat's intricate steps without effort. A sudden burst of applause brought them back from heavenly oblivion. Weber, the proprietor, came forward with a prize.

"You've won the contest," he said with a benign smile.

"Contest?" Sherry was puzzled, then she

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"AMBITION PINCH- HITTING FOR LOVE"

*Jean Harlow Is
Giving All To
Her Career.*



The new hair color is called "Brownette."
Jean was born a blonde.

JUST as lovely Jean Harlow put aside her platinum tresses to become a "brownette," so has she come to realize that work, which she once thought a pleasant game, is actually a very important part of her life.

Jean was walking up and down her dressing room waiting to be called to the sound stage for work in "Wife vs. Secretary," in which she was working with Clark Gable.

"I'm one of those people who can't do justice to more than one thing at a time—I'm naturally giving all my time and energy to the thing which I regard as most important.

"I've come to know that work is not a punishment but a salvation . . . that work is a concrete something to which one can cling in happiness as well as in sorrow."

Jean's new outlook is reflected in her every gesture. One senses in her a new determination—and she is more quietly alert than the Jean of a short while back.

For Jean Harlow, leaving the studio doesn't mean that her work is finished. That is when the more serious side actually begins. For at home she learns her lines, studies diction, and looks for new ways of improvement.

She never goes out while working in a picture—and she rarely even entertains at home! During the rare intervals in which she has a few days off—week-ends in particular—she goes off either to a ranch of a friend near Santa Barbara, or to a small mountain cabin to rest.

For a long time now, Jean has been trying to convince people she is more than "just a platinum blonde." This had a lot to do with her changing the color of her hair. So long as she remained a blonde the task was doubly hard. That is why the change of hair which she made for her rôle in "Riffraff," with Spencer Tracy, gave her the chance to prove her real ability. It

will be remembered that in "Red Dust" and "Red Headed Woman" Jean achieved her greatest successes. In those pictures audiences did not think of her as a dazzling blonde—but as an actress. They saw her as she really was, not as a platinum blonde. Now, with her change to "brownette," Jean wants them to forget the platinum blonde permanently.

The Jean Harlow of today has her eyes turned toward the future. She is building with that end in view. Knowing that a star is only as good as his or her pictures, she is making sure to exert every effort to build as good as she can, so far as her own job is concerned.

It is much more than personal security and fame that Jean is after, however. And she said:

"I'm not in pictures for the glory. Nor am I particularly interested in the money. Fundamentally, I've chosen the screen as a life's work because I like it. If one doesn't feel this way about one's life's occupation, one's doing the wrong thing."

Jean is anchoring herself to her career. She is not shutting herself off from the joys of life even though she is putting her career ahead of other interests—including romance. With scarcely a day between the shooting schedules of "Riffraff" and "Wife vs. Secretary," Jean had no time, even if she wished, to visit night clubs or

supper rooms or to attend gay parties.

On the set, she is the same cheerful and sporting girl of her earlier career. She and Clark Gable, who acted together as far back as "The Secret Six," still have the same spirit of gay camaraderie. But the subtle change in Jean is evident. There are more consultations with the director, and a definite striving to achieve the best which is more felt than seen when one steps on the Harlow set.

One thing more one notices about the Harlow of the moment. She is happy! Her disposition has always been the joy of any picture crew. That is one thing she has always insisted upon, saying: "I can't work in the atmosphere a bad disposition creates. No one really accomplishes anything by losing his temper. I'm very, very sensitive and if I don't feel vibrations of good-will about me, I cannot accomplish half as much as I would otherwise." And so no matter how upset she may be Jean manages to be pleasant to her fellow workers—but she radiates more than just the effort to be agreeable. For Jean has hitched her wagon to a definite goal—and the way she's going there's no doubt she'll reach it!

But suppose Love comes along—will the call of her career silence the call of Jean's warm-hearted nature for romance? Or is ambition only pinch-hitting for Love?

By
Julia
Gwin

ONE BUCK

(NOT INFLATED)

Frank Buck, In Addition To Putting Many Animals In The Zoos And Circuses Of America, Has Also Put A Phrase Into The English Language:—"Bringing 'Em Back Alive."

ALL of us are born with a love of adventure. Little girls hope to grow into exciting, glamorous Joan Crawford and little boys dream of flying the mail or hunting big game. But not all of us can make that dream come true; not all of us have a talent for bravery and a flair for accomplishing the unusual like Frank Buck.

Irving Thalberg is a genius at production; W. C. Fields has the gift of comedy; Lily Pons a talent for singing, and Frank Buck has an understanding of people and animals which enables him to live the adventures of which most of us dream. Into the snarling teeth of the jungle he hurls his very life in the strangest of all professions, and modestly insists he is no braver than any other man.

"Capturing wild animals," said Buck, "isn't a matter of bravery. It is a question of thinking fast and keeping calm in the face of any emergency. When something on which I haven't calculated occurs my first feeling is one of panic. If I didn't keep a cool front I would be done for. Animals sense fear in an opponent almost before he is himself conscious of it. Take, for example, my fight with a King Cobra, which was recorded in "Wild Cargo." The bottom dropped out of the basket in which a native was carrying the reptile. The boy turned and ran but I was hedged in on three sides. I backed away looking for something with which to defend myself or a way out. I don't mind saying I was scared to death. One false move would have been

the finish of me. I couldn't run, for that would have been a signal for the cobra to strike. Quickly I removed my coat, threw it over his head and fell on him. Then the boys rushed in and recaptured him. That wasn't bravery; it was knowing what to do and not losing my head. Another man, unused to jungle ways wouldn't have lived to tell the tale but it wouldn't follow that he was a coward.

"Snakes have played quite a part in my career. As a boy I used to catch rattle-

snakes and sell them for snake oil. Later I supplied Rattle Snake Pete Gruber with snakes for his museum in Rochester, N. Y."

Once a python robbed the expedition of a half grown pig penned on the borders of the camp. Buck and his natives had planned a rare feast but the snake beat them to it, but, swollen from devouring the pig, he was unable to squeeze back through the pen and was easily captured by the men who thought for days of the meal they had almost had.

Another time Buck was trying to free a mouse deer from a native trap. This animal is a miniature of our American deer and a great favorite with Buck. Its importation is prohibited since it is a dangerous disease carrier. As he reached toward the trap in a thicket a giant python stabbed like lightning from the jungle growth, to seize Buck's arm in its powerful jaws while its deadly coils began to encircle his body. With his free hand Buck drew his revolver and fired. This and a parang, or bush knife, in the hands of Ali, his number one boy, saved him from certain death.

If you met Frank Buck you would never suspect that he was the internationally famous "bring 'em back alive" man with a reputation for having brought to America more "firsts" in its zoos and museums than any other two men. You could hardly believe that included in this group was the

Frank Buck has brought back another snarling, scratching, biting, fighting shipload of animals and a new film, "Fang and Claw."



Deep in the jungle Frank has his own circus parade, which is reviewed very suspiciously by the jungle beasts.

only authentic man-eating tiger, the biggest king cobra ever captured alive, and two rare Indian Rhinos from Nepal, where no white man is allowed. Of medium stature but solid build, he appears soft spoken and easy going in the ordinary dress of a New York business man. But under this lie muscles of rippling steel. His face is etched by many seasons under a tropical sun and in the humorous twinkle of his eyes there is still something of the prankish little boy

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NOT SO TOUGH

After All Those Pictures It Turns Out That Pat O'Brien Is As Gentle As A Lamb—Well, Ram, Anyway.

By Lenore Samuels



Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien and Mavourneen, their daughter.

WITH theatres throughout the country showing films depicting Pat O'Brien, for the most part, as a tough hombre essentially quick on the repartee trigger, it was a distinct novelty to find that Pat, in person, is a totally different character. Or, so I found him, when I visited him in his suite at the Warwick Hotel one gloomy afternoon in December during his recent trip to New York.

"I'm no good at interviews," he said in greeting. "I can't talk about myself." And, for a moment, he looked very much like a small boy invited into the parlor to show off before his mother's guests, assuming the very antithesis of the "I'll tell the world" attitude which he's forced to assume in some of his screen rôles.

But, although his temperament is different, his looks are not. If you'd only seen Pat just once in films, you'd recognize him in the flesh, so to speak. He has that same unsmiling face, those same thoughtful blue eyes, that same unmanageable straight brown hair. He is tall and slightly on the robust rather than the aesthetic side. Therefore, it is quite amazing to hear him express his views in the gentle, urbane manner which we have come to expect from—say Mr. Leslie Howard. And his taste for the so-called arts—or should we say the finer things of life—are correspondingly similar.

As a further contrast, Pat was born in Milwaukee—of all places—a city noted far more for its pre-War Pilsener and Budweiser than it is for its arts and sciences. The population was principally German at that time but this didn't phase Pat. He claims he marched in more parades, danced his well-drilled Irish jig at more outdoor picnics than he had any right to, considering his Irish blood. But the Germans, a fun-loving people in those days, were glad enough to be entertained by the little Irish lad whose gayly whirling feet and droll remarks belied his serious little face.

It was the remembrance of the fun he had participating in all these town festivals when a child that actually shaped Pat's career on the stage and on the screen. For, when he was studying at Marquette University in Wisconsin, he was planning to become a criminal lawyer. In his senior year he captained the Marquette football team and before he graduated he had a 67 yard dash through the Notre Dame line to his credit. He admits that he will boast about that for the rest of his life.

The excitement of this dramatic finale to his college years must have prompted him to discard the idea of a prosaic career as an attorney and get himself a job in the chorus of a musical show instead. He remembered that he was a pretty good hooper back home in Milwaukee and this ought to start him off. It did—but he didn't stick to the chorus for more than one season. Instead he joined a traveling stock company and this led to his assignment of the rôle of Michael opposite Helen Hayes in "Coquette," when she took this popular play on the road. He also played in "The Front Page" on tour and the following season made his first Broadway appearance in "A Man's Man." It wasn't so very long after this that Pat got snapped up by Hollywood and has remained there ever since.

All this I dragged out of Mr. Pat O'Brien bit by bit—in spite of the fact that he had a sore throat and was far more desirous of having me sit and rave about Mavourneen O'Brien, his small daughter, a portrait of whom he had placed in my hands before I had been in the room two minutes.

"How old is she?" I asked, noting that Pat's eyes were turning toward the portrait and that he was getting plenty bored talking about his not so remote past.

"Eighteen months and twelve days," came back like a flash.

When it comes to his daughter, Pat is right there with the snappy answer. Nothing urbane and Leslie Howardish about him then. One can easily see that heart and soul he is wrapped up in this youngster—an enthusiasm that he shares equally with Eloise, his wife.

"She went to Palm Springs with Mavourneen," he told me with a tinge of sadness in his voice. "It's the first time we've been separated since we were married nine years ago. It felt awfully lonesome traveling."

"Why didn't you bring her along?" I asked.

For a moment Pat looked amazed at my lack of perception. "How could I?" he replied. "We couldn't risk such a change of climate for the baby."

"I see," I murmured, deciding to tread lightly from then on where Mavourneen was concerned. "But doesn't Mrs. O'Brien's gown shop take up a great deal of her time?"

"Not from the baby," Pat said quickly. "She's a great organizer. (He meant Eloise, of course, not Mavourneen.) She's got the shop running so smoothly that she only has to spend three hours away from home each day. Do you know that some days she takes in almost three hundred dollars?"

I looked properly amazed.

"Yes. The O'Briens are running into luck these days. If she keeps this up I'll be able to retire in a year or two," he continued, grinning broadly.

Mr. O'Brien was chatting freely now. Evidently Mrs. O'Brien's business enterprise had a loosening effect on his tongue. For which I was truly grateful.

"She's getting so well known," Pat went on, "that Adrian—you know the gown designer at M-G-M?—and sometimes Orry-Kelly of Warners call her in when they're rushed to help them design and turn out gowns for various productions. Eloise is great at rush jobs. She was a private secretary before she went on the stage. That sort of trained her. She's really very methodical; very efficient."

Now that Pat was well started I asked him a few things about his own career. "Why," said I, "weren't you cast in 'Midsummer Night's Dream' along with all the other Warner Brothers' contract players?"

"Everybody asks me that," answered Pat—and was there a slight hint of sarcasm in his mellow Irish voice?

"I don't know. They just didn't, that's all!"

"Would you have liked to have played a part in it?" I persisted, quite sure that if the answer was negative it would be "off with my head."

"Well—er—yes," admitted Pat. "It would have been a great experience working under Reinhardt."

"You're so different from the rôles you play most of the time," I couldn't help remarking after the suitable pause which followed this frank admission of disappointment. "Do you mind always being cast as the wise-cracking hell-bent-for-heaven young-know-it-all?"

"I liked my rôle in 'Oil for the Lamps of China' better than anything I've done so far. That was a serious dramatic rôle with a chance for definite characterization. The story had a definite idea, too. It wasn't just manufactured to fit a slap-bang personality such as I portrayed in 'The Irish in Us' or 'Here Comes the Navy' or several other pictures of the same sort. I liked the part I played in 'Stars Over Broadway' too. The studio wanted me to jazz it up but when I insisted upon under-playing it 'straight,' instead, they finally agreed."

"I liked the way you handled that part," I told him sincerely. "I think you were right in soft-peddling it. It was twice as effective played that way."

Pat was so pleased with this that he almost blushed. Yes, he is that modest.

"I think," he told me, "you'll like 'Ceiling Zero,' too. I just finished that before coming East. Cagney is teamed with me again in it."

"How do you and Cagney get along together in films?" I queried.

Again Pat looked at me as if amazed at my lack of understanding. "Jimmy and I are pals," he exclaimed. "We work fine together. Although I'm afraid that if they keep teaming us our parts are bound to get pretty routine. You know what some of the fans write me? They want to know if there aren't enough girls to go around in Hollywood. Either Jimmy or I get the girl in the end you see. But seldom do we *both* get a girl. One of us generally has to do a Pagliacci."

"Is Jimmy the rough-neck type in real life?" I asked him while we were still on the subject.

"No—no. Jimmy's the gentlest soul. He's a fine linguist, too. And he's simply crazy about music."

If it wasn't that I had found Pat himself so diametrically opposite from the blustering characters he has given us in such profusion, I might have found it difficult to accept this for gospel truth. But if the bumptious Pat O'Brien of the screen could be transformed into such a sophisticated, kindly man of the world when he removes the greasepaint, why, then, anything is believable and possible.

"I hear you have the hobby of 'collecting things,'" I murmured in a concentrated effort to get him talking about himself again.

An odd, unholy gleam came into his eyes. "I collect books and antiques," he informed me.

It was only later that I learned the reason of that unholy gleam, but Pat gave me no inkling of the truth then. You see—shh—we've got to whisper this—Pat collects more than books and antiques. His wife once told a very good friend of mine that he's a junk collector too—pieces of string, old theatre programs, odd neckties, cigarette coupons, nothing is too trivial for her husband to collect and hang on to *for years*. And if he so much as misses one of these precious items there's the very devil to pay. Oh, Pat isn't Irish for nothing. He's got a temper too. It's traditional. For he really is the easiest person to get along with, most of the time.

But, as for the collecting that Pat thought fit for publication. . . . "I've a first edition of 'Bleak House,' published in 1850," he told me proudly. "And one of 'Dombey and Son' that my wife gave me. I really treasure those two books. Think of the heritage they must have had before they came into my possession."

"How about the moderns—do you collect *firsts* of those, too?"

"Not particularly—a first edition has no real value to me unless it's really very old and very rare."

James Stephens, the Irish philosopher who writes the most exquisite prose in English—or any other language for that matter—is a close friend of Pat's. (If that amazes you from your knowledge of Pat O'Brien derived from the screen, it wouldn't if you had the privilege of really talking with him as I did).

"I'm having dinner with Stephens tonight," Pat said just as simply as I might say I was having dinner with Mary Smith. "Stephens visited us out in Hollywood in the Fall. He's a strange, little man not unlike the leprechauns he writes about so tellingly in his 'Crock of Gold.' He autographed a copy of that book for me when he was in Hollywood. You can rest assured I'll never part with it."

When I quizzed him about his taste in literature generally, Pat blithely admitted that he preferred the reading of Irish folklore to anything else he could think of. He's especially fond of the plays of Lady Gregory, Synge and Yeats.

"Being born in Milwaukee certainly didn't dampen your Irish ardor," I remarked and Pat smilingly acquiesced.

As for his next play, he's not so sure that he might not be assigned to a part in "Slim," a story by William Wister Haines.

If so, he will be co-starred with Jimmy Cagney once again. If he doesn't do "Slim," he says that he's sure to do "Three Men On a Horse," because Warners bought that play with him in mind. In either event he's satisfied. He's really not difficult to please, although he insists that he prefers rôles which allow him a chance for characterization rather than wise-cracking. And I don't blame him, for since "Oil for the



Acme

At Jack Dempsey's Restaurant Pat O'Brien autographed the lighting fixtures in commemoration of his performance in "Oil for the Lamps of China."



Pat and Stuart Erwin in "Ceiling Zero," Pat's latest picture.

Lamps of China" and "Stars Over Broadway" I have a feeling that the studios haven't done right by our Pat. He is definitely a fine actor.

Just as I typed those last lines, Pat O'Brien stepped into my office for a visit to the editorial staff, and escorted by a representative of the Messrs. Warner Brothers. You see, Pat just came here for a vacation—so all he has had to do since his arrival is submit to a dozen interviews,

rehearse for an appearance in a scene from "Clear All Wires" on the Rudy Vallee hour, make a personal appearance in Washington in connection with "Stars Over Broadway" and open up the six-day bicycle race in Madison Square Garden.

"Outside of all that, you've had nothing to do but enjoy yourself," I exclaimed in disgust aimed at the Simon Legree Warner Brothers. Pat smiled deprecatingly. "I feel fine now," he said. "I'm getting used to the New York climate again and am ready for everything."

I asked him if he had prepared a sketch from one of his recent pictures to give when making his personal appearance in Washington. But Pat said no, he had nothing planned, he would just step out on the stage and speak extemporaneously about anything that came into his head at the moment. As it was like pulling along with the Volga boatmen to get Pat to talk about himself, no doubt he intends treating the Capitol fans to some of that true story teller's magic which the members of the Lambs Club boast that he possesses in such abundance.

"How's Mavourneen?" I shouted after him as he was going through the door.

"Fine!" he called back. "I just spoke to my wife about her a few minutes ago."

"He's so different," murmured the office staff after he had gone. "He's so well-bred, so good-looking. Why you'd never know he was the same person you see on the screen even though he looks practically the same. . . ."

What did I tell you? After all, fifty million typewriter pushers can't be wrong!

Putting the Personalities of the STARS

By
Muriel Babcock

INTO THEIR
HOMES

YOU say it can't be done? That Carole Lombard and Virginia Bruce and Joan Crawford have far too much money to spend, when they start to redecorate their little homes in Hollywood, to put their own personalities into them!

That Mary Smith out in Oshkosh, who goes down to the dime store, picks out her own blue and white checked curtains, her own gay rag rugs, paints her chest of drawers and her dressing table, does a better job of injecting her own personality into a room—

Humph! So thought old Cynic Babcock once, until armed with her spectacles and her most inquisitive air she started on a round of inspection of some of the stars' homes, from Toluca Lake to Westwood; from Hollywood Boulevard to the Santa Fe country. A few people, of course, didn't invite her in, but those who did gave her an eyeful and an earful. And gave her practically a

whole magazine full of ideas about this putting your own personality into your home or even your back bedroom.

The thing that really knocked this old cynic for a loop was Carole Lombard's drawing room (or call it the front parlor, if you wish).

It is all in various shades of blue (Carole's best color) with a dash of tomato red (Carole's lipstick color) and yellow (the color of her hair). The trick of the room is that every other woman in the world looks badly in it except Carole. She looks simply stunning!

Bill Haines, who achieved the room, with Carole's help, told me between chuckles about how they worked it out. He also added (a little ray of sunshine for those of you who have no Bill Haines to guide you!) that if you'd like a room that would do similar things for you, you can have it by using your ingenuity and your brains.

He said, and very seriously, "If you are considering doing a house or a room to fit your personality, it is advisable to look at yourself in the mirror and see what colors become you, your eyes, your mouth, your lipstick. Try different colors behind you and see what shows you up to the best advantage. You may like green very well but when you try it behind your figure, you may find it does the wrong thing to you. Try color after color until you are convinced just what brings out your best qualities. This isn't a new idea with me. The ancients used it. Wealthy Romans had special rooms in their palaces which were done in backgrounds to make women stand out effectively and be more attractive. The backgrounds were planned to frame a woman's beauty rather than to dominate the room."

Well, when I walked into Carole's living room, I knew that Bill had been telling me the truth. Not that your scribe is any object of feminine pulchritude in any setting, but in Carole's blue-blue drawing room, she was forced to confess she didn't look her best. That Carole had the breaks. Bill told me that when Carole was in the room it looked furnished; when she was absent, it was a bare room.

It is, however, considered objectively, a swell room. The effect is blue and then some more blue. The walls are gray blue, the carpet of cobalt blue and the valances (top window draperies) are still another shade of blue. There are some traditional eighteenth century pieces of furniture, some painted Hepplewhite and some Adam gilt consoles. There are no pictures on the walls, only a bronze torso of Aphrodite has been hung, in the base of which are planted some African violets. There are two little chairs covered in the color of Carole's own lipstick and a sofa in the yellow of her hair.

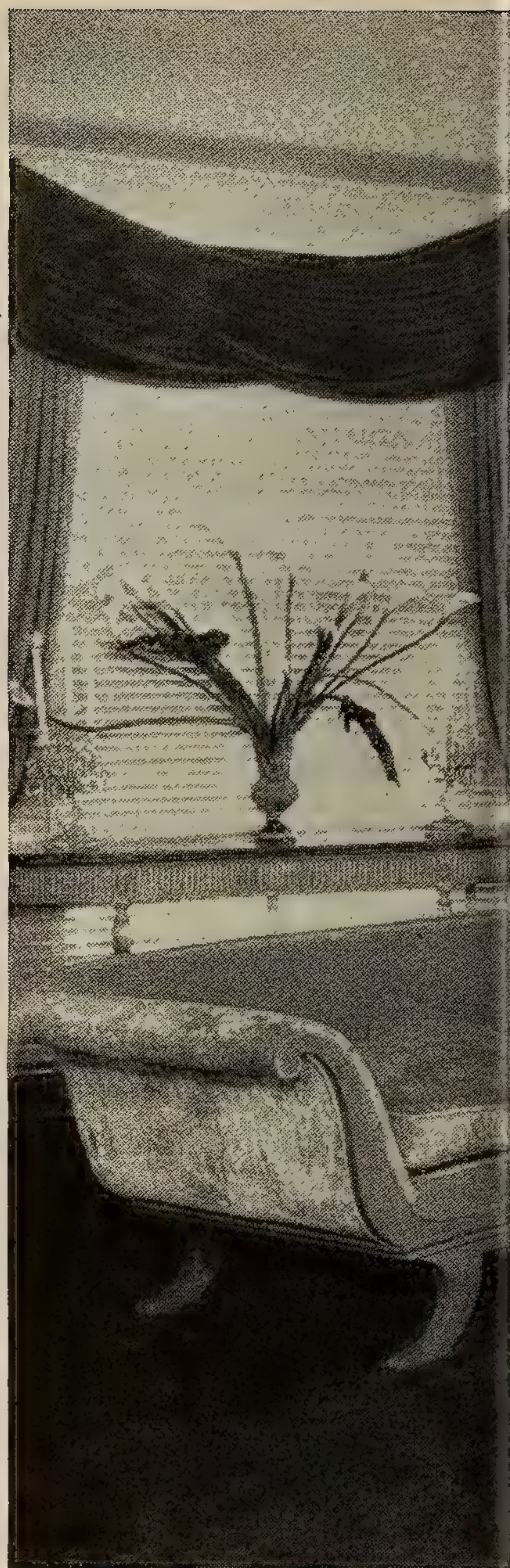
Incidentally, Carole told me she was rather proud of her good pieces of furniture, which had been selected from time to time and with a great deal of care and study.

"Rather than acquire a large and expensive mansion in Beverly Hills, I rented this

**Virginia Bruce's
Sitting Room-
Bed Room in the
home of her
parents.**



The Living Room-Dining Room of
Bing Crosby's "Rancho Sante Fe"
designed by H. W. Grieve.



In Hollywood The Homes Of The Stars Are Designed And Built To Be Becoming.

ceramics, a hostess chair so light she can pick it up and carry it around, comprise the remaining furniture. This hostess chair is covered in striped necktie silk of gray, white and cobalt, which brings up another point, you don't have to do a room expensively to make it effective!

According to old Maestro Haines, if you want to re-cover your chairs, don't go to a drapery department for your material. Watch the sales in a dress department. Very often you can pick up remnants of coating material for chairs and organza for curtains. The more unusual material you can get, the more interesting you make the room. Bill says he himself goes to the dress departments and this necktie silk material on the chair came from a sale.

Well, I could go on and on with the subject of Carole's house, but—as you may have suspected, there are other stars in Hollywood who have injected personality into their homes!

At Virginia Bruce's Toluca Lake home I found a room which will interest some of you gals who live at home with the family and can only have one little corner to call your own—your bedroom. Virginia, you know, moved home to Mother and Father Briggs when she relinquished her position as Mrs. John Gilbert. Father and Mother's house is a small cottage, so two rooms had to be added to it when Virginia came home.

Harold Grieve, one of our best Hollywood decorators, who had originally done the Gilbert mansion, helped Virginia to decorate these rooms according

Carole Lombard's Blue Room.
This is the room designed so that Carole looks her best and every other woman (with different coloring) looks her worst.

—well you might call it a box of a house on Hollywood Boulevard—which costs me not nearly so much rent or so much upkeep as a larger, more pretentious place. I have been able to put the money I have saved into good furniture which will be with me always, even when the colors of the rooms have been changed."

Carole's bedroom is distinctive and expresses her personality to a great extent. It is directly above the living room and is the same size, only the ceiling is lower. I found a fireplace on the long side of the wall and opposite the bed, which looked like an enormous Empire couch in faded plum color. The walls were of a color unknown to me. Carole told me it was puce, and then laughed as I looked very blank. If you are as much in the dark as I was, I'll confess: it is flea color or pinkish beige!

The whole has been treated as a sitting-room bedroom rather than as my lady's boudoir. The bed takes the place of any *chaise longue* and on it, Carole may lounge, relax or rest. There are mirrored screens on either side of the bed, thus cutting the length of the room. And, inasmuch as the room is long and narrow, you find the heavy furniture in the center.

A handsome Hepplewhite roll top desk and a mahogany Bibelot cabinet, in which Carole keeps a collection of modern



The Living Room of Joan Bennett's Malibu Beach home.

to her personality. One is a little outside room in yellow, white and blue which she uses as sort of an office for her secretary and her fan mail. It contains a desk and a low comfortable chair and bookcase. The other is her bedroom-sitting room and it is the one I want to tell you about.

Yes, girls, here you have one of the most modern and yet one of the sweetest bedroom-sitting rooms [Continued on page 80]

THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

KING OF BURLESQUE

GLORIOUS SONG HITS
including

'SPREADING RHYTHM AROUND'
'SHOOTIN' HIGH'

'LOVELY LADY'

'TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'

'I LOVE TO RIDE THE HORSES
ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936
..ablaze with color..crowded with the drama
of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

WARNER BAXTER

Even greater than in "42nd STREET"

ALICE FAYE

JACK OAKIE

ARLINE JUDGE ★ MONA BARRIE
GREGORY RATOFF ★ DIXIE DUNBAR
FATS WALLER ★ NICK LONG, Jr.
KENNY BAKER

A Fox Picture

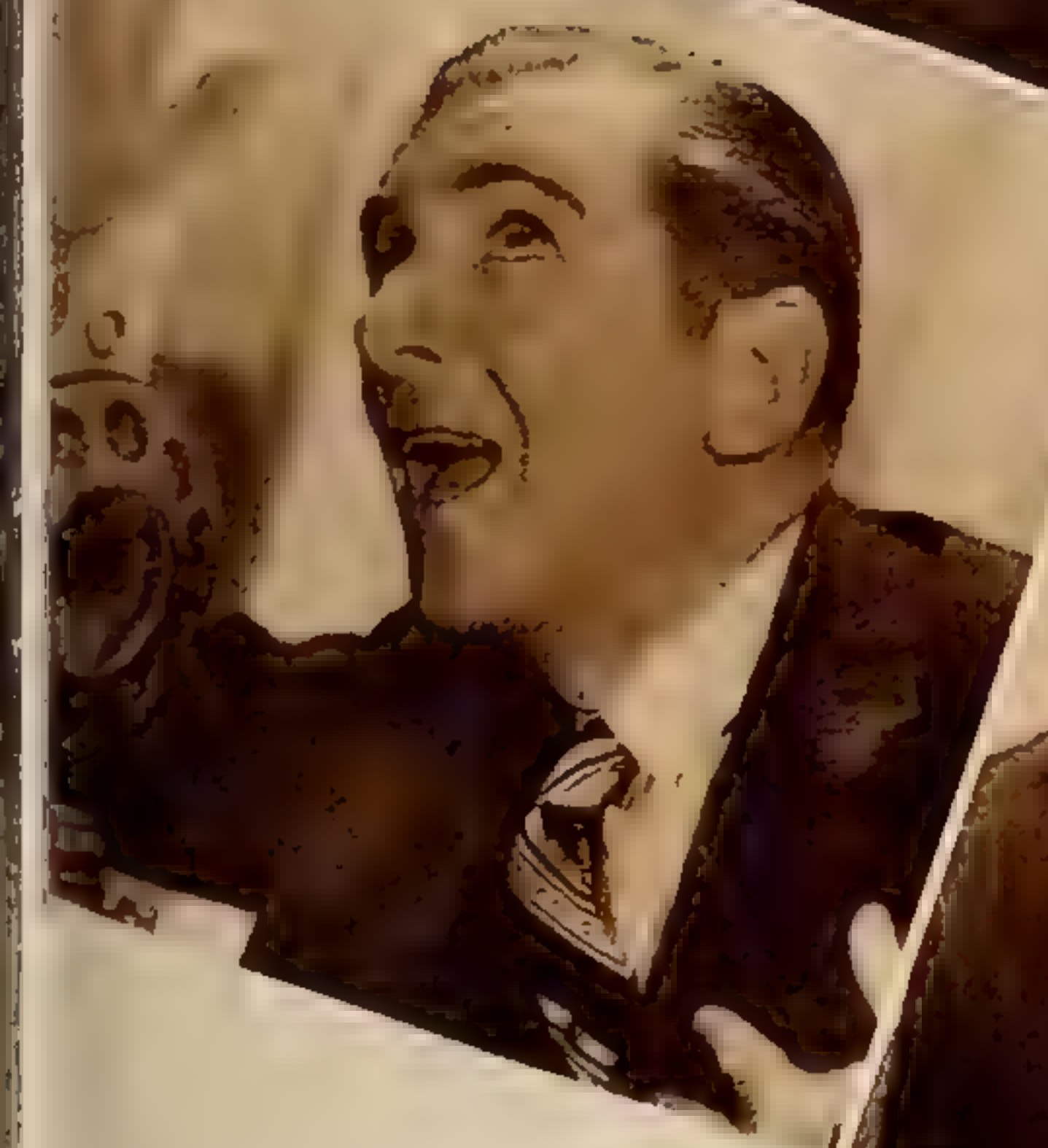
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed
by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar



The Expressive Face of MISTER HORTON

A Photo Tribute To
A Funny Fellow

Edward Everett
Horton and
Peggy Conklin
in "Her Mas-
ter's Voice."



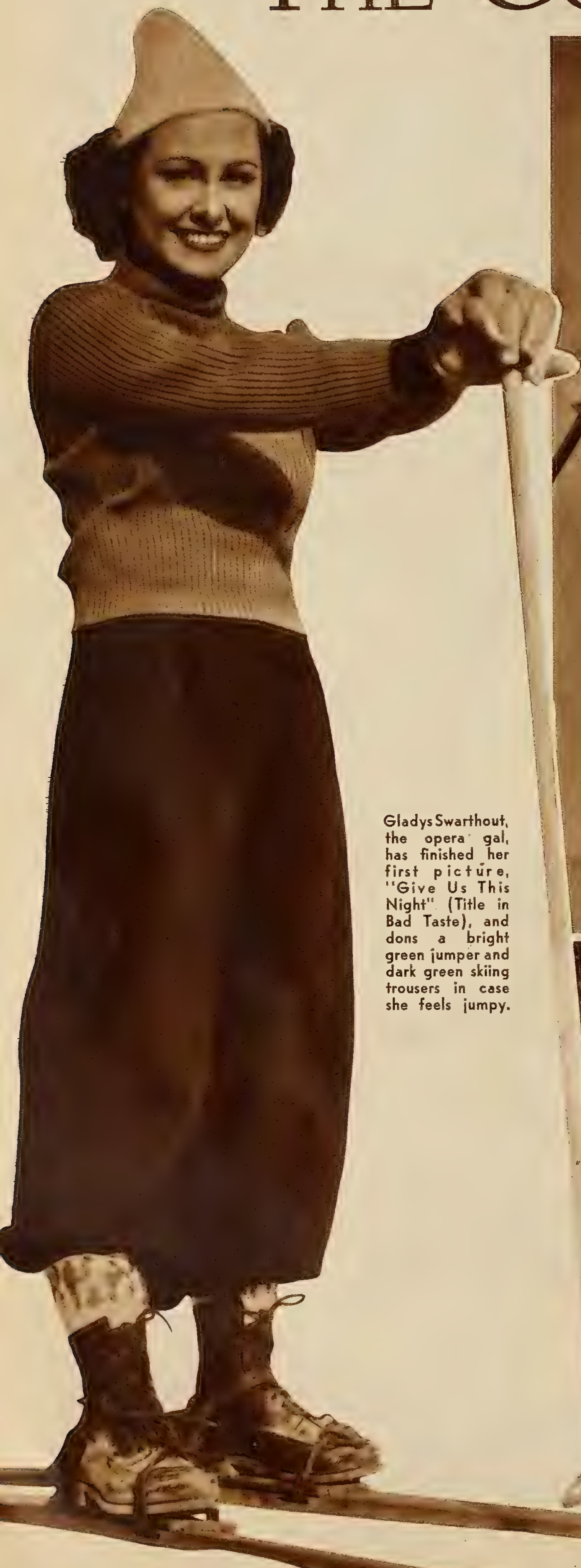
Sharing a joke
with Laura
Hope Crewes.

Elizabeth Patterson
and Ed Horton. He
looks as if he had
done something he
horton to.



WHEN an actor can convey the subtle emotional angles of a story by his facial expression he makes the whole thing more real and enjoyable. Edward Everett Horton has played in many a picture, but never one he did not help. Now he is the star of "Her Master's Voice," which makes that a picture the discerning should not miss. He is a bachelor who entertains in the Mayfair manner, but beneath that sartorial splendor there beats an understanding heart. As you might expect, Ed Horton is a great lover of dogs.

THE COSTUMES ARE



Gladys Swarthout, the opera gal, has finished her first picture, "Give Us This Night" (Title in Bad Taste), and dons a bright green jumper and dark green skiing trousers in case she feels jumpy.



EVEN though we rarely see pictures of Hollywood jumpers in mid-air, we feel they can leap as well as any. The important thing in skiing, however, is to look the part. Apropos of ski jumpers, players pride themselves on their ability to jump into character. In Hollywood the saddest words of tongue are "You're Not the Type," any rate, they can't say about the swimming players.

No place can equal Hollywood for providing the perfect setting for whatever costume appeals to your mood. The heights of the Sierras are a striking distance, and the sliding down snowy mountain sides brings out the adrenaline in many a starlet. On the other hand, a few away in the desert, the swimming enthusiasts may pool their interests and let the sun bring out the tawny tints of their skin until they are colored like meerschaum pipe.

On sand! Cecilia Parker practices skiing. It takes grit. You'll see her in "Ah, Wilderness!"



Helen Wood and Paul Cavanagh have completed "Champagne Charlie," but are still dizzy evidently.

RIGHT ANYHOW!

The Ski Jumper And Body Dunkers Of Hollywood Throw Caution Aside And Dress Up For The Most Dangerous Sports.

Astrid Allwyn's sleeveless over-jacket is of white suede trimmed with flat nickel buttons. The interesting collar and cuffs are made of white balls of tufted yarn.



in Parker in a be-
ning ski suit and
dy for action. She
play next in
"Gram."

At Palm Springs,
in the desert,
the swimming pools
defy the calendar.
Carole Lombard,
in her one-piece
suit of navy blue
lastex satin, wears
a hat between
dives.





In Charlie Chaplin's picture, "Modern Times," Charlie and Paulette Goddard show how closely tears and smiles are related.



Robert Donat and Jean Parker working in England in "The Ghost Goes West." This is the picture directed by the master, Rene Clair.

GET YOUR MONEY READY

Great Pictures Are Coming Which
You Will HAVE To See.

IF YOU can't balance your budget any better than a Democrat can, still you will have to go to the movies to see the great pictures that are right now being ground out of the cameras of Hollywood. Every lot and studio has speeded up and enthusiasm knows no bounds, all because the dear old movie public has resumed the habit of going to the movies. "Mutiny on the Bounty" set new records, and no theme is too ambitious for the producers to tackle. Every box office is bursting with money for the first time since sound pictures ceased to be a novelty, and Hollywood is making the most of it.

Plans are going forward for many important pictures and, as a rule, we are moved to admira-

tion when we consider how wisely the themes have been selected. There should be great interest in the Fox picture, "The Country Doctor," which will have the famous Dionne quintuplets. Jean Hersholt plays the doctor.

And then again, the producers make plans which seem, from where we sit, utterly and completely ridiculous. For example, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has for years and years been an expression to signify a boy in curls and velvet clothing. Now this is, we understand, to be made with Freddie Bartholomew and no curls. In other words, the once outstanding characteristic of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is to be thrown away. 'Tain't right.

"Mutiny on the Bounty" ended the cycle of costumed stories and "Captain Blood" goes on. There are other pictures in work as in this scene Errol Flynn, Captain Blood, fights Basil Bone while Olivia de Havilland watches the battle in which she is the prize.

Lovely Irene Dunne and Handsome Robert Taylor in a scene from "The Magnificent Obsession." Robert has definitely arrived.



professional soldier," besides being Victor McLaglen of "The In-mer" fame, has Freddie Bartholomew, too.

The picture made from Hugh Walpole's book "Silver Mask" is titled "Kind Lady." Aline MacMahon and Basil Rathbone (he seems always to be in the best pictures) work out the story of the wealthy recluse and the smooth crook.



THEY

*Some Stars Are
At Their Best
Only When
Opposite A Cer-
tain Player.*



Warner Baxter and Alice Faye are a new combination and an interesting one. See them in "The King of Burlesque."



"If You Could Only Cook" brings the aristocratic Herbert Marshall and the triumphant come-back girl, Jean Arthur.



In "Riffraff," Spencer Tracy and Jean Harlow are opposite one another. Spencer, the he-man, is a good match for colorful Jean.

WORK TOGETHER LIKE DOLLARS AND CENTS

SUPPOSE you realized that you were at your best when you played with a certain person, how tenderly you would regard that player and how confidently you would play your part when coupled with this good luck mate. Some teams seem to match just perfectly—Bill Powell and Myrna Loy, for example—and it is these combinations that the producers are eternally looking for. The fans will never stop writing in for Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert to be teamed together again.

RKO-Radio announces that presently Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers will be separated and Harriet Hctor will dance with Fred. As Ginger has already starred in a picture without the great Astaire this particular artistic divorce does not seem disastrous. There is one pair that we recently saw teamed, which to us seemed to be close to perfection—and that was Ann Harding and Gary Cooper in "Peter Ibbetson."



This is a return date and if Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich repeat their "Morocco" success, "Desire" will be, at least—terrific!



Claudette Colbert was with Fred MacMurray in "The Gilded Lily," his first picture. They are repeating the combination in "The Bride Comes Home."



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald were a knockout combination in "Naughty Marietta." How can they miss in the famous play "Rose Marie"? Answer—They can't.

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

Hollywood, The
Market For
Pretty Girls.

Eddie Cantor is
Eddie Pink, a timid
little tailor, in his
new show, "Strike
Me Pink."



Ethel Merman is again the
leading woman in Eddie
Cantor's show.

There is a different
kind of a chorus in
"Anything Goes."

The real spirit of the
old gorgeous Follies
is in this impressive
number from "The
Great Ziegfeld."

POUNDS OR YOU'RE OUT

A Chorus Girl Must Have Unlimited Luck But A Definite Limit On Weight.

SO MANY musical pictures have choruses that the Hollywood Beauties are living in clover. Every known method is used to secure pretty and well built girls who conform to the standard. Beauty contests are held at dozens of beaches, and newspapers throughout the country receive photographs by the bagful in order to find the girls who are just right—pretty, graceful and shapely. Some of these choruses band together after the picture is finished and capitalize on the fame of the film. So many stars are dancing nowadays that every chorus girl has a chance.

There is nothing that shows the difference between pictures and the stage more than chorus numbers. The chorus girl of the stage is of doubtful beauty and uncertain age, if we may believe the comic magazines, but a chorine in the movies is apt, at any moment, to have the camera crane swing down to spread across the screen an all revealing close-up. And so the dancing girls of Hollywood mark a new high in chorus beauty. They really *are* young and beautiful. When a romantic holdover of the Gay-Nineties sees one of these pictures it is almost impossible for him to resist lining up at the stage entrance of the movie theatre.

The prettiest chorus on earth! In "Strike Me Pink," the girls are more divinely formed than Venus and they are blessed with beautiful faces as well.

Harriet Hctor, between the lions, dances at the command of the trumpeters.



HAVE THEY GOT THAT THING?

*Personality Is The In-
dispensable Qualification
For Screen Success.*

THESE girls are prettier than many successful Hollywood stars but have they the mysterious qualification called "Personality?" In a woman it is called charm. Perhaps it may also be described as sex appeal. Whatever name is given to it, certainly it is the quality of attractiveness that makes every one in the audience feel a kinship of soul—a feeling of friendly understanding with the stranger on the screen.

Remind us next year to check these girls. Which will be "way up there" where the bright lights flash, and which ones will fail, or at least not make the neons?

For after all, stars do fade out and the personnel of the studios is constantly changing. Norma Talmadge, as she left the Brown Derby after lunch one day, was accosted by some autograph hunters. Norma shook her head and said "Run along, kiddies, I don't need you now."

June Travis, in "Ceiling Zero," pins her hopes on her dramatic ability, although she has a radiant personality.



Harriett Hilliard has a good part in "Follow the Fleet." She sang on the radio with Ozzie Nelson's band and Hollywood received her with open arms.



Marguerite Churchill is back on the screen and ready to go to the top. See her in "Man Hunt."



Rita Cansino will soon be seen in "Paddy O'Day." After that the world is Rita's.



The dancing marvel, Eleanor Whitney, awaits the decision of the public.



Pauline Craig is in the chorus of "The Great Ziegfeld." She is pretty enough to be a star.





The ART

Margot Grahame Finds
That Exotic Blooms Add
Just The Right Touch
To Formal Dress.

MARGOT GRAHAME is an English actress and she knows the Mayfair custom of wearing flowers on all occasions.

Her success in "The Informer" put her over as a clever person. Her ingenious use of blossoms is illustrated by these specially posed portraits.

Margot is making a picture, "Two in the Dark," with Walter Abel whose D'Artagnan is an unforgettable characterization.

There has always been something fascinating and dramatic about flowers in connection with a beautiful woman. Do you remember in "Romance" how Doris

Keane tore her bunch of violets to bits? Or to come down to times within your memory, the faded bunch of violets of Alice Adams was one of the never-to-be-forgotten touches that only Booth Tarkington could appreciate.

A cluster of Hawaiian ginger blossoms combined with spathyfillum sets off Margot Grahame's gown. She also wears some of the ginger blooms in her hair.

BING'S

Bing Crosby's Thoroughbred Horses Are In Training At Santa Anita.



THERE is no connection except the financial one between the picture "Anything Goes" and Bing's horses. At the Santa Anita track Anything that Goes faster than Bing's thoroughbred will get itself disliked. The stable consists of six yearlings "Double Trouble," "Friend Andy" and "Miss Flip," a three year old.

Bing's stable is more pretentious than any other movie star although quite a number of players have a race horse or two—Clark Gable, Joe E. Brown and Al Jolson for instance. Many of the stars own ponies, which entitles them to wear horse clothes.

In "Anything Goes,"
Bing sings to pretty
Ida Lupino.

The movies have always been kind to horseflesh. Millions of people felt personally acquainted with Tom Mix's horse Tony and time was when thousands of people went to the movies to see the thrilling performance of Rex, King of the Wild Horse.

OF WEARING FLOWERS



Three lovely green orchids add to Margot's lamé and velvet dinner suit.

Corsage of bird of paradise flowers on the leopard skin lapel of Miss Grahame's dark green sport suit.

STRING

Crosby riding a stable pony. On his left is "Double Trouble," and on his right, "Friend Andy" is held by Albert Johnson, Bing's trainer. His horse was once a famous jockey. His horse is pressed by horse power.

Bing petting "Miss Flip" at Santa Anita—or maybe he's crooning to her.



BACK TO WORK

All Vacations End

THERE are poor players being dropped all the time, but we do not miss them. Now and then, however, good players leave pictures for some reason or other and a proof of their popularity is the fervor with which they are welcomed back to the screen.



Leslie Howard, after many months away from Hollywood, has now returned to play in "The Petrified Forest."



Everyone missed Myrna Loy after her hit in "The Thin Man." Her vacation is over now, and she is at work with Bill Powell again in "The Great Ziegfeld."



The popularity of pictures with songs has brought Harry Richman to Hollywood again.



After having worked abroad Phillips Holmes is in Hollywood once more and at work in "The Chatterbox."



Antonio Moreno, an old favorite, returns to pictures and will appear in "Bohemian Girl."



The Foreign Heartbreakers Seem More Romantic Than Our Heroes.

THOSE foreign lads—they have something. Take Donat. He made one picture in Hollywood—"The Count of Monte Cristo"—and his romantic manner registered in many a maidenly bosom. Boyer has a dash of sadness that is appealing and Kiepura makes romance come so near that the girls can hear the rush of wings.

Can you imagine our he-men—Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy or Gary Cooper—going poetic? The boys from Europe have a corner on the dream prince business.

Robert Donat is not here now but his pictures, "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The 39 Steps," and "The Ghost Goes West" have won for him a large following.

Charles Boyer has a number of films, among them "Private Worlds" and "Hearts." He will be with Dietrich in "Invitation to a Beheading."



MAGIC CH



This heavy crepe dinner gown of taupe is a perfect foil for Anne Shirley's flaming red curls. The buttons are dull silver with sapphire blue centers.



Anne Shirley's sport dress. The enormous green buttons are tied to the dress with cord and are the feature of this Scotch plaid frock.



Mary Carlisle's ashes of roses felt sport hat is trimmed with grey angora band trimming and blue grosgrain ribbon.



Jane Wyatt wearing a knitted outfit of pearl grey design against a dark blue background. The skirt is of matching blue wool. A smart off-the-face hat is worn with this ensemble.

SHE HAS EVERYTHING

Joan Bennett Is No Newcomer,
But She's A Comer Just The Same.

By Elizabeth Wilson

The beautiful mother of Melinda and Ditty is a very talented actress.



red plush in the Metropolitan Opera House. As soon as I found out that Joan Bennett shared many of my peculiar traits I decided that she was a kindred soul and was filled with great admiration for her.

Isn't it weird how we always admire people who act and think just as we do, and with what satisfaction we always say, "I'm like that too!" But, fear not, I am definitely not in the mood for groping vaguely among the mysteries of the human ego today (I'm not in the mood for anything if you really want to know) so don't expect any ponderous platitudes from me, but if you happen to want the lowdown on the youngest of the Bennetts just stick around.

Ever since I saw Joan play Amy in "Little Women," which must have been months ago as time flies, I felt that I should give of my Art to her and smear her all over SILVER SCREEN. So every month I wrote my editor (Oh you know Simon Legree) begging for an assignment on Joan Bennett—and every month I got Garbo. Finally I changed it to a "Hot angle on Joan

Bennett"—and then I got Shirley Temple. That just gives you a rough idea of how important I am in the fan magazine world.

Well, two years passed. And then one morning out of the blue, via TWA, came a letter from New York requesting a Joan Bennett story at once, and I was that startled I had to take three aspirins to settle my nerves. My pet story, which I had cherished ever since I saw Joan in "Little Women," was to be a magnificent denunciation of the five Bennetts who had preceded Joan in the theatre. How dare they treat her like a baby, how dare they try to over-shadow her—my, my, I was really going to town with the Bennetts.

Well, losing my pet story sort of irked me as I am a natural born crusader but there is still plenty to be said about Joan, the youngest of the house of Bennett, and so fond am I of Joan that she can count on me for a bit of first class resenting any time she wants resenting done. But Joan, with her grand husband, Gene Markey, her two cute kids, Melinda and Ditty, and her very good contract with Walter Wanger is as happy as a bug in a rug so I can just take my resenting elsewhere.

Of course if you are a Joan Bennett fan, and I hope you are, the first thing you'll want to know is whether or not Joan is as sweet, demure, helpless and childlike in real life as she is in pictures. The answer is NO, and thank goodness. Sweet? Hmmm—yes—sometimes. But not when she's having an outburst of temper. Joan has a very fiery temper and she can get awfully mad with a person, and if you happen along just then she'll get you all worked up and you'll vow that you'll snub that person if it's the last thing you ever do. Well, the next day at the Vendome you see that Awful Person sitting across from you and you get ready to snub her, but beautifully, when you discover to your horror that she is lunching with Joan Bennett and the two are giggling like a couple of school girls on Easter vacation. That's Joan for you. She'll burn up with rage one minute and forget all about it the next. Besides, she is the most forgiving movie star in Hollywood.

Demure? Well, I should say not. You should have seen her at the Venice Amusement Pier as I did one Saturday night about two months ago. There was no "Mississippi" about her there. You can just imagine what a popular amusement park is like on a Saturday night, thousands of people milling around, and not exactly the kind of people you find in Joan Crawford's drawing room either, but people like you and me hell-bent on Saturday night fun.

Of course they recognized Joan immediately and started jostling her and crowding around, but the youngest of the Bennetts was not the least bit perturbed. She signed autographs while devouring a hamburger with onions. Then she went to every shooting gallery (Joan's a first class shot), and every [Continued on page 79]

JOAN BENNETT is an "O" and "M" filler inner, a slipper dangler, a moth chaser, a cheese nibbler, a side show addict, a slightly mad, a very beautiful and extremely delightful young person. For years I have been filling in "Os" and "Ms" while waiting for the telephone operator to take her own sweet time with my numbers and believe me I simply adore a big fat "O," and for years I have dangled my slipper under everything from rickety cigarette burned tables in smelly joints that bring out the gypsy in me to a bit of old

Here's The New Batch Of Success Stories, And Some Failures Who Beat The Game.

Bill Haines, once very popular, was typed as a rah-rah boy and killed off. But not before he had a business all ready to fall into.



In "The Dark Angel," Douglas Walton had one speech (he was the blind young man who protested the remarks of a lecturer). Now he has a nice contract.



Robert Taylor was wonderful in "Broadway Melody of 1936." His new picture is "The Magnificent Obsession," with Irene Dunne.

YOU may have to wait a long time for success in Hollywood but when it does come it usually arrives with a sudden, breath-taking, upward zoom which leaves its recipient gasping with incredulous joy. Again and again we hear the Cinderella story of the player who was hungry and unrecognized the day before yesterday and who is headed for the tinsel state of stardom today. These are the stories which keep up the courage of the strugglers, which lure ambitious youngsters from their homes in Keokuk and San Antonio and Bridgeport to break their hearts in the too-often unequal fight for fame and fortune.

But failure creeps slowly, insidiously, stealthily. Actors, you see, are incurable optimists. They *have* to be or they never would attempt the struggle in the first place. Bankers, business men and politicians make mistakes sometimes, or are the victims of adverse circumstance. They see the writing on the wall and occasionally they hop off cliffs or buy revolvers. They blame *themselves* for failure and your actor never does. Always he blames "bad breaks," bad stories, unfortunate publicity or unfair direc-

tion. The ego which is an integral part of his mental make-up will not allow him to blame himself. He waits for one more "break," one more opportunity. Give him one small chance and he will show up those Barrymores! They are pathetically brave and hopeful, the slipping actors. They refuse to recognize the spectre—failure—even when they find themselves dependent upon the Motion Picture Relief Fund for groceries. Success came first, and it will come again—suddenly.

There is plenty of reason, when you think of it, for this optimism. Take young Fred MacMurray, who learned to play a saxophone while he was in school and who found that he could use this accomplishment to earn sandwiches and coffee here and there after he was graduated. But he wanted, inexplicably, to act . . . so he came to Hollywood (with saxophone). He didn't find any acting to do but the saxophone stood him in good stead and presently he found himself in New York, tootling away like anything with the California Collegians.

A Paramount talent scout saw him, interviewed him, tested him and sent a laconic report to his home office on the Coast. "This boy looks promising," he said. "He is handsome, has a spontaneous, Irish smile, has some of the Gary Cooper quality of ingenuousness. He can't act—yet. But I think we could attend to that!"

It is characteristic of this strange industry that MacMurray, who had been struggling for a chance in Hollywood for months and months, was "discovered" with some fanfare while he was in New York and not thinking about pictures at all.

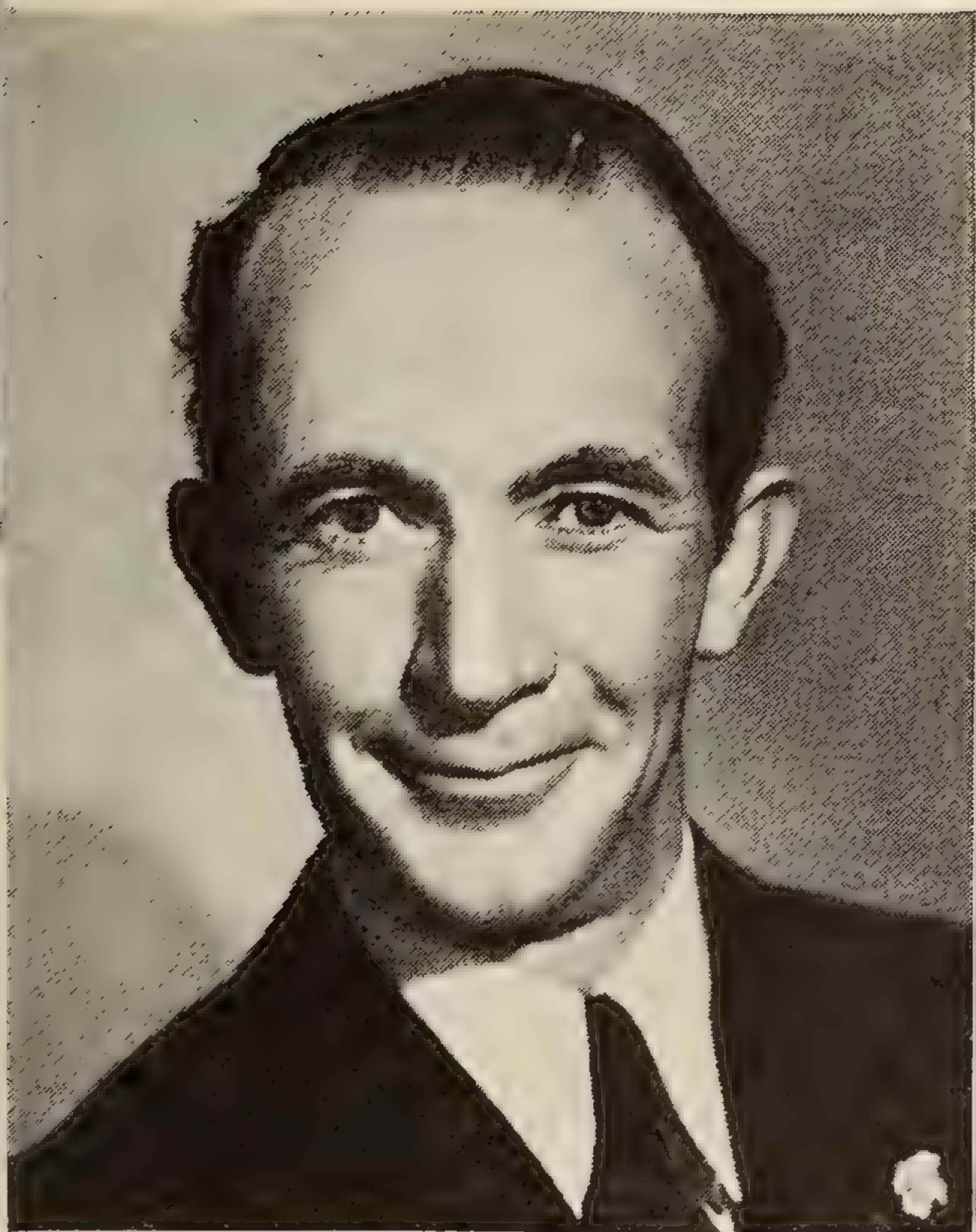
Paramount, on its scout's advice, put him into "stock." Fred Datig, veteran casting director for that studio and shrewd judge of young talent, tested him for every possible part. But it was not until after a rival studio had borrowed him for a bit in a May Robson picture that his home studio began to take him at all seriously. Because there was a deplorable shortage of young leading men and because Fred Datig was still battling valiantly for MacMurray, they cast him (amid executive misgivings) opposite Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily." But they didn't tell him that he was cast for it. They told him, vaguely, that he might play around with the part for a few days to show what he had to offer. They indicated that they would probably reshoot his scenes later on with a real leading man.

Wesley Ruggles, the director, explains that they wanted to keep him on his toes. Not until the picture had been in production for two full weeks did Ruggles tell MacMurray that the part was actually his. Important scenes, of course, were shot afterward. But it was still a trial, a test, a probation period.

The day after the picture was previewed, no less than eight representatives of magazines and newspaper syndicates telephoned the studio to ask for interviews with the new actor. What was more, the new actor was called into an executive office and offered a nice, new, fresh, shiny contract which contained an extremely pleasant starring clause. That was exactly a year ago. The day that this is written the morning papers carry the announcement

SUCCESS COMES SUDDENLY BUT FAILURE CREEPS

By Helen Louise Walker



Old Atrocity in "Barbary Coast" made a hit. He is Walter Brennan from Boston.

that young Fred is to be starred in "13 Hours by Air."

Can you imagine the feelings of a youthful aspirant for film fame when he finds himself, after years of hoping and dreaming, at last on trial in an important rôle?

Can you imagine his mingled apprehension and hope when he receives that message directing him to call at the executive office?

It is not merely the aspirant, himself, who is affected by all this. When a promising newcomer is receiving his baptism of fire in a picture, a feeling of tension begins to permeate an entire studio. The word goes 'round that the Big Boss is attending all the rushes in which the newcomer appears. Everyone on the lot who can contrive to do so sneaks in to see those rushes every evening. "How did he look today? How's he doing? What did the Boss say? How is the kid standing the strain? How does he compare with that last guy...you know, the one they fired? An atmosphere of tension, of waiting, penetrates even the remote corners of the huge lot. The bootblack feels it. The hairdressers feel it. Prop men and electricians make bets among themselves as to whether



Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily," which made the name MacMurray a household word—that is if there are any girls in the family.



Do you remember lovely Billie Dove? She changed careers, but did not let go of happiness.

this is "just another flop" or a new money-maker for the company, and a new personality to flame across public consciousness in the cinema sky.

All they need . . . so many of them . . . is one chance. Nelson Eddy sang one song in "Student Tour" and found himself cast for the swell role in "Naughty Marietta," which put him definitely upon the motion picture map. Robert

Taylor played a small role in "Society Doctor" and found himself a sensation the day after the picture was released. Alan Jones had an almost invisible part in "Reckless" and stepped from that into an important role in the forthcoming Marx Brothers picture, "A Night at the Opera."

Douglas Walton had been playing "bits" in pictures for several years and he objected strenuously when Sam Goldwyn asked him to play the blind soldier who had one speech in the hospital scene in "Dark Angel." Quoth the canny Mr. Goldwyn, who knows his show business as few men know it, "You do this one, tiny part for me . . . and do it well . . . and you'll see that something important will come of it!"

Douglas was persuaded. He did the tiny part and did it so well that floods of fan letters swamped [Continued on page 60]



Visit The Busy
Stages And Meet
The Stars With

S. R. Mook

At M-G-M

LOVELY fall weather, a most "unusual" downpour to add zest to living and, as if all that were not enough, "Rose Marie" with Rudolf Friml's delightful music and a new book by Hollywood's ace writing team—Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett—who adapted "The Thin Man," "Ah, Wilderness," "Naughty Marietta" and "Manhattan Melodrama." In all the scripts this pair has turned out there hasn't been a flop, so this should really be something.

In addition to the script and music, this picture has Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in their first film since "Naughty Marietta."

Most of the musical numbers have already been shot but shooting of the story proper is just starting. Jeanette is a *very* temperamental actress.

Looking too beautiful in a cloth of silver gown, she is in her dressing room after the performance. Una O'Connor, as her maid (remember her as the maid in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street?") is changing Jeanette's shoes and stockings. Jeanette has just had a letter from her brother in prison telling her his parole has been refused. The brother is the only one on earth Jeanette gives a darn about and she's pretty downcast. She tells Una she doesn't want to see anyone tonight, when there is a knock at the door and in bustles her manager (Reginald Owen) with the house manager (Halliwell Hobbes).

Mr. Owen is a fussy, active man with a monocle. His whole life is spent trying to keep his temperamental star pacified. He always falls in with every mood of hers, which only irritates her more. He is overly-anxious and scared to death of her.

"You were beautiful—beautiful," he coos.

"Thank you, Myerson," Jeanette answers in a bored tone.

"Look what we took in," Reg beams, holding out the night's report.

"Yes, yes, later," she answers impatiently, waving the paper aside.



Ruth Chatterton, who has never looked better, at work in "No More Yesterdays" with Otto Kruger.



Marguerite Churchill returns to the screen for "Man Hunt," in which William Gargan and Ricardo Cortez are featured.

"Broke the house record," he raves on, his enthusiasm not a whit dampened. "You know Mr. Gordon, the manager of the house?"

"Oh, yes," Jeanette says giving Mr. Hobbes a very faint smile which shows she's not at all interested in him, his records or his theatre.

"You were superb," Hobbes tells her. "In my twenty years in this theatre, I have never heard a lovelier voice."

"Thank you so much," the star replied, still bored to tears. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I don't feel very well."

"Oh, dear, dear," Mr. Owen laments, falling in with her mood. "I sensed that. I could see it in your performance." He turns to Hobbes: "Miss de Flor has a terrible throat."

"There's nothing wrong with my throat," says Jeanette sharply, "and I never sang better in my life. I just don't feel like seeing people," beating her fists on her knees in emphasis as she utters the last words. Then she turns to Hobbes apologetically: "You understand, I'm sure."

"Of course he understands," says Owen sharply, changing moods to match hers and acting as though the whole thing were Hobbes' fault.

"There are some very important people to see you, Mademoiselle," Hobbes begins.

"I'm sorry," says Jeanette curtly. She turns away and starts to put her brother's letter in her purse but poor Hobbsy continues.

"But the Premier—he's waiting," he goes on desperately to Owen.



A scene from "Strike Me Pink," the 1936 edition of Eddie Cantor's annual canter, with Sally Eilers.

"I can't help that," says Mr. Owen.

"But he came all the way from Quebec just to hear Miss de Flor," Hobbes pleads. "He is so anxious to meet her."

"My dear fellow," Owen announces importantly, much more scared of Miss MacDonald than of the Premier, "if Miss de Flor doesn't feel like—"

"Myerson!" says Jeanette sharply and he turns to her, agitated anew by the tone of her voice. But she is through with him—for this time—and smiles charmingly to Hobbes: "I shall be delighted to meet the Premier. After all," noting Hobbes' look of relief, "it's like a royal command, isn't it?"

The reason for this last change of heart on her part is she feels the Premier can help her get her brother paroled.

Personally, I enjoy temperamental stars—on the screen only, though, mind you—and I know Miss Goodrich and Mr. Hackett will at least make this one human so it should be just another picture in their string of successes.

"The Getaway" is just starting so I'll tell you about that one next month and take you on over to—

Fox

NOW, here on this lot, right before your very eyes is Shirley Temple in her latest epic called "Captain January." The captain is none other than our old friend, Guy Kibbee. He is a lighthouse keeper who has saved Shirley from a shipwreck four years before. She was the only one who was saved and the only loot was a trunk that washed ashore, which had belonged to her mother. She is looking through a photograph album that came out of the trunk.

"Gee, we were lucky, weren't we?" she asks.

"Lucky?" Kibbee repeats.

"Yes," says Shirley. "If it wasn't for this we wouldn't know what my mother looked like, would we?" And then she reads—haltingly—"Lucia d'Lammermoor." "Do you think," she persists, "they named the song after my mother?"

Such child-like faith. Shirley looks mighty cute in a little Peter Thompson blouse and white skirt, and that room in the lighthouse is something to remember with its banjo clock on the wall, and gleaming copper pots and kettles hanging on hooks over the range in the kitchen. But we can't stay here all day.

Almost on the next stage is Fox's other child prodigy—Jane Withers—in a picturization of one of my favorite novels—"Gentle Julia." No one has ever written

kid stuff that could compare with Booth Tarkington's and Harry Leon Wilson's. If Fox does as good a job of picturizing this book as R-K-O did with "Alice Adams" I'll have nothing to squawk about.

This scene is in the bedroom of Jane's mother (Myra Marsh, who resembles Florence Vidor when Florence was loveliest). Miss Marsh is seated at the sewing machine and nearby is Grace Goodall, who plays Jane's aunt, embroidering. Jane is at a secretary, sitting on top of her feet and writing like mad. She stops writing a moment to think and her glance happens to fall on a printed sheet of green paper. She pounces on it and reads it, her lips curling indignantly. "Vile things!" she announces.

"What are?" her mother inquires.

"Herbert and that nasty little Henry Rooter," says Jane.

Now Herbert (her first cousin) is played by Jackie Searle (who is another of my favorite actors) so I don't need to tell you how aptly Jane's description fits him. I don't know anything about Henry Rooter but I'm willing to take Jane's word for it.

"It seems to me," says Miss Marsh, "after what you did at the party Friday night, you'd be a little more charitable towards Herbert."

"An' let him crow over me 'cause I got to be punished by staying indoors, while he gets an ole newspaper press as a reward?" Jane demands indignantly. "An' anyhow that's no reason he can't let me write for his ole paper."

"Are you interested in writing?" Miss Goodall puts in.

"Oh, I write portry—off an' on," Jane admits casually. "Here's one I just finished."

"Let me hear it," Miss Marsh says.

"Oh, it ain't so much," Jane smiles in a deprecatory manner—but she reads it all the same:

"The organist was seated at his organ in the church,

In some beautiful woods, of maple and birch.

He was very weary while he played upon the keys

But he was a great organist and always played with ease.

I would like to be an organist, seated all day at the organ,

Whether my name might be Rockefeller or Morgan."

"Why, that's wonderful," her mother compliments her.

"I guess I'll hafta let 'em print it," Jane concedes in tones of a martyr, "seein' as Herbert's my first cousin an' everything."

As she goes out the door, her mother rises and crosses to the desk where she picks up the green paper that is fresh from

Herbert's new printing press. "Listen to this," she admonishes Miss Goodall, and reads: "Mr. Henry Rooter's dog, Sam, who recently had puppies, now has the mange."

"Read that one about Mr. Crum again," Miss Goodall implores her, Mr. Crum being Tom Brown.

Miss Marsh obliges. "Mr. A. Crum gave fifty cents at church Sunday, according to Miss Julia Atwater who went with him." There's Tom for you, putting on swank again!

And lastly we have "The Song and Dance Man" which was supposed to have featured James Dunn, but Jimmy had a row with Fox so now Paul Kelly is playing the title part and that lovely Claire Trevor is opposite him.

This is the story of a conceited ham vaudevillian (that's Kelly) and his partner, La Trevor. She gets a call to try out for a big Broadway show and Mr. Kelly immediately assumes they want him too. So he gets them dressed up in the costumes they wear in their act and off they go to the races—or the theatre, rather. They arrive at the theatre and Paul immediately goes over to the piano player to explain their act.

"First the partner does a solo," he begins.
[Continued on page 64]



Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor in the old classic, "The Song and Dance Man."

REVIEWS

OF PICTURES SEEN



Spring Byington, Lionel Barrymore, Aline MacMahon and Wallace Beery in the screen version of the successful stage play, "Ah, Wilderness."

TALE OF TWO CITIES

Rating: 99°—COLMAN AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—M-G-M

A GREAT and magnificent picture! Charles Dickens' immortal story of the French Revolution comes to the screen with overpowering beauty and breath-taking potency. Produced by David O. Selznick who, not long ago, gave us "David Copperfield," neither money nor talent has been spared on this production, and under the inspired direction of Jack Conway the most blood-thirsty chapter of modern history is brought to life in all its thrilling splendor and mighty reality.

It is no Cecil B. DeMille "spectacle." The characters are of dominant importance, and although there must be twenty or more of them outstanding, all are individualized, all live and breathe just as they did in the pages of the book. The story, as you recall, takes place in London and Paris in 1789 on the eve of the Revolution, and then proceeds to the storming of the Bastille, the Reign of Terror, and—the Guillotine.

You probably remember your Dickens, anyway there is not enough space to go into the plot, which is truly a fascinating one. The old die-hards will be pleased to know that Metro has not changed a syllable of Charles Dickens' famous novel. Ronald Colman leads the illustrious cast and as Sydney Carton gives a flawless performance that runs the entire gamut of emotions but never rings false.

When he utters those unforgettable words at the guillotine—"It is a far better thing that I do, than I ever have done. It is a far better rest that I go to than I ever have had"—you feel that you just can't stand it, you've got to cry or tear your handkerchief or something. Elizabeth Allan as sweet Lucie Manette is lovely and appealing. Henry B. Walthall plays Dr. Manette, and his plea for his son-in-law before the tribunal is a masterpiece. Edna May Oliver makes plenty of her peppery and tart remarks and is excellent as Miss Lucie's friend and guardian. Reginald Owen reaches a new high as Carton's law partner, utterly devoid of a sense of humor.

Then there is Blanche Yurka, making her screen debut, as the blood-thirsty Madame LaFarge who knits while the aristocrats' heads fall into the basket, and Donald Woods as handsome young Charles Darnay, the beloved of Lucie Manette, and Isabel Jewell as the little seamstress who

goes to the guillotine hand in hand with Sydney Carton. There's E. E. Clive giving an inimitable Chief Justice, and Claude Gillingwater as the English banker, and Walter Catlett as the spy, Fritz Leiber as the revolutionist, H. B. Warner as the teacher, Basil Rathbone as the foppish Marquis, Billy Bevan as the cockney "resurrectionist," etc., etc. You can't afford to miss this really great picture.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR

Rating: 99°—MOST IMPORTANT PICTURE OF THE YEAR—Warners

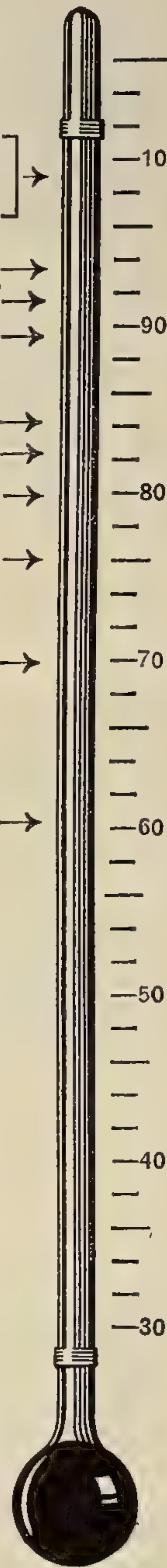
HERE is a quiet, sincere and deeply moving film which so thrilled the preview audience in Hollywood that at the end of the picture they rose in tribute to the life of a great man and broke into spontaneous applause. There was hardly a dry eye in the house, men and women both wept unreservedly, but not because of any mawkish sadness—no, tears too were sort of a sincere tribute to a great man who fought so unselfishly for the welfare of humanity.

Paul Muni plays Dr. Louis Pasteur, and it is indeed his greatest rôle. He will undoubtedly win the Academy Award for his perfect and sympathetic characterization of the courageous scientist. You may not think that microbes, germs, toxins and rabies make very exciting screen fare, but that's where you are mistaken. Dr. Pasteur's fight with microbes is far more thrilling than the French Revolution.

In a quiet, sincere, and gently humorous manner, this picture tells the life story of Louis Pasteur from the time he is banished by the Emperor from Paris, and branded as a charlatan by the Court physicians because they are too stupid to recognize his theory of microbes as a cause of diseases, to the time, and this is one of the most important scenes in any picture, when broken in health but not in courage he is brought in a wheel chair before the Academy of France to be decorated by the Czar of Russia, and praised by the great Lister. Muni's call upon the young doctors to preserve their faith in their high calling of benefaction to mankind in this scene is the highlight of the picture, and his passionate

Silver Screen's Picture Thermometer

- | | | |
|------------------------------|---|-----|
| "The Story of Louis Pasteur" | → | 100 |
| "Tale of Two Cities" | → | |
| "Ah, Wilderness" | → | |
| "The Bride Comes Home" | → | 90 |
| "The Littlest Rebel" | → | |
| "I Dream Too Much" | → | |
| "If You Could Only Cook" | → | |
| "Dangerous" | → | 80 |
| "Mister Hobo" | → | |
| " Sylvia Scarlett" | → | 70 |
| "Miss Pacific Fleet" | → | 60 |



plea should be heard by every young man in the medical profession.

Josephine Hutchinson plays with beauty and restraint Pasteur's wife, and Anita Louise plays his lovely daughter. Donald Woods is his medical disciple, and little Dickie Moore is one of his first patients. Second to Muni, praise should go to Fritz Leiber for his magnificent portrayal of Dr. Charbonnet. And, naturally, much praise should go to the director, William Dieterle, who directed as if divinely inspired. It's a picture you do not want to miss.

MISS PACIFIC FLEET

Rating: 60°—FUN AMONG THE GOBS—Warners

A SLIGHT but funny comedy with Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell and Hugh Herbert giving their usual gay performances. Joan plays an amusement jernt gal who is out to win the Miss Pacific Fleet popularity contest which is being staged in San Pedro, California, by the local Chamber of Commerce, with none other than Mr. Funny Fingers Herbert presiding.

Glenda Farrell, Joan's side-kick, and Allen Jenkins, the dumb-cluck champion boxer of the Navy and special pain in the neck to Joan, do all they can to win votes for Joanie, and their all is quite sufficient. Of



The outstanding picture of the month is "The Story of Louis Pasteur," as portrayed by Paul Muni.



"The Bride Comes Home." Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray and Robert Young—a comedy triangle.

course Joan falls for a marine, Warren Hull, and almost loses the contest. Minna Gombell plays Hugh Herbert's wife and always turns up just when Hughie is having fun with the girls. There are a lot of gags, some funny and some not so funny, with the one about the nickel in the telephone getting the most laughs.

AH, WILDERNESS

Rating: 93°—DRAMA OF YOUTH—M-G-M

THIS is the gentle story of a young boy back in 1906 who has to go through all the despondency and dejection of growing up. Eric Linden plays the idealistic seventeen-year-old boy, and gives a thoroughly sincere and moving performance that will put him right up on top with Hollywood's best actors. The picture, as you know, has been adapted from Eugene O'Neill's stage play and has lost not one thing in the adaptation.

It is still the great saga of the American Family—simple, true and homely. Lionel Barrymore plays Eric's understanding father, and the father and son scene so talked about on Broadway is still the highlight of the picture, and even more effective perhaps than it was on the stage, due to the sympathetic acting of both Barrymore and Linden.

Little Cecilia Parker, as Eric's first sweetheart, is fresh and dainty and everything she should be. Wallie Beery is grand as the bibulous uncle who just can't seem to keep a job or stay away from drink, and Aline MacMahon is perfect as the semi-tragic old maid relative who loves Wallie but can't forget an incident of his youth.

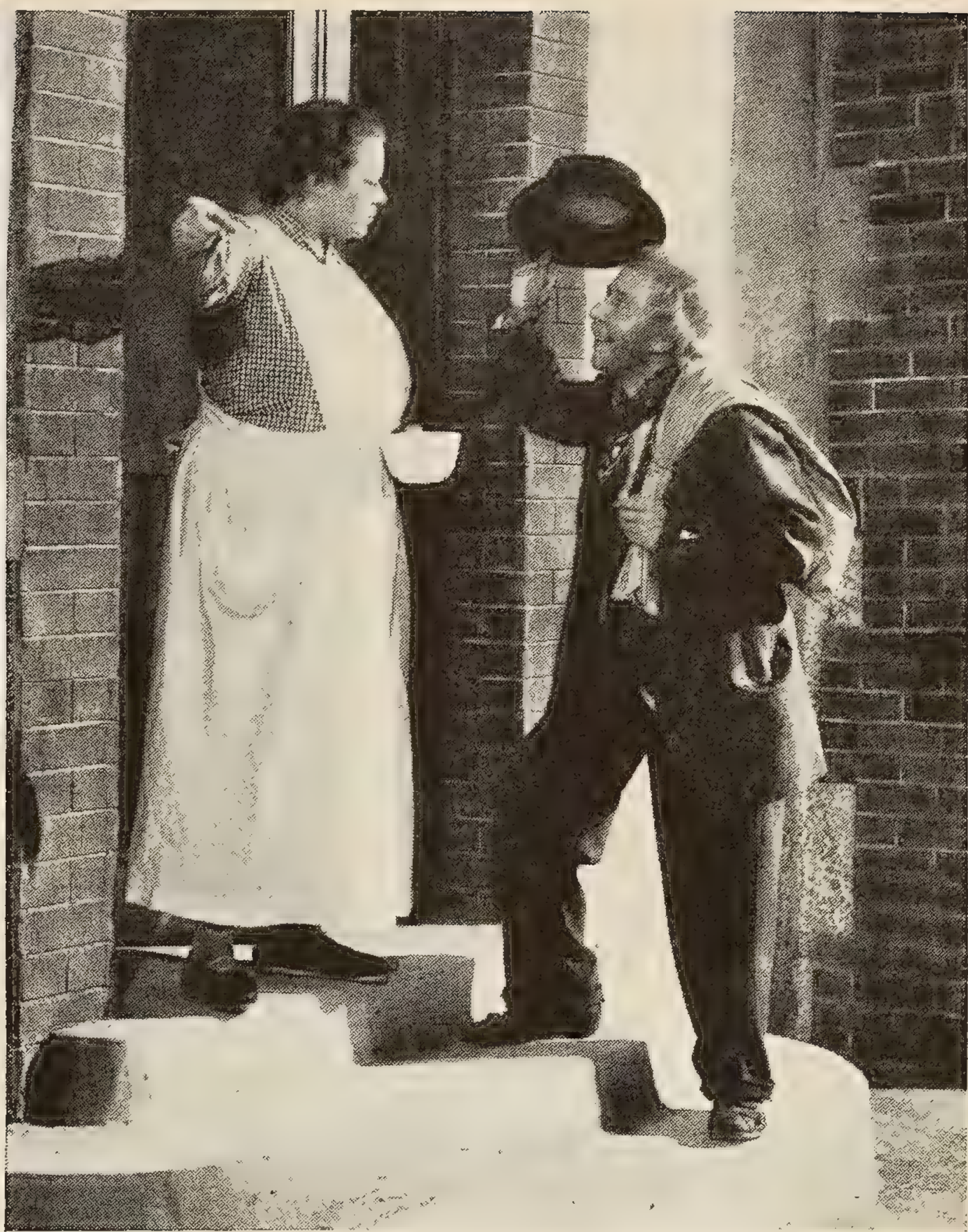
Then there is Spring Byington, as the lovely and proud mother, with a mother's worries. Mickey Rooney, Bonita Granville and Frank Albertson complete the Family. Helen Flint is excellent in her few scenes as a Bad Woman. Praise must go to Clarence Brown, who directed the picture with perfect taste and sentiment, never once allowing it to become maudlin or ordinary, and to Clyde De Vinna's photography, which is as homey as the picture itself. The graduation sequence, with its delightful humor, will stand out in your memory for years to come. Wholesome entertainment for the entire family.

THE BRIDE COMES HOME

Rating: 91°—GAY, IMPOLITE COMEDY—Paramount

HERE'S the best runner-up to "It Happened One Night" that we have had, and who should star in it better than Claudette Colbert. Claudette has such a

George Arliss in "Mr. Hobo," but Arliss just the same.



delightful flair for amusing, inconsequential comedy, and always looks so beautiful, that watching her on the screen is one of the easiest things we do.

In her newest picture Claudette plays a rich, spoiled society girl of Chicago's fashionable Gold Coast who wakes up one afternoon to find herself absolutely penniless; even the roof over her head is mortgaged. While poor Daddy goes back to bed Claudette puts on her prettiest hat and goes to look for a job so she and her old man can eat.

It seems that Bob Young has been in love with Claudette ever since they were kids together, but she just can't take him seriously even if he has got a whole slue of millions; however, she doesn't mind asking him for a job on the magazine he is financing for his ex-bodyguard, the brutally frank Mr. Fred MacMurray.

Fred thinks that Claudette is a rich girl working as a fad and tries to break her down with insults, and Claudette is determined to hold out for her forty bucks a week even if she has to count all the Smiths in the phone directory. She comes of a long line of hot tempers, and Fred is no cultured geranium himself, so when the two start loathing each other the comedy goes from gurgles to hearty laughs. Of course they fall in love, and are in each other's arms one day when Bob goes out for a bottle of seltzer water.

But there's many a peppery scene before they reach the altar—and what a wedding it is, the maddest you've ever seen. It's a gay, romantic comedy that you won't want to miss. Also in the cast are William Collier, Sr., as Daddy, Donald Meek as a busy Court House official, and Edgar Kennedy as the erratic marrying parson.

THE LITTLEST REBEL

Rating: 89°—SHIRLEY'S BEST—Twentieth Century-Fox

THIS is one of the most delightful pictures that has been previewed in Hollywood all winter and Shirley Temple is so

natural and sweet and childish that she is bound to win more fans for herself than ever before, if that is possible. It is by far Shirley's best picture, with not a bit of the sentimentality that a lot of folks objected to in her last picture—though, I suppose, a number of old die-hards will hold out for "Little Miss Marker."

Shirley plays a little Southern girl whose play world is completely upset by the firing on Fort Sumter. Her father, a wealthy slave owner, leaves with the Confederate Army, but comes back one day through the Federal lines to bury his lovely wife. He is captured by a Yankee officer, who is completely enchanted by Shirley, who reminds him of his little girl at home. So the Yankee outfits Shirley's father in a Federal uniform and gives him a pass, but he is captured again and condemned to die as a spy, and so is his benefactor.

Shirley calls on Abraham Lincoln at the White House, sits on his desk, divides an apple with him and pleads in her own childish way for the life of her father. Mr. Lincoln gravely agrees with Shirley that her father is not guilty of spying. This is one of the best scenes in the picture, indeed it is one of the best scenes ever to be screened.

John Boles and Karen Morley play Shirley's parents, and Jack Holt plays the Yankee colonel who befriends Shirley's father. Bill Robinson is excellent as the faithful slave and he and Shirley do tap routines that are perfectly marvelous. Frank McGlynn, Sr., is a perfect Lincoln.

Young or old, rich or poor, you will enjoy Shirley's new picture better than anything you've seen in a long time.

DANGEROUS

Rating: 79°—BETTE AT HER BEST—Warners

NOT since "Of Human Bondage" has Bette Davis been given such a grand role as this to sink her teeth in. Bette is one of the few really sincere dramatic actresses in Hollywood—when there is real acting to be done Bette can do it.

REVIEWS [Continued from page 57]

She plays the part of a fallen star (and because of certain references you can't help but believe the author had Jeanne Eagles in mind) who has brought ruin and disaster to all men who have loved her and tried to help her.

Franchot Tone, a rising young architect, finds her drunk in a speakeasy one night and, being an idealistic sort of fellow, he feels he owes her a debt of gratitude for the inspiration she has given him in the theatre. He takes her to his country estate, looks after her, and finally advances the money for her come-back on the stage. Ruin follows.

But his love and devotion have stirred something that was dead in the actress, she takes charge of things once more, makes a magnificent comeback, patches up Franchot's love affair with Margaret Lindsay, a society girl—and probably to her own surprise returns to her husband whom she has always kept in the background.

It is not Bette Davis' fault that this is not another "Of Human Bondage." It's the story's fault. But if you don't mind a little melodrama here and there, and who are we to scoff at melodrama, you'll enjoy this immensely. Women, I believe, will go slightly mad about it.

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK

Rating: 82°—DELIGHTFUL COMEDY—
Columbia

ONE of the most pleasing and delightful little comedies you have found in a month of Sundays, or even longer. It's as unpretentious as oatmeal for breakfast but so pleasingly pleasant that you leave the theatre feeling genial towards everyone.

Herbert Marshall plays a young and rich auto-magnate who is about to marry a dull society girl for no good reason at all. He craves romance with all his heart and soul, and sits down on a park bench one day to ponder, when the girl sitting

next to him, thinking that he too is one of the great unemployed, hands him the "Help Wanted—Males" section of her paper. She finds an ad calling for a cook and a butler, and in one of the most engaging scenes imaginable she sells him the idea of helping her get the job by pretending they're a "couple."

They get the job and millionaire Marshall finds romance in the kitchen of their racketeer employer, who is studying to be an epicure. But his conscience finally gets the better of him, he can't jilt the society girl, so he runs out on the "cook" and very dolefully appears at his wedding. But in the meantime Leo Carrillo, the very amiable racketeer, has discovered that his "cook" isn't married to his "butler," but would like to be, so he just has the boys kidnap Marshall right from under the minister's nose.

It's very gay comedy, with one amusing situation after another. Jean Arthur plays the girl down on her luck who becomes a cook, and Jean is one swell little actress, and mighty pretty too. She and Marshall make a grand team. Lionel Stander, as Carrillo's stooge, is excellent.

SYLVIA SCARLETT

Rating: 69°—DISCOVERING CARY GRANT—
RKO

OF COURSE we've had Cary Grant, that tall and handsome Englishman, around for some time now supporting all the best leading ladies but it takes "Sylvia Scarlett" to put Cary right up there on top and make a sensation of him. And in this picture that's exactly what Cary is—a sensation. Don't miss seeing him play the English toff with the authentic cockney accent. It really is a Hepburn picture but poor Katie has to see her own picture stolen right from under her pretty nose by Cary.

Hepburn plays a French gal who has to

disguise as a boy to get her father, a criminal of sorts, out of France to England. On the Channel boat they pick up Cary, and the three of them decide upon a casual life of crime, but do very little about it. Then they form a traveling troupe, augmented by a maid that Papa has married, and tour England with a very poor act. On the tour Sylvia, still disguised as a boy, meets an eccentric young artist, played by Brian Aherne, and falls in love with him and decides to become a girl again.

Before the course of true love runs smoothly there is a suicide and an attempted suicide and a Russian girl and Cary Grant doing the right thing. Katie looks very cute in her boy's clothes, but personally we like her lots better in period costumes, don't we? There's nothing like male attire to destroy glamour. Edmund Gwenn is splendid as the father and Dennie Moore is quite robust as the maid he marries. Princess Natalie Paley, of the Old Russia regime, plays the Russian girl and is quite good.

MISTER HOBO

Rating: 76°—MR. ARLISS ASTONISHES US—GB

WE HAVE come to expect very little less than a Prime Minister when we see a George Arliss picture, so it is somewhat of a shock to meet up with the former Disraeli in the guise of a happy-go-lucky vagabond—who travels south with the birds in the winter and north again with them at the first touch of Spring—always with his knapsack thrust jauntily over his shoulder, rags on his back and a song on his lips.

Even when, because he bears the name of the famous banking house of Rothschild, he is mistaken for a prominent banker and temporarily occupies the seats of the mighty, he does not step out of character. After causing a terrific furore in the stock exchange in Paris in order to befriend a girl who was kind to him and who is being gyped by unscrupulous bankers, he steps gallantly out of his striped trousers and morning coat, once again dons his rags and treks off to the sunny southland no richer than he was before they discovered that his name was Rothschild.

This is a pleasant enough comedy, pleasantly acted by Mr. Arliss, Gene Gerrard, Viola Keats, Frank Cellier and Mary Clare.

I DREAM TOO MUCH

Rating: 84°—PRESENTING LILY PONS—RKO

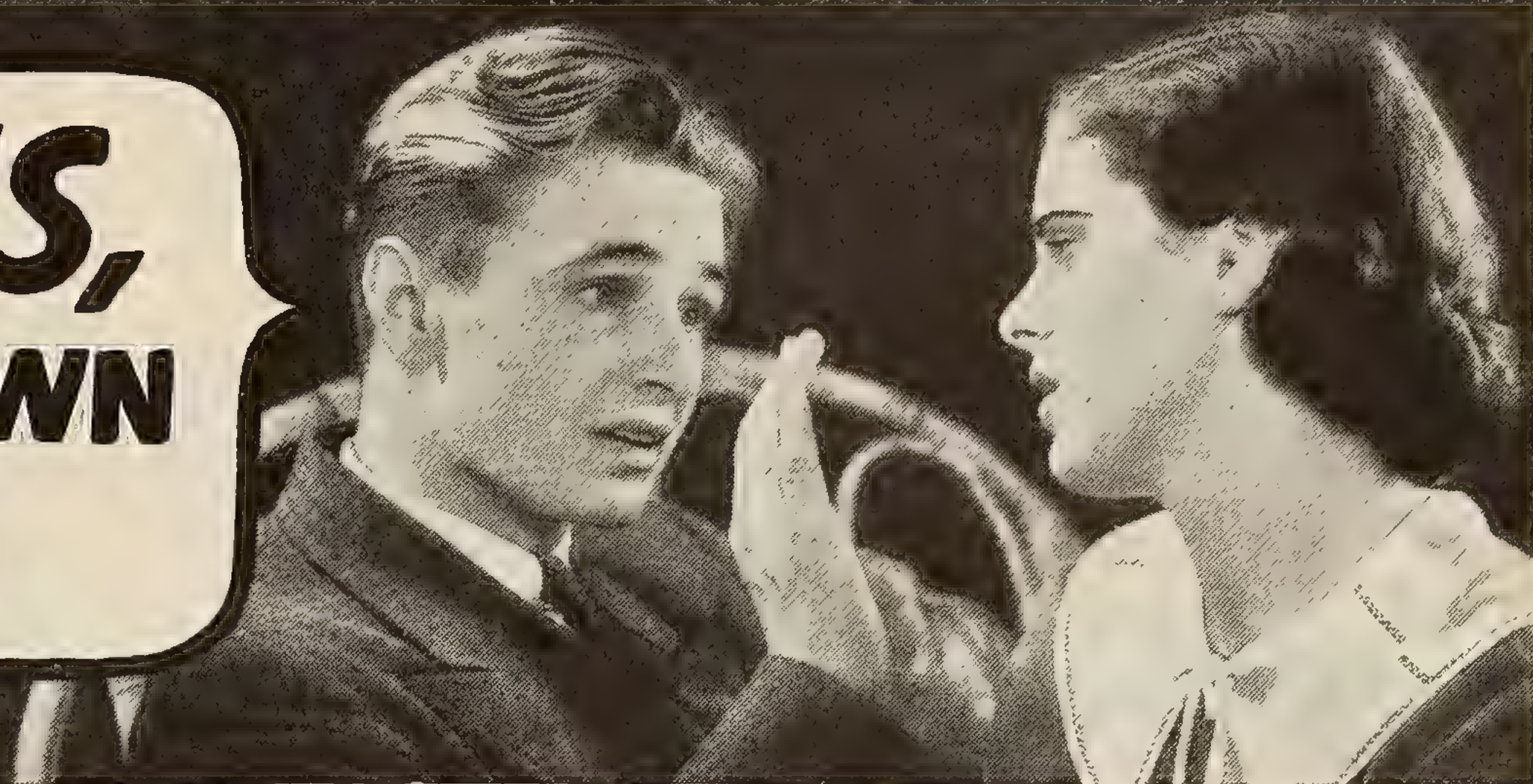
THE latest of the opera singers to make a screen debut is Lily Pons. And here we really have something. Not just a Voice, though it is the greatest coloratura soprano voice ever heard on the screen, but a Personality no less. Dainty little Lily Pons, with her intriguing accent and her definite flair for comedy, proves that she could be a screen star even if she couldn't reach a high C. But thank heavens she can, and she treats us to the Bell song from "Lakme," not to mention several lovely Jerome Kern numbers, including "The Jockey on the Carousel," "I'm the Echo" and "I Dream Too Much."

The picture has great charm. Henry Fonda plays the young American and is terribly attractive. Eric Blore and the Duchess (a trained seal) provide the hearty laughs and we would like the Duchess for our birthday. Osgood Perkins is excellent as the impresario and Mischa Auer has a grand outstanding scene as a very bored pianist. Come, come, now, let's all clap hands for Lily Pons.



Irving Hoffman (Broadway columnist) stopped a friend: "Did you see 'State Fair?'" he asked. When she said she had not, he added: "I didn't see 'State Fair' either, but 'Ah, Wilderness' is much better than that."

NO, SIS, THUMBS DOWN ON EDNA!



**Edna had
too many
pimples
but not
for long**



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BETWEEN the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

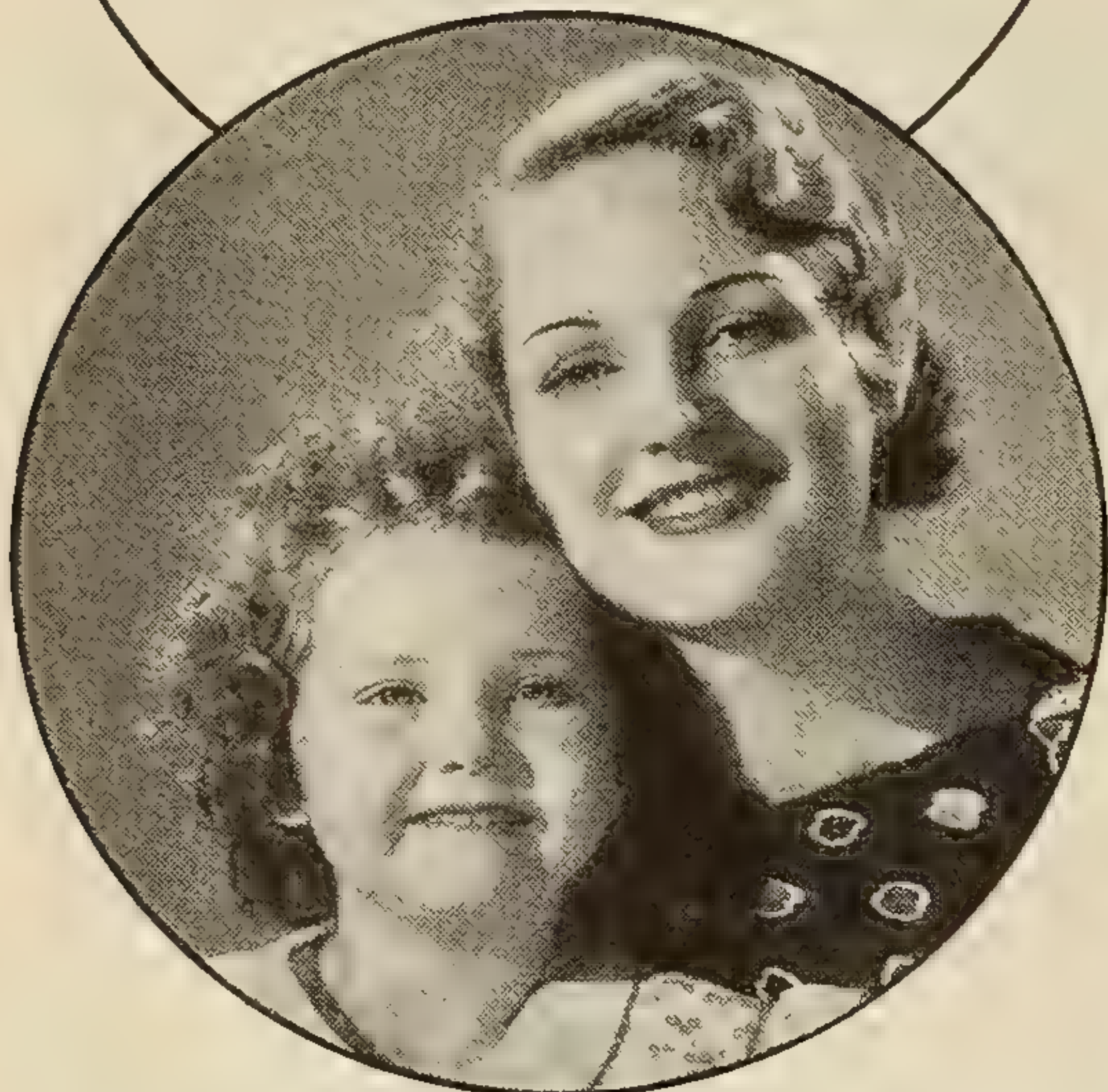
But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

Be sure
the laxative YOU take
is *mild* enough
for even a little child



HARSH cathartics are frowned upon. The laxative you take should be mild, gentle. It shouldn't cause strain and pain. Shouldn't leave you feeling weak afterwards.

The way to be absolutely sure is by taking the laxative that is gentle and mild enough even for little children. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax. Ex-Lax is given to more children than any other laxative. Yet with all its mildness and gentleness, Ex-Lax is effective enough for any adult. And you don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Take Ex-Lax yourself. Advise your husband to take it too. Give it to your children. It is the ideal laxative for every member of the family. 10c and 25c boxes on sale at any drug store. Get the genuine; spelled E-X-L-A-X.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS!... Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolated laxative.

**When Nature forgets —
remember**

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TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

[Continued from page 15]

title they said, "Ah-a-a" and immediately changed it to "The Imperfect Lady."

WE WHO remember as far back as 1931 are quite delighted with the news that Dolores Costello Barrymore will return to the screen as "Dearest" in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." It was 1931 that Dolores made "Expensive Women" and retired from the screen to be a wife and mother, as they say in the confession stories. But what with "Caliban" Barrymore gallivanting all over the place, Dolores decided it wasn't so much fun being a wife so she decided to divorce Barrymore and return to the screen. A very pretty golden-haired girl at the time of her retirement, Dolores has become a most beautiful woman. Freddie Bartholomew, as you know, is playing the rôle of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," C. Aubrey Smith will play the "Earl of Dorincourt," Henry Stephenson will be "Havisham" and Mickey Rooney will be "Dick," the American bootblack.

FRED ASTAIRE has made the Encyclopedia Britannica. Fancy that. There's just no keeping Hollywood out of anything but the Boston Social Register. The fourteenth edition of the Britannica, printing of 1936, will contain information on Astaire and will be illustrated with photographs of him taken from "Top Hat."

WHILE in Detroit recently Wally Ford, like any other tourist, just couldn't miss a chance to look over the Ford plant there. Some one tipped off Henry Ford that a movie actor by the name of Wally Ford was roaming around, so Mr. Ford appointed himself host to show Wally the local sights. During the conversation the motor magnate, with that genial "one Ford to another manner," inquired: "Young man, where did you get your name?"

"The same place a lot of actors get theirs," said Wally, "I just picked it up."

"Ford and pick-up have always been synonymous," said Mr. Ford with a smile.

PITY poor Ginger Rogers. She had to dance all day Thanksgiving when you were out having fun, and Christmas Day was nothing more than eight hours of dance routine for her and Fred Astaire.

SILK corduroy gloves, gauntlet length, are the latest thing for evening wear, according to Jean Harlow who recently pur-

chased a series of these accessories in colors to match her evening gowns. The material is almost velvet in appearance, slightly corded. Some of the gloves feature jeweled trimming.

DO YOU feel lower than a snake's belly and so so depressed? Well read this and be cheered. Fred Keating once conducted an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column for the *New York World*. Claudette Colbert once gave French lessons to the daughters of the rich and was appropriately snubbed by their mammas. Joan Blondell once stamped "date of return" in books at the Lexington Branch of the New York library. Dick Arlen once lived on thirty-five cents a week earned from selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. Nelson Eddy used to write obituaries for a Philadelphia newspaper. Hugh Herbert used to "walk tracks" for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Clark Gable used to be time-keeper in a rubber factory. Do you feel better? We don't.

LITTLE Freddie Bartholomew gets up an hour earlier every morning so he can curry his horse before going to work.



Acme

Clark Gable and Jean Parker
back-stage during a perform-
ance to raise money for the Will
Rogers Memorial.

Success Comes Suddenly—but Failure Creeps

[Continued from page 53]

the studio, addressed to "The Young Man Who Made the Speech in the Hospital." Goldwyn immediately signed him on a long term contract and plans to build him for stardom. And yesterday no one had ever heard of him.

Still more exciting is the story of Walter Brennan—not a young man at all—who had played bits and atmosphere parts in Hollywood for twelve heartbreaking years before he was cast in the unimportant rôle of Old Atrocity for "Barbary Coast." Unimportant, did I say? Well, that rôle wasn't unimportant when Brennan had finished with it . . . and neither was Brennan! He had won a seven year contract for himself, and at this writing he bids fair to be another Edward Arnold or something.

Jean Arthur, whose career has been a succession of apparent spurts toward success followed almost inevitably by disheart-

ening setbacks, had a pretty thrilling surprise a day or two ago. Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, arranged that a local paper should carry the news, on Jean's birthday, that she was to be given co-star billing with Herbert Marshall in "If You Could Only Cook"—and what little actress could ask for a nicer birthday present than that?

Oh, yes! Success comes suddenly. Sometimes you wait a long, long while for it but its actual advent is nearly always so abrupt as to be incredible. Yesterday no one had ever heard of you. Today you are besieged by producers, offering you jobs, real estate salesmen offering you pink stucco palaces, and autograph seekers offering you adulation. It's all very exciting and bewildering.

But failure creeps on velvet shod feet. Your successful star of the month before last who is so sure of himself, so certain

of his indispensability to the industry, almost never sees that writing on the wall. He fails to secure a coveted role and is told, suavely and kindly that it isn't really worthy of his talents. This is inconvenient, of course, since there is a payment due on the new swimming pool. But he believes that the role really *wasn't* worthy of his oh, most undoubted talents. These disappointments continue. The offered roles become less and less important. He has no plans, no interests outside of his little world of make-believe. When he fails as an actor, he is through.

So few of them ever make any provision for that possible day when the screen may no longer have need of them. Joel McCrea has never considered himself any great shakes as an actor and he has felt (wrongly, we think) that when he began to mature, to lose the boyish quality which is part of his charm, that pictures would be finished with him. He has invested in and is developing an extensive ranch where he raises fine stock. It is his hobby and his plaything now, but it is also a safeguard in more ways than one. If some fluke of fate should find him tumbling from the enviable pinnacle of cinema prominence which he occupies at the moment, he would have not only a business which would provide him with an excellent income but also an occupation which he loves and in which he could be enthusiastically absorbed. Wise Joel!

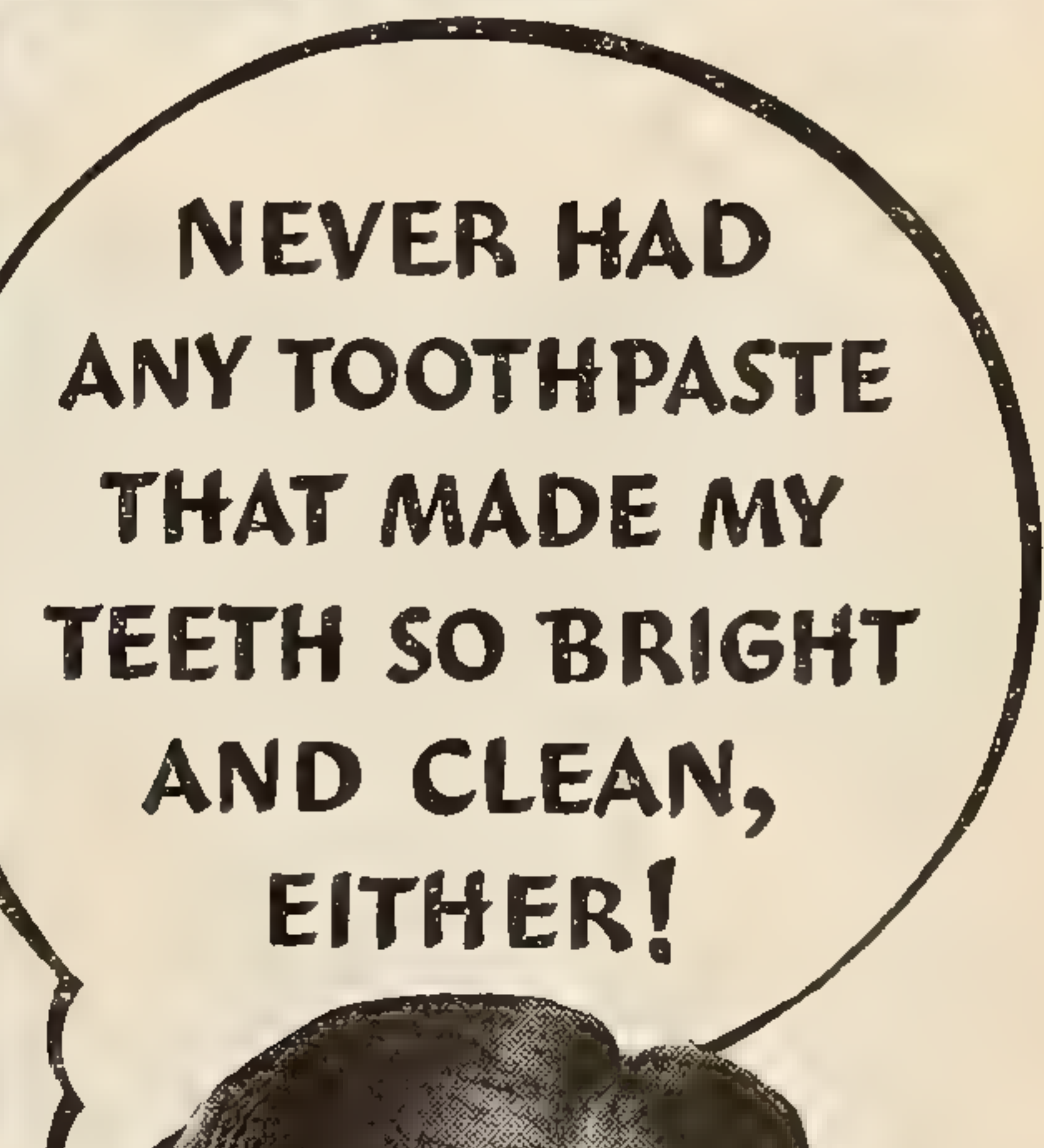
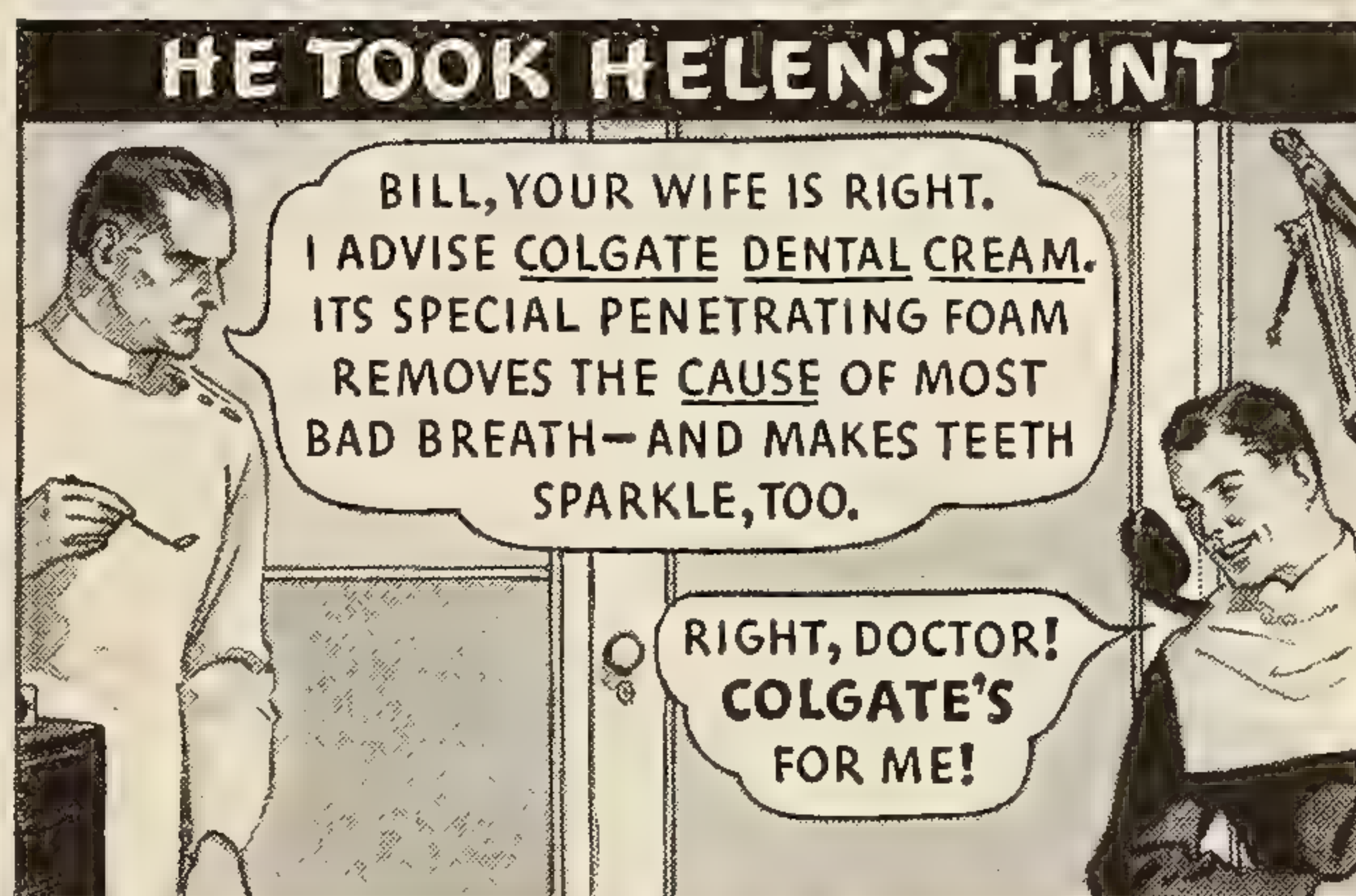
Billy Haines' thriving interior decorating business started while he was still a highly paid picture star. Billy *enjoyed* planning interesting interiors, and amused himself with set designs and novel effects in houses. What started as a sort of game turned out to be a lucrative business. Friends of Billy used to "let him" design playrooms and sunrooms for them because he enjoyed it so. By the time that he saw his picture career slipping, Billy had proved his talent so thoroughly that people were begging him to design the interiors of their homes and offering him pleasant amounts of money for that service. Billy also designed the sets for Ina Claire's stage production of "Ode to Liberty" in Los Angeles a few months ago.

On the opening night he stood, almost unnoticed, in the theater lobby, watching the current crop of screen celebrities fighting their way through the swarms of photographers and autograph seekers. "It's rather restful, not being one of them!" mused Billy. And when the curtain rose and there was a spontaneous burst of applause from the audience for the setting he had designed, Billy was more touched, more thrilled than ever he was over an ovation for himself upon the screen. "I *made* this!" he said. "Before, the credit belonged as much, if not more, to the producer, the director, the writer than it did to me. I wasn't responsible for any screen success . . . really. But this is mine!"

Lucky Billy . . . to have a job, a vocation which is so absorbing, so interesting, so profitable!

I remember Billy Dove a few years ago when her motion picture star was waning. She was safe financially. But she was feverishly studying music, studying art, reading, trying to write, trying to occupy herself. "I'll have to have something to *do*!" she said. "When you have been as active as I have, you can't just sit down and relax while you are still young!" Billie's happy marriage to Bob Kenaston and the advent of her child solved her problem. Billie is happily occupied. But she recognized her potential problem long before it really presented itself.

So few—so pitifully few of them do. They think that they will go on forever. Success comes swiftly. Defeat creeps on velvet-shod feet.



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Confessions of a Columnist

[Continued from page 17]



**Lips invite
love when they're
free from**

*lipstick
parching*

Your lips aren't kissable, if they are rough. Only satin lips are sweet—just ask any man!

Yet some lipsticks treat lips harshly. Some lipsticks actually seem to dry and parch.

The Coty "Sub-Deb" is a *new* kind of lipstick. It is truly indelible... warm and ardent in color... yet it *smooths* and *softens* your lips. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look!

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Come to a new world of beauty... with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!



SUB-DEB

LIPSTICK

March 12, 1934, I find this line: "The Herbert Marshall-Edna Best crash is definite, with Gloria Swanson completing the triangle."

On Jan. 19, 1934 was the forecast of the Evelyn Laye-Frank Lawton marriage. On May 5, 1934, there is this prophetic line: "Is Leland Hayward the romantic reason for Katharine Hepburn's reported divorce action?" On May 7, 1934, I wrote that the Jack Warner marital crash was past the mending stage. On August 6, 1934, I reported the blossoming romance of Doris Duke, world's wealthiest girl, and Jimmy Cromwell. On Jan. 19, 1934, I predicted Connie Talmadge and Townsend Netcher were Reno-bound.

Invariably a columnist gets a deluge of denials from the parties he has written about. I've never been able to reason this out. Why, if the facts are correct do men and women so keenly resent a truthful report of what they plan to do? Yet every columnist will bear me out in this experience. Ordinarily truthful people will lie up and down to you, deny a planned elopement, deny a secret marriage, deny an expected visit of Sir Stork, deny a forthcoming divorce, threaten libel suits—and then, a few days later, they'll do exactly what they denied they would do.

Occasionally, a denial takes a humorous turn. On December 2, 1934, I wrote that the Billy Wilkersons, owners of a Coast trade paper, were planning a divorce. Wilkerson did not make the usual denials, although his friends and those on the ground asserted that I was inaccurate and presumptuous. But, a day later, he got back at me shrewdly. He ran a line in his Hollywood Reporter that the "Ed Sullivans are splitting up." However, my facts were more accurate than his. Within a few months, the Wilkersons were divorced and he later married Billie Seward. I scooped him on his divorce and his re-marriage because I had the Seward item, too.

From day to day, the columnist keeps close track on the Hollywood situation. The Clark Gable wedding crack-up was no surprise when it finally occurred in November, 1935. First reference to what was inevitable appeared in my column of June 28, 1934. It read: "The Clark Gables tell Coast pals the parting will be amicable." Now to show you how a columnist keeps his finger on such a gradual breakdown, let me quote from the column of Jan. 9, 1935, six months later: "The Clark Gables have Built Up To a Terrific Letdown and the cash settlement will be arranged shortly." Finally on Oct. 7, 1935: "Clark Gable's South American trip revives the divorce rumors." That is the chronology of a celluloid crack-up and it is the best practical example of how a columnist starts a story and builds it up. The readers get a continuity of thought and action that gives them the complete background and prepares them for the conclusion. I pick this one because it is the timeliest illustration at hand. I don't like to boast about divorce predictions. I'd rather point to the Bruce Cabot-Adrienne Ames occurrence. When they split up, I notified them in

the column that they were acting childishly, because they are nice people. I got a tremendous kick out of their reunion, when they tore up the divorce papers, kissed and made up.

It is an old newspaper saying that good news is bad news to a newspaperman, on the theory that bad news makes the most interesting stories. Conceding this to be true, I do feel that the Broadway columnist, and now I'm speaking for the entire craft, is rarely malicious. I don't know one of them who would permit a personal grudge to discolor a story or deliberately harm a moving picture actor or actress or producer. The best stories, so help me, are the stories we do NOT print. There is no columnist who prints a story that he knows to be untrue, and most of us check our news sources conscientiously. Anonymous letters, telegrams and phone calls are never used as tips, at least not by me.

Our own vanity is a powerful influence in discriminate reporting. The threat of libel suits is still another. Friendships with the performers is still a third influence.

I had a long discussion with Kay Francis about this the last time she was in New York. She was irritated because I had printed the news of an operation she had undergone in England. She claimed that the movie fans would be on the lookout for a scar near her ear, when she made her next picture, having read it in the column.

"All newspapermen are alike," she said. "They print the things that shouldn't be printed." So I got a chuckle from her first picture. It was "I Found Stella Parrish" and in it, Kay tells off the newspaperman who apparently betrays her confidence. In that scene, she didn't have to rehearse. What she said to that chap came straight from the heart.

If a columnist is wary, he will avoid one subject that is always fraught with danger and loaded with emotional dynamite. That is the topic of ages, particularly the topic

of actresses' ages. In an unguarded moment, I mentioned two birth dates of two glamorous stars, and the fair ladies howled to high heaven for my blood. Helen Morgan was one of them, Claudette Colbert was another. On any other subject, the girls will meet you half-way, but stay away from the subject of years. If you do mention their ages, always say they are 29. They resent the classification of 30 although Sophie Tucker insists that life begins at 40. Hell begins at 40, and if you don't think so, walk up to Lily Pons and tell her that she looks as though she were 40. You'll find out.

So much for my confessions. As a final word, may I say this to all of Hollywood: there is no actor or actress of the talkies who needs fear a columnist unless he or she is hiding something. If you're hiding something that will make a good story, then you're on your own. Sooner or later, you'll read it in the Broadway columns. You can fool some of the columnists all of the time, and all of the columnists some of the time, but by cracky, you can't fool all of the columnists all of the time. And we'll get you sure, if you don't watch out.



Ed Sullivan, the famous columnist and raconteur, will contribute another characteristic article next month.

A Thousand Teachers

[Continued from page 24]

She smiled broadly. And when Jean (She's-the-Louvre!) Arthur is merry you automatically pep up a hundred volts worth. "I had been trying to suit a single man, the particular director I had for each assignment. I was afraid to assert my opinions. There's no rehearsing here, in the sense that you rehearse in the theatre, so it was hit-or-miss on movie rôles for me. Mostly miss!

"I finally decided I couldn't stand mediocrity forever. I had to have expert criticism and plenty of it if I were to amount to anything. So I went back to New York and on the stage. It was Broadway success—or bust! There were a thousand seats in a theatre and each one was occupied by a critic every evening. It was up to me to learn how to make every one respond to the emotions I was supposed to portray."

This self-imposed training was all the harder because Jean had had no stage experience. She insists she'll never forget her first opening night. The fashionable crowd, anxious to pass sentence, quieted. The curtain majestically rose. The tension in the wings was terrific. She heard the players speaking and then her cue came.

"I was—well, *numb*! My character was that of a housemaid, in love with Henry Hull, a nonchalant sophisticate. I had no stunning costume to help, being attired in a commonplace, merely comfortable-looking outfit. When I walked on I wasn't sure any noise would emerge from my lips."

But the four weeks' grind of rehearsals hadn't been in vain. After a few minutes Jean felt a wave of favorable reaction.

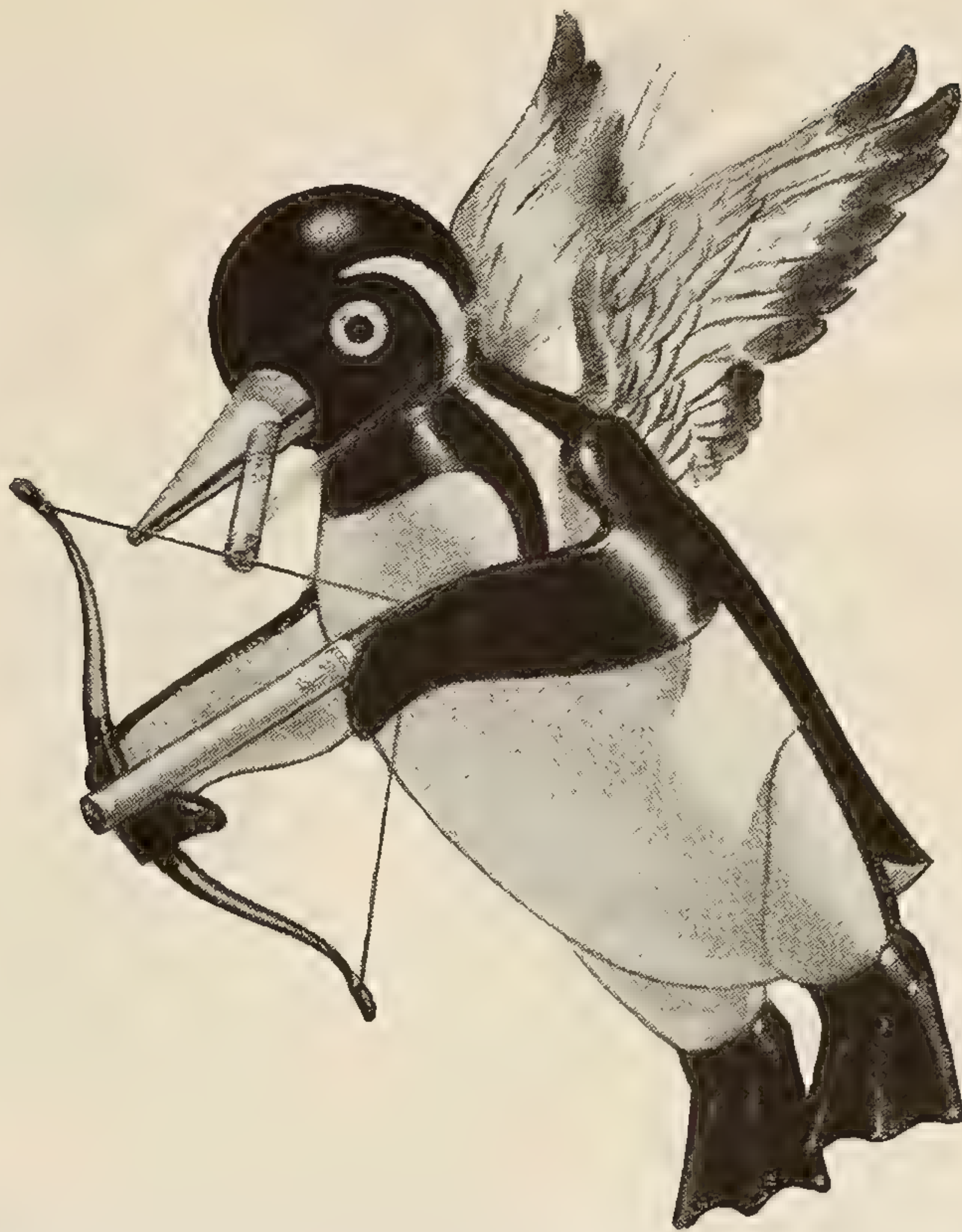
For two and a half years Jean (She's-a-melody-by-Strauss!) Arthur served a voluntary apprenticeship. She wasn't a Hollywood name making personal appearances, but an eager young flame bent on mastering her art. There followed unquestionably earned stage stardom, and acclaim of the professional reviewers. Jean cherished their comments, yet more valuable were the rigorous lessons from the steady succession of audiences. She painstakingly experimented with every gesture and intonation until she had the right effects.

Simultaneously, an accompanying metamorphosis was going on in her private life. Jean discovered romance in Frank Ross, attractive New York realtor. He introduced her to his charming circle, and the armor she'd unhappily acquired vanished as she joined in their fun. She found that genuine sophistication is a wise, exultant way of living. The bold poseurs ceased to faze her. As she ventured to assert herself, she gradually evolved into her present self.

Eventually Jean (She's-a-Shakespearean-sonnet!) Arthur had absorbed a generous measure of what those metropolitan disciplinarians could give her. She was a polished pupil of a thousand teachers. Mature ability was so plainly manifested that screen executives wooed her West again, this time with assurances of worthwhile parts.

So she's returned and more and more her punchy personality is being captured by the cameras. She's no longer limited to routine rôles, because obviously she's now not just a prosaic pretty.

She resides in a white mansion in Beverly Hills, where, if she isn't installing a new fireplace the living-room beams are being painted a different shade. When she arrives at the studio the air turns tense with anticipation. Will she laugh or select to make hash of another cut-and-dried convention? Whatever happens, there'll be no dull memories. Jean (She's-Mickey-Mouse!) Arthur will have the situation well in hand and she'll drive the drabness away.



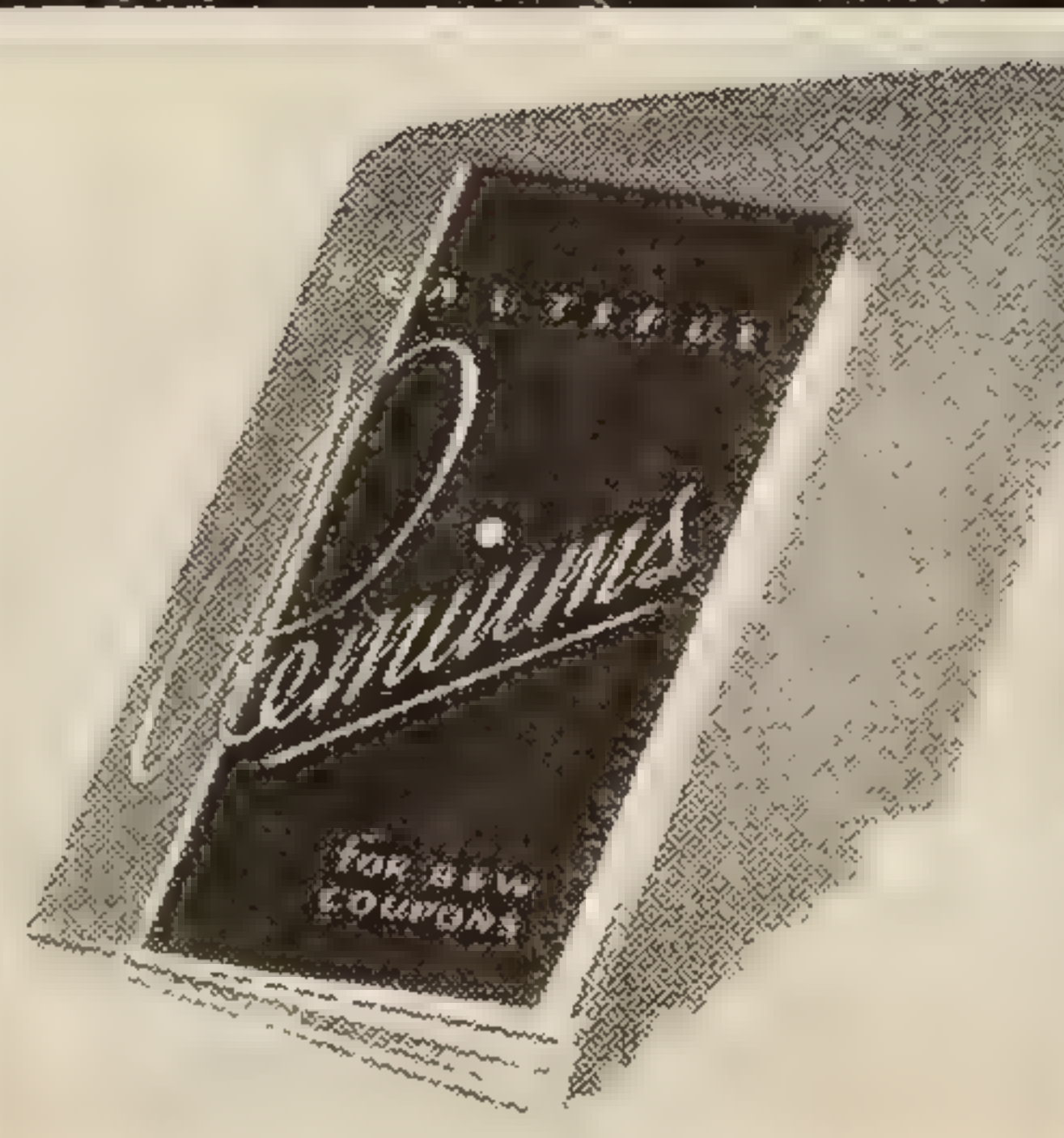
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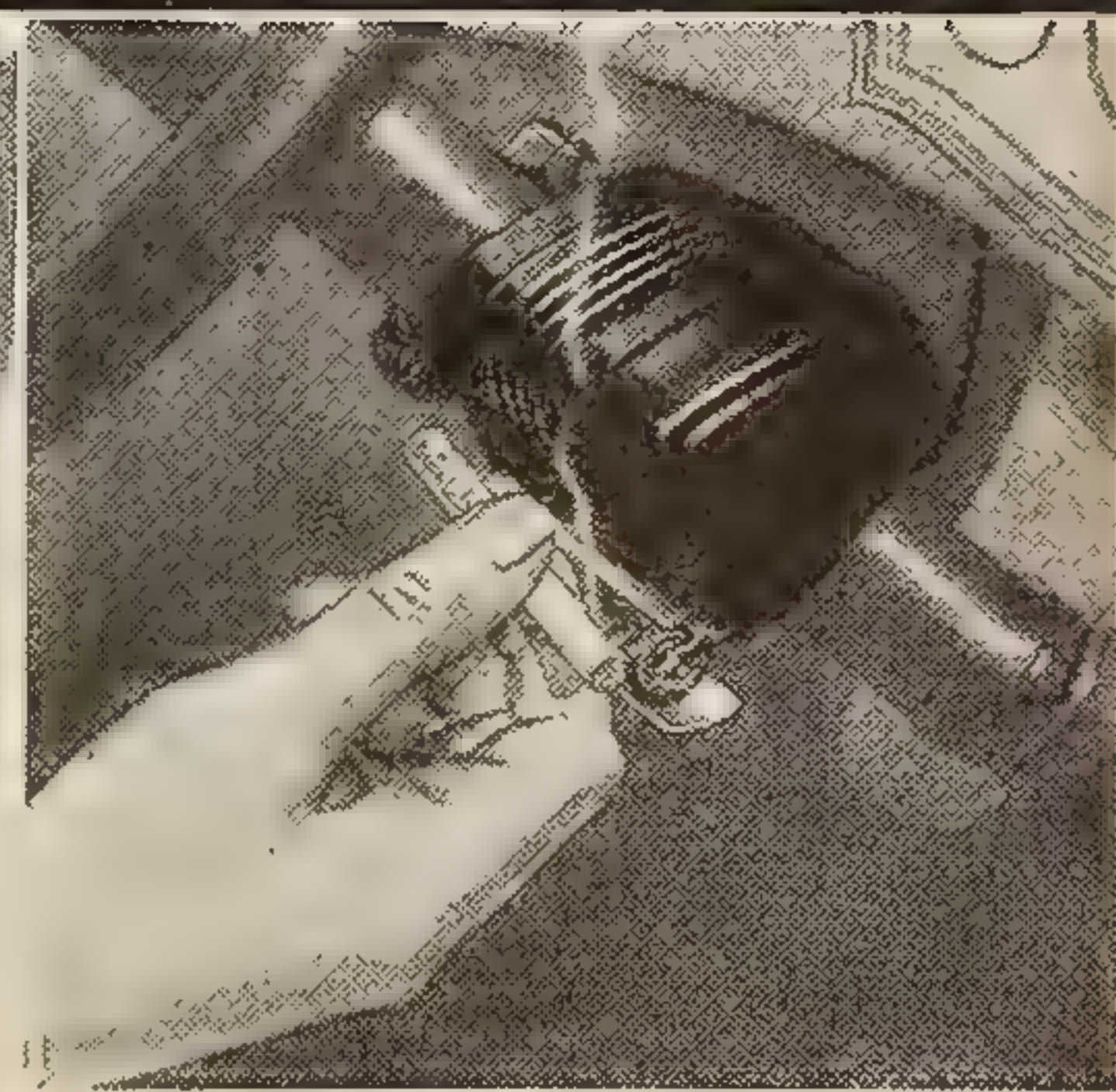
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lips must wear a lustre



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See how young and smooth these lipsticks make your lips—and keep them, even in the coldest weather. No creased, lined lips. No rough, chapped, untouchable lips if you wear Helena Rubinstein's glamorous lipsticks.

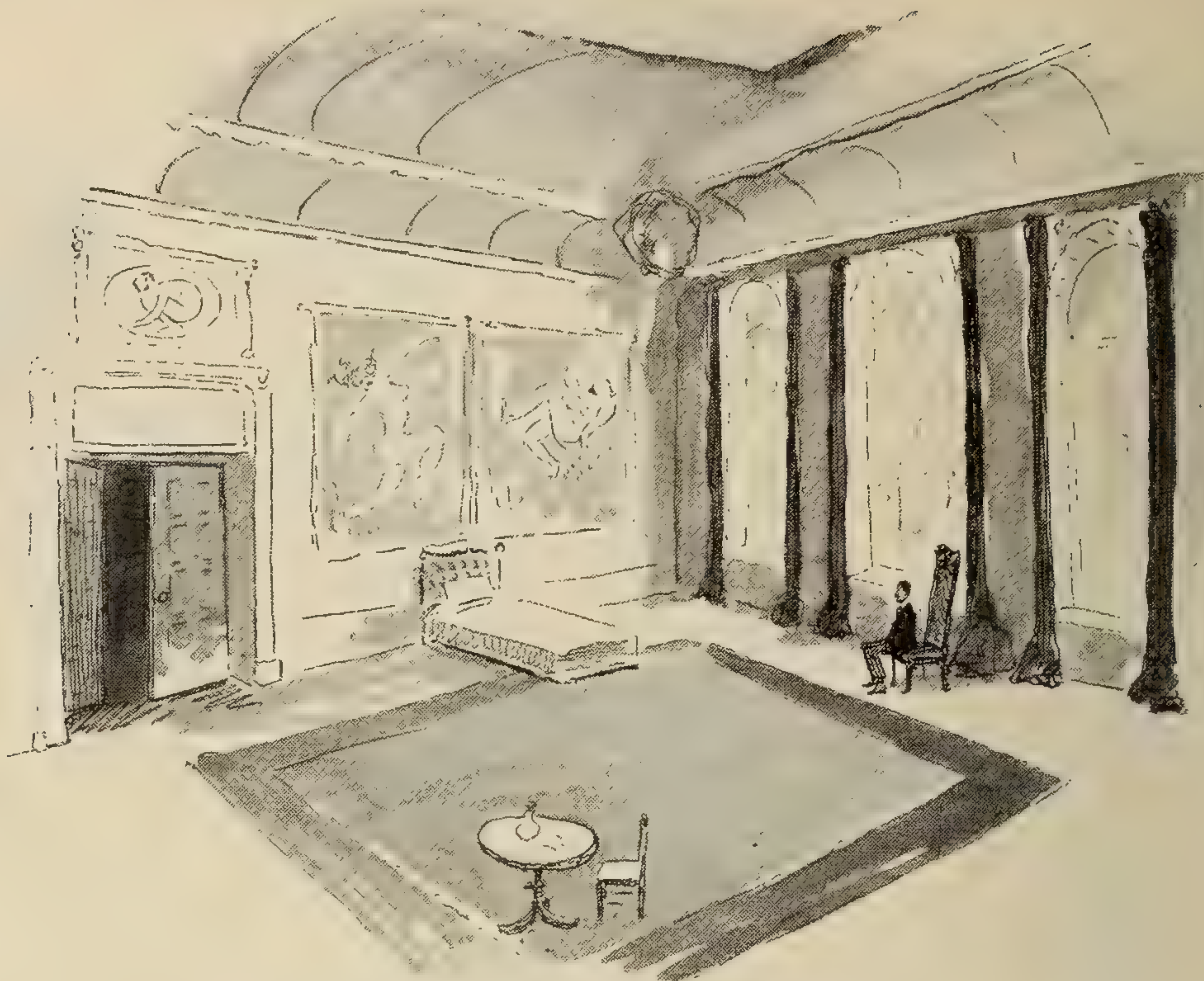
Each Helena Rubinstein lipstick shade is a color masterpiece. Dashing Red Poppy, gay Red Geranium, the famous Red Raspberry, and the new Terra Cotta-Light, 1.00, 50c. Rouges to match, 1.00. Flattering, clinging powders, 1.00. NEW Town & Country Make-up Film, the biological beauty foundation which preserves skin moisture, conceals imperfections and keeps your make-up fresh for hours, 1.50.

Ask for these preparations at Helena Rubinstein's salon or at any smart store.

helena rubinstein

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Gregory La Cava, the director, says he's enjoying himself in a suite at the Waldorf which is something like Grand Central Station, only on a larger scale.

Studio News

[Continued from page 55]

gins, "then she goes into her dance. We'll skip that and pick it up where I come on, see?" He hands the piano player their music and indicates a place. "Jump down to here."

"I see you go in for first editions," the piano player observes sarcastically, taking a gander at the torn and battered sheet of music.

"No cracks," Kelly grins. "Here we go. Hey, Julie!" This last to Claire. "We're cuttin' down to my entrance."

They do their act and there is an ominous silence. Mr. Kelly isn't as good as he thinks he is.

"Gee," says Claire when the scene is over. "I've never danced before in my life and I've been practicing taps for about four hours a day for the past three weeks. The backs of my legs feel like someone had pulled the muscles out and tied them in knots."

Miss Trevor's limbs are something to arouse admiration under any conditions and the fear that something might happen to them makes me drool with sympathy. After all, though, one can't stand here drooling idiotically when there's work to be done. So . . . off I go to—

Columbia

THE picture going over here is "No More Yesterdays," which brings back Ruth Chatterton to those who have been clamoring for her.

She, it seems, is an invalid, and her kid sister (Marian Marsh, I think, it is) is about to marry an older man (Otto Kruger) with a lot of money. Then, I believe, Chat's pa fires her old nurse and Ruthie is quite upset about it and she's even more upset at the thought of her sister marrying such an oldie as Mr. Kruger. Kruger locates her nurse and there is more whimsy in his ten minute recital of *how* he located her than there is in all of James Barrie's works put together. At the end, Ruthie smiles.

"It was nice of you to give aid and comfort to the enemy," she acknowledges.

"Are we still enemies?" he wonders ruefully.

"Well, I've done what I warned you I would," says Ruth frankly. "I *had* to do it, David. You see, I'm more than Joan's sister. I'm—"

"I know," he replies gently. "I guessed that. I saw Joan slipping out of the house a minute ago with a very determined look. I wonder whether she was going to—that someone else you told me about."

"You don't seem very unhappy about it," Ruth challenges in a bantering tone.

"I'd be very happy," he admits, "if—"

"Anything you say will be used against you," she warns him.

"It's too late for that," he blurts out. "I've been careless already. Careless enough to fall in love with the maid of honor."

"David!" she expostulates.

"You probably think I'm altogether a cad," he rushes on. "But don't blame me too much. If I had no right to fall in love with you, then *you* had no right to be so lovely."

There are a few lines more but they only lead to the end of the picture and you can guess what that is. He's right about one thing, though—Miss Chatterton has never looked as lovely as she does this morning in a flame colored velvet cape.

Pondering on Mr. Harry Cohn's ability to bring back stars from the thespian graveyard, I wonder why the deuce he doesn't go after Constance Talmadge and Corinne Griffith and a few others who'll have fans as long as a person who ever saw them in a picture lives. I can't find the answer to my self-propounded riddle but I *can* find—

R-K-O

I DON'T know whether it's the Christmas spirit getting into me or whether I'm getting soft in my dotage but practically everything today seems just ducky. I don't even mind—much—when there's more than one picture shooting at a studio. To add to my glee, the first thing I bump into at R-K-O is "The Chatterbox," starring Anne Shirley and Phillips Holmes. Anne isn't



Jane Withers is now a star in "Gentle Julia," supported by Jackie Searle—and how!

working today but Phil is and so is Margaret Hamilton, who is a pretty swell actress herself. She's the dame who was always eating grapes in "Another Language" and who spotted Rochelle Hudson for what she was in "Way Down East."

Apparently Anne has an idea Phil is in love with her and Phil has asked Margaret to tell Anne that he isn't. And now he's trying to find out what Anne's reaction to his message was, but Margaret keeps stalling and talking about the maple trees in Vermont. Although what maple trees have to do with Anne, I don't know—unless it's that they're both full of sugar.

Anyhow—"Hang the maple trees!" Phil ejaculates. What did she say?

"Oh," says Margaret as if her mind was quite somewhere else. "Oh, yes. What did she say? What did she do?"

"Yes," Phil prompts her furiously, "what happened?"

"Well," Margaret breaks down, "as long as you're inviting it, I'll tell you. Only remember, I tried to make it easier for you."

"Easier for me?" Phil repeats incredulously.

"Yes," Miss Hamilton responds positively. "You see, I started to tell her and before I knew it, she turned the whole thing her way. I couldn't help it. I told her you've been wanting to tell her something for a long time—but couldn't. She said she understood. Said you were like someone she read about in a book once—a man who liked a girl. She said he was a very good friend of this girl—and he couldn't tell her until he was in a better position—until he made something of himself—until he could offer her something."

"What are you raving about?" Phil cuts in.

"She misunderstood me completely," Margaret admits. "She's the hardest thing in the world to talk to—when you get a chance to talk."

"That's a fine howdoyoudo," Phil exclaims angrily, jumping up and pacing about the room. "I ask you to tell her they're making a fool of her at the theatre and you end by having this girl think I love her. Isn't that what you did?"

But the director yells "Cut" before I can find out whether that's what she did and Phil is shaking hands and telling me all about his European trip and it's just as hard to get in a word with him in real life as it is with Anne when she's in character.

But aside from his European trip, Phil is one of the best actors the screen has produced and if they'll let him play comedy instead of those neurotic "American Tragedy" parts all the time he'll be all right. I sure hope so, too, because we haven't too many of Phil's accomplishments on the screen.

I haven't a squawk to register on the

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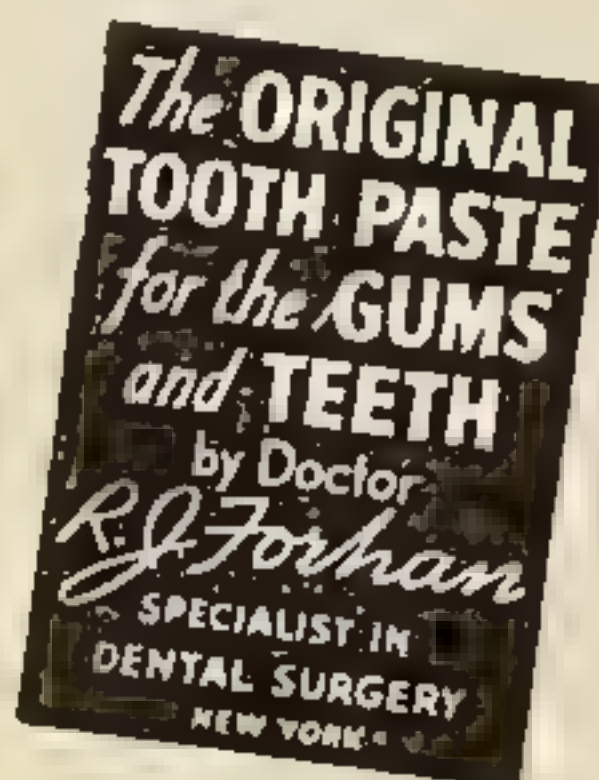
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R-K-O lot today, "Mother Lode," with Richard Dix and Leila Hyams, is on location and even Hepburn gets a bouquet this month because I just saw "Alice Adams" and she was about as near perfect in that part as it is possible for anyone to be. If I were handing out the Academy award she'd get it for her work in that picture. Gosh! Here I'm pronouncing the benediction and I'm not even through.

There's another one over here called "Two in the Dark." Don't ask me where the title came from because I—DON'T KNOW. All I know is this features Wally Ford, Margot Grahame (who played Victor McLaglen's girl in "The Informer"), Walter Abel (who had the lead in "The Three Musketeers"), Alan Hale, Gail Patrick, Erin O'Brien Moore and J. Carroll Naish.

Gentle reader, this is a mystery play and I am not a gent who taxes his brain cells with mysteries. The plot was carefully—oh, very carefully—explained to me but I lost the thread of the thing about the second skein. What happened before this scene I wouldn't attempt to tell you. Walter Abel is an amnesia victim, Margot Grahame is befriending him and both of them think he has committed a crime. That much I remember and that is ALL. He jumps out of the window when he hears the police coming. The police is rep-



Margot Grahame and Wallace Ford. The piece is "Two in the Dark." Use your own judgment.

resented by Alan Hale and with him is a newspaper reporter (Mr. Ford).

"Miss Smith, eh?" Hale sneers at Margot. "Where's Adams?"

"Never heard of the man," she answers indifferently.

Hale glares at her once more and stamps out of the room. Wally hangs back a minute or two and the look he gives her! My dears, you never saw such a know-it-all look in your life.

Wally got sore last month because I told him he was getting fat. So he went on a diet and lost about fifteen pounds. But I'm taking no chances this month. "Hi, Slim," I greet him.

So now he thinks I'm sarcastic. That's life for you. Always being misunderstood. Maybe things'll be different at—

The Paramount Studio

AT PARAMOUNT my luck takes a decided turn for the better. "Give Us This Night" with Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura is on location and "Klondike Lou" featuring the one and only Mae West is closed up tighter than Caliente, so you'll have to contain yourself until next month when I'll break down and tell you all about these two. But don't give up. There's still—

Universal

MY LUCK still holds. There's only one picture shooting out here and that is "Next Time We Love." This one stars

Margaret Sullavan and features Ray Milland. I've been shouting for Ray ever since he played with Constance Bennett in "Bought" and now, at last, he has a decent part—I hope. Not only that but this picture is being directed by E. H. Griffith who is the best director of light comedy in the business. If you don't believe me ask Ann Harding, who hasn't had a success since he quit directing her.

The scene is a French restaurant and speakeasy in the year of Our Lord and



Margaret Sullavan looking beautiful in "Next Time We Love."

Volstead, 1927. Miss Sullavan is tastily attired in a beige coat and fox fur with a bunch of valley lilies on her shoulder. Mr. Milland, I'd have you know, is wearing gray morning trousers and a vest with an Oxford gray coat.

Goldarn it! I've lost my notes with the dialogue on it. Anyhow, it isn't a terribly important scene. Margaret is upset about something and Ray is trying to persuade her to telephone someone. I've forgotten if it's only her husband or maybe it's the man she's in love with or engaged to.

Be that as it may, Margaret smiles a little tremulously and says, "You don't think he'd mind?"

"Mind?" Ray parrots incredulously. And then he smiles. "Come on, I'll show you the 'phone booth."

I shake hands with Ray, wish him luck and tell Mr. Griffith I'm sure this picture will be as good as his other hit and then, while Margaret is in the 'phone booth, I skip over to—

United Artists

THERE'S only one picture going here too. It's "Strike Me Pink," starring Eddie Cantor. Helen Lowell runs the huge Dreamland Park, an amusement centre. Gamblers are trying to install crooked slot machines and have killed off three managers. She needs a new one—the script says and I say, "I'll say she does!" She visits her son (Gordon Jones) at college and finds Mr. Cantor (he and Joe E. Brown never grow too old to go to college) declaiming on the subject of his manly courage and domineering mentality. So Eddie is elected to be manager of Dreamland.

And from here on out it is just one long howl (Mr. Goldwyn hopes) with Cantor always just one step ahead of the gangsters among whom are Brian Donlevy, William Frawley, Ed Brophy, Jack LaRue, Charles Wilson and quite a few more.

At the end he and Parkyakarkus (his bodyguard) jump into the basket of a balloon to escape the gangsters and the balloon goes up! At the very end the basket tips and dumps them out. They fall into the net of some aerial trapezists. The

gangsters see where they're going to fall so they climb up into the net to wait for them. When Eddie and Parkya land in the net it bounces the gangsters out onto the ground and the cops and *Claribel* grab them. Sally Eilers plays *Claribel* (she who gets Eddie), and Ethel Merman is the vampire and Brian Donlevy is going to be the screen's next sensation. You saw him as Eddie Robinson's henchman in "Barbary Coast" and you'll see him again in "Mary Burns, Fugitive" and "It Happened in Hollywood." He's terrific!

Now, before I run completely out of adjectives and before this benign mood of mine turns acid, we'd better trot out to—

Warner Brothers

FIRST thing out here we find that "Backfire" with Lyle Talbot, Ross Alexander, Anita Kerry and Russell Hopton is on location. Manfully stifling our disappointment over missing Anita and Lyle, we mosey on to Stage 2 where we find James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak, Stuart Erwin, Craig Reynolds, Isabel Jewell, Henry Wadsworth and James Bush struggling with "Ceiling Zero."



"Ceiling Zero," an aviation picture from the successful play, with the old reliable team of James Cagney and Pat O'Brien.

Well, I wish you could see *this* set! I have seen more pretentious sets but never have I seen a more realistic one. It is the landing field of an airport. Sand has been thrown all over the stage. There are beacon lights and all the other accoutrements of a regular airdrome. On two sides of the stage are painted back-drops which carry out the perspective and they are so realistically done that until you get within ten feet of them you can't distinguish where the actual set ends and the painted part begins. The office, of course, is just as faithful to detail.

Only Jimmy, Pat, June Travis and Jimmy Bush are working in this next scene. And it's a long scene, too. Pat is in charge of the place. Stu Erwin, a war-time buddy, is one of the pilots. Jimmy is another war-time buddy and Pat has finally located him and given him a job. The first day he pretends illness so he can take out June (who is Henry Wadsworth's fiancé). Stu takes the run for Jimmy and gets lost in a fog. Naturally, Jimmy is plenty cut up. "Notify the State Police," Pat orders crisply.

Jimmy grabs the 'phone. "Hello. State Police Headquarters? Federal Air Lines, Newark. We've got a plane lost in the fog. If any of your stations hear it overhead, 'phone us at once. Right. Thanks." He hangs up the 'phone and turns to Pat. "Okay."

"Have all radio stations stand by," is Pat's next command.

Jimmy grabs the transmitter, tense and fast. "Newark calling all stations. Newark calling all stations. Plane nine, Clark pilot,

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circling over Newark in the fog. His radio is out. Discontinue all routine broadcasts. Report any contact with nine to Newark at once."

"Keep all beams open," Pat shouts. "If his radio should click, he might work any of them!"

Jimmy grabs the special telephone and dials a number. "Radio, Newark? Tex Clark in nine is in the fog with a sick radio set. Keep the Bellefonte, Albany, Washington and Camden beams open, will you? Thanks."

"Cut," orders Director Howard Hawks.

"Hi, pal," I greet Jimmy.

"Keep the Bellefonte, Albany, Washington and Camden beams open, will you?" Jimmy mutters.

"What the—" I begin.

"Keep the Bellefonte, Albany, Washington and Camden beams open, will you?" Jimmy repeats over and over again.

After fifteen minutes I can say it as well as he. "What the deuce is the matter with you?" I growl. "There's nothing tough about that line?"

"Oh, isn't there?" Jimmy sneers. "Let's hear you say it, wise guy."

So I say it.

"Faster," Jimmy yaps. "It's got no punch if you take a minute on each word."

I say it again as fast as I can.

"Faster," Jimmy bellows.

"I can't talk any faster than that. Can I help it if I don't run off at the mouth at the same rate of speed you do?"

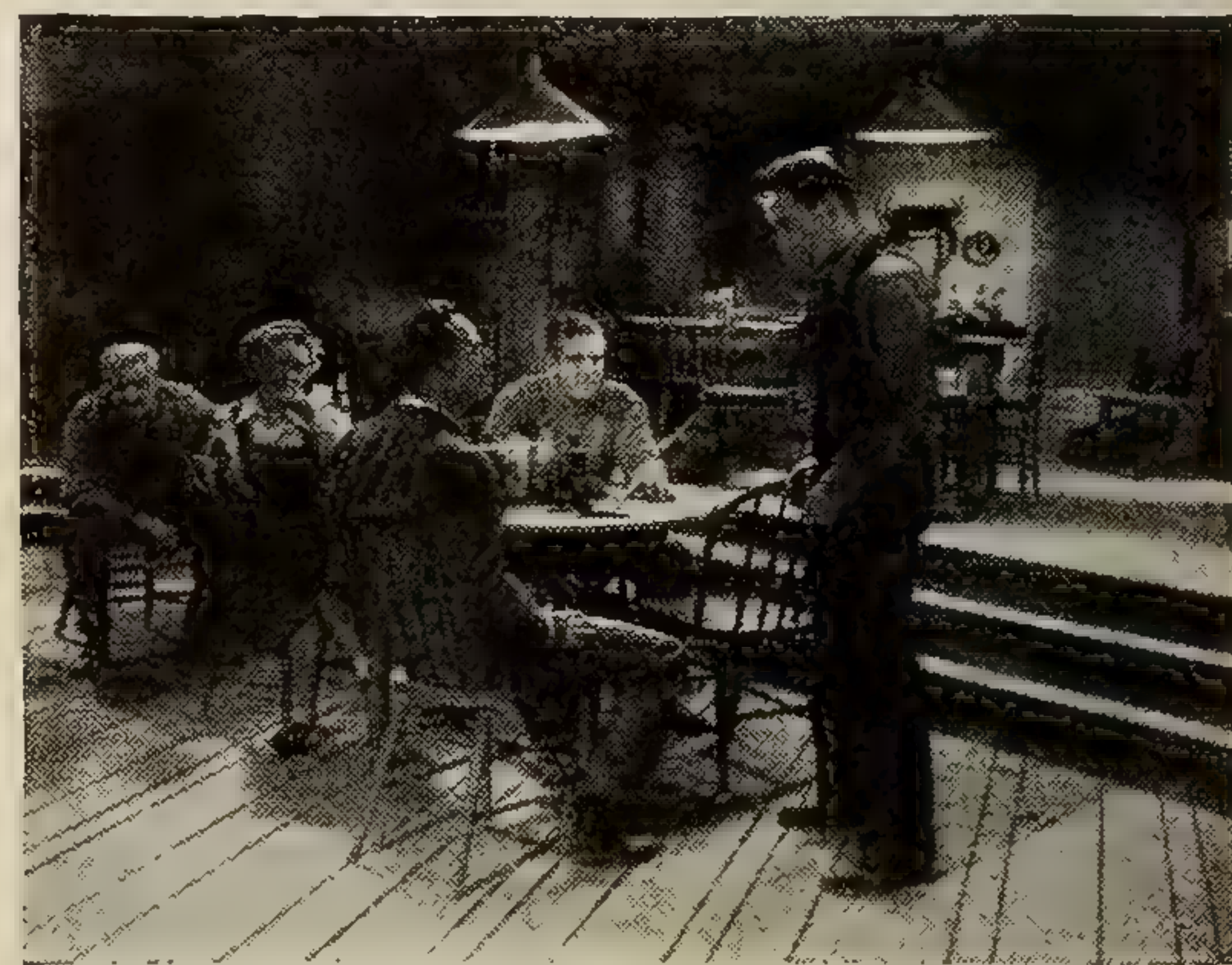
"Nuts," says Jimmy. "Keep the Bellefonte, Albany—"

When I leave Jimmy is still whispering, "Keep the Bellefonte, etc., etc."

And so we come to "Petrified Forest," which Leslie Howard played last year in New York and which was one of the outstanding hits of the season.

Like "Zero" the entire action takes place in one set. It is a service station and restaurant on the Arizona desert and the set is just as breath-taking as the other one. The desert waste has been so faithfully reproduced and the painted back-drops just as realistic. There are telephone poles with wires and I cannot tell where the real wires stop and the painted ones on the drop start.

Howard is a disillusioned writer, who, seeking reason for his existence, finds drama, excitement and justification in this spot. Here he finds *Jason Maple* (Porter Hall), his father, *Gramps* (Charles Grapevin), who has thousands of dollars in liberty bonds but won't give the money to his family, *Gabby* (Bette Davis), and *Boze Hertzlinger* (Dick Foran), an American college boy with a deep passion for Gabby. On the day Howard arrives, *Duke Mantee* (Humphrey Bogart) and his gang have massacred six persons in Oklahoma and are



"The Petrified Forest" reaches the screen after a successful New York run. Leslie Howard starring.

headed for the Petrified Forest. *Gabby* falls in love with Howard the minute she meets him. But he won't stay and when Genevieve Tobin and her husband (Paul Harvey) come by in their Rolls, he leaves with them.

Mantee and his gang stop them, steal their car and head back for the service station. Howard goes back to warn Bette and finds the gang has possession of the place.

Almost the whole cast is scattered about the interior of the Bar B Q place.

The sheriffs find them all right and there's po-lenty of killing but I, being a peace-loving soul, leave before the shooting starts.



Mervyn LeRoy is to direct "Anthony Adverse." Irv Cobb, appreciating his difficulties, said to Mervyn the other night, "If you can get 'Anthony Adverse' into ten reels you've got the man who wrote the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin, looking like a piker."

Fleeing from gangsters and shooting, what do you suppose I run into on the next set? Just a strike in some coal mines being operated by convicts. That's all. The picture is called "Road Gang" and Donald Woods and Kay Linaker have the leads.

Woods gets into trouble at the prison farm and is sent to the coal mines. He foments a strike and all the prisoners escape. Then he persuades them to return to the prison yard. This scene I see is just before the strike starts. The men are pushing a coal cart along the tracks, far underground. On it is the inert figure of a convict who has died from abuse and the foul air down there. There is no dialogue. And this set, too, is so realistic, with water trickling down the rocks, that it gives me the creeps and I'm glad enough to get on to the next set.

"Man Hunt," featuring William Gargan, Ricardo Cortez and Marguerite Churchill is next. The script on this one isn't completed yet but Gargan is a small-town newspaper man with ambitions to get to the big city. And Marguerite is his fiancé, a small-town girl who also wants to go to town in a big way. Just as they are about to leave on their GREAT ADVENTURE, a crook (Cortez, of course) comes to town. I think he's an escaped criminal and Gargan has gone back to his small-town paper, torn down the whole first sheet and got a scoop on the city reporters who are there to cover the case.

Mr. Gargan, whose part in this picture is the first decent one he's had in the year he's been under contract to Warner Brothers, and I swap a few jokes. But it's getting late and there is still one more picture.

There is quite a different atmosphere on this next set from all the killing, crashing and man-hunting we've been through. This one is called "Freshman Love." We find a college dance in progress, with palms, bowls of punch, orchestras playing and the diminutive George E. Stone whirling Mary Treen (a comely, red-haired lass who towers above him) about the floor.

"You just slay me, Biddy Boy," she simpers, Biddy being her pet name for Biddle, which is his right name.

"You influence me strangely, too," George informs her solemnly.



In "Freshman Love" George E. Stone goes comical with Mary Treen, a brand new girl.

And then I hear the most horrible sound. It's a cross between a hiss and a Bronx cheer. I look around apprehensively. It's directed at me, all right. Patricia Ellis is leering at me from the background. Sensitive soul that I am, I am too utterly crushed to go on. So I'll leave you to Pat, Georgie and Mary while I try to pull myself together so as to see you next month when, maybe, Miss Ellis won't be working—I hope!

GOOD-BYE CHAPPING - HELLO DIAMOND!

THIS COLD WEATHER HAS CHAPPED MY HANDS SO I'M ASHAMED TO HAVE JACK SEE THEM

KEEP YOUR GLOVES ON, WOMAN, AND MEET ME IN FIVE MINUTES IN THE DRESSING-ROOM



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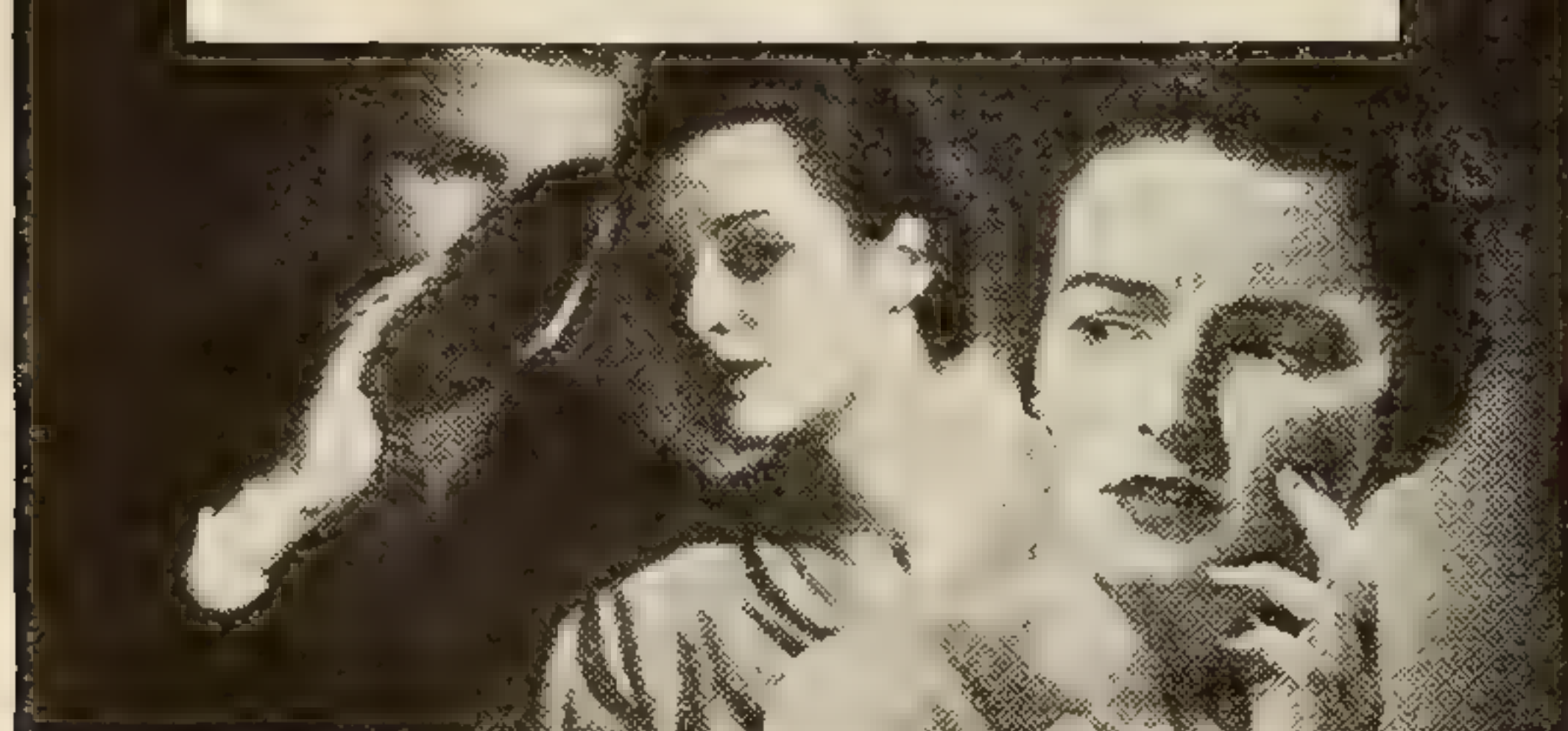
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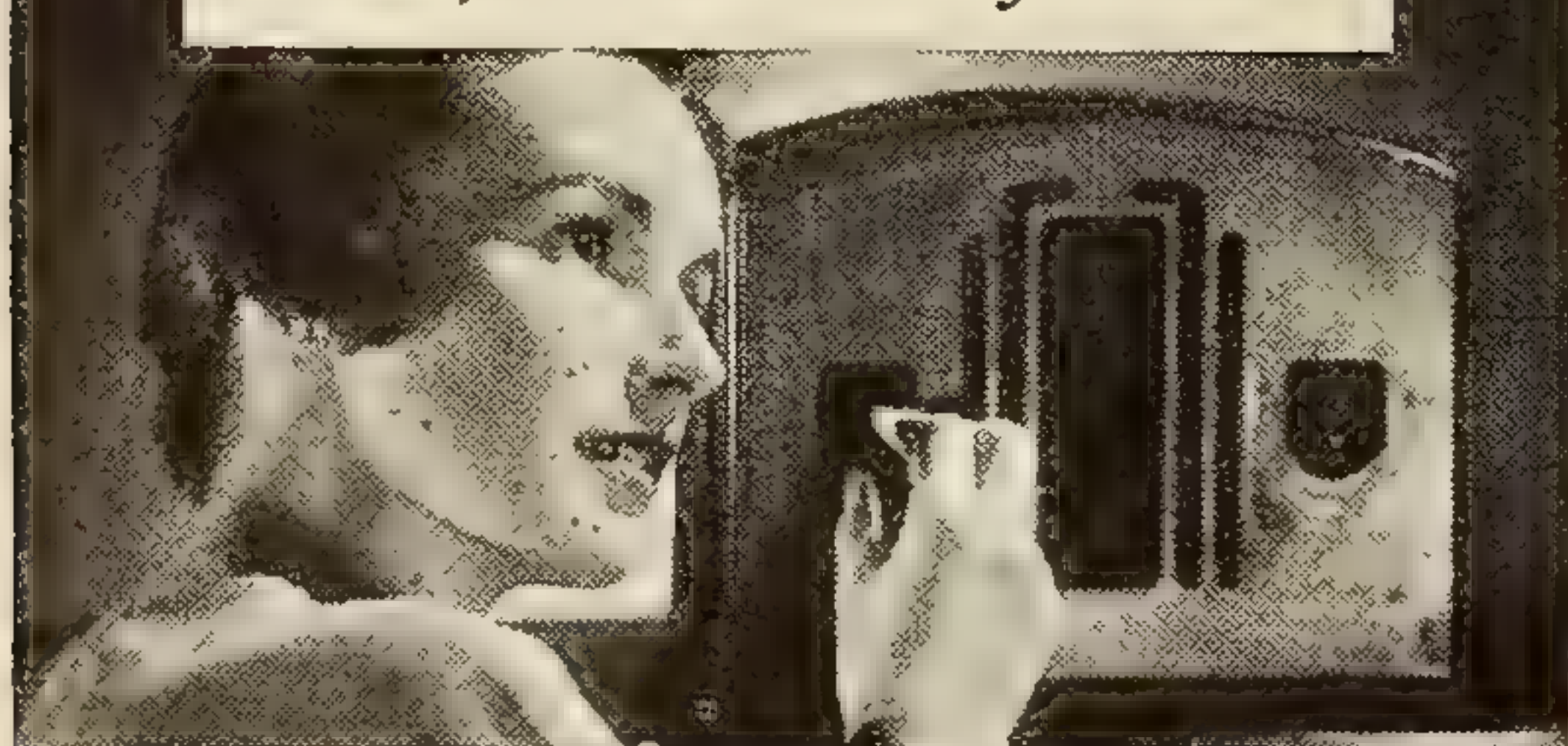
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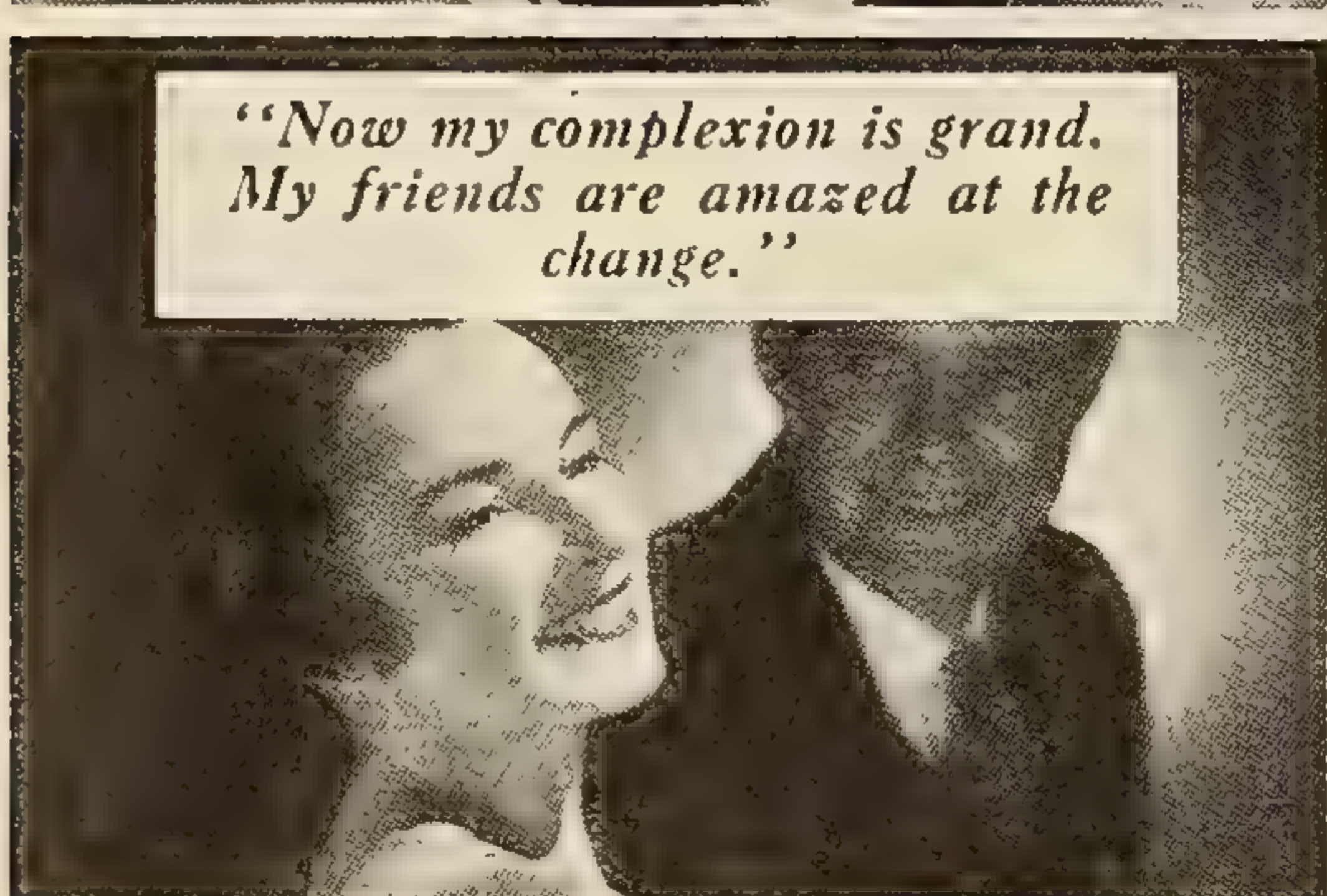
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The Man the Stars Fear

[Continued from page 19]

May Robson and George Arliss if he had a mind to.

Hal Mohr was the cameraman on "David Harum," starring Will Rogers, when Evelyn Venable was borrowed from Paramount and signed for the leading rôle opposite Mr. Rogers. Hal and Evelyn had never met, barely knew of each other's existence, until the first morning of the picture when Evelyn walked on the set. Hal took one look at her and snapped, "Your make-up is all wrong. Take it off. I'll show you how to make-up." The Venable pride came to the front. The nerve of the guy, "I wore this same make-up all the time I was at Paramount," she sneered. "Their cameramen are pretty good, I guess." Anyway, she changed the make-up.

Will Rogers sat nearby listening to their wrangle and after the fireworks were over he called them both over to him and introduced them, and gave them a little lecture on temperament. Their prize possession now is a large picture of Rogers autographed to them with "From the old match-maker—Will." The company had to go on location at Riverside and Hal, quite by accident to be sure, had to drive Evelyn home one night, and it wasn't long before they announced their engagement, with Will Rogers, of course, getting the credit. They married a year later and are now one of the happiest couples in Hollywood with Evelyn taking time out from the studios to have a baby. It was Hal Mohr who photographed the important "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Warners' latest sensation "Captain Blood," so you can see how he rates.

Claudette Colbert prefers to have her pictures photographed by Karl Struss or Victor Milnor and will always put up a big fight to get one of her favorites. Milnor photographed her in the DeMille pictures and made her the most tasty Cleopatra of all times. Karl Struss was a portrait painter in New York City when the movies were in their infancy. He came West and eventually got himself a job as DeMille's still man, and from there worked his way up to first cameraman. Every few years he wins a statue from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and every few months wins a cup in a golf tournament.

Karl is much in demand by the stars on the Paramount lot and has recently been the bone of contention in a Bing Crosby-Mae West spat. Karl was shooting Crosby in "Mississippi" when Mae got ready to start "Goin' to Town." Mae wanted Struss, and Mae usually gets what she wants. But so did Bing want Struss. However, Mae won out because Bing was given Charley Lang, who also is a swell cameraman and award winner. All was sweetness and light on the Paramount lot. And then hell broke loose. Mae was ready to start "Klondike Lou" and demanded Karl Struss. Karl was in the midst of shooting Bing in "Anything Goes," and this time Bing wouldn't give him up. The studio offered Mae every other cameraman on the lot but Mae was adamant. Finally, with production way over due, she said, "I'll take George Clemens." "Who is George Clemens?" the studio shouted.

"He's Karl's first assistant," snapped Mae. "But he's never shot first camera before," the studio gasped, "and this is one of the colossal pictures of the year."

"All the better," said Mae. "Just by associating with Karl Struss he probably knows more about the camera than any other photographer." And that's how cameramen are made.

Kay Francis prefers Sid Hickox for her



Wide World

Clara Bow, the former screen favorite, now Mrs. Rex Bell, and her baby son, Tony.

pictures. Connie Bennett always has Charles Rosher. Sylvia Sidney insists upon having Leon Shamroy. Carole Lombard won't play until she gets Ted Tetzlaff—and wasn't she beautifully photographed in "Hands Across the Table?" Comes Christmas and comes a very handsome present for Mr. Tetzlaff. Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins like Gregg Toland, and they like him so well that Sam Goldwyn, who has them under contract, recently signed a contract with Gregg at a salary, a tremendous salary no less, for four years without a break—two hundred and eight weeks! That's what Mr. Goldwyn thinks of Gregg Toland's ability to make his stars the most glamorous in pictures. In "The Dark Angel" Gregg transformed Merle Oberon from a rare exotic to a simple little English girl. Her eyebrows were permitted to grow naturally and only street lipstick was used. Mr. Goldwyn was very pleased.

George Folsey is Joan Crawford's favorite cameraman and on the set George and Joan are as thick as thieves. George started out as an accountant and was engaged to take an inventory of the studio camera department. He became so engrossed in the machinery that he forgot all about his inventory and a few years later became an important guy in the American Society of Cinematographers. Joan believes that George catches her personality on the screen better than any other photographer, and judging from Joan's glamorous pictures she is right. George watches over her like a mother with a baby, and he never shoots until everything is just right. A stand-in on the "I Live My Life" set told me that one morning after Joan had been up all the night before, trying to catch up on back schedule, she came to the stage with shadows under her eyes. George took one look and ordered her to get rested before he would turn a camera.

The handsomest cameraman, girls, is Charley Lang. And he really ought to be in pictures. Charley won the Academy award for photography on "Farewell to Arms" in 1933, and the talk of the town is that he will very likely win it this year for his "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." Charley was working his way through U. S. C. by spending afternoons in a film laboratory, but he got a chance to be an assistant cameraman so he quit college and went to shooting instead. Marlene Dietrich prefers Charley Lang. He has just finished shooting her in "Desire" and Marlene looks lovelier than ever, if possible.

Well, all I've got to say is it's nice work if you can get it.

One Buck—Not Inflated

[Continued from page 29]

whose exploits with snakes, lizards and other crawling things were the despair of his parents. His advent into the animal business came naturally enough. It all started because he made his first money catching coyotes in his native Texas. Coyotes were a considerable pest and the state offered a bounty of \$2.50 a head for them. This was easy money for the lad who had been collecting various insects, birds, animals, and the poisonous rattler since he was nine years old for his own private zoo in the back yard of his home. Later he moved to Chicago and went to work in a bank. With the money he saved from his job he financed a small expedition to South America for rare birds. He made two such trips and then decided that since work he must, he might as well do something he liked. There wasn't any thrill comparable to pitting one's energies against nature in the raw and making oneself the master. So Frank Buck set sail for the untracked jungles twenty-five years ago, when they were really untracked.

The story of his exploits would read like all the Horatio Alger books rolled into one. It throbs with the beat of native drums, and thrills with the clear beauty of the call of the Argus pheasant.

The experience which perhaps affected Buck, personally, most of all was the one with Lal Bahuda. He first saw Lal squatting before a cage of birds in Atol Accoli's bird bazaar in Calcutta. Alert, he had sprung to open the door of Buck's garry and then returned to his place before the cages. Accoli told him the boy had brought in some birds and was waiting until they were sold. Buck liked Lal and offered him work. This was the beginning of fifteen years of close association. Lal wasn't really a servant, he was a friend. He feared nothing, was modest and loyal with an affection for his Sahib second only to his devotion to his babies.

Lal made many trips to America with Buck, returning after a week or two to wait in India for the cable from Buck which would always find the faithful brown boy standing on the docks for his Sahib when he arrived.

On one of his expeditions Buck had two female elephants to deliver to Golden State Park in San Francisco. Since no one there knew how to take care of them Lal stayed on for a while to train a man for the job. He was put on the city pay roll at \$100.00 a month, more money than he had ever dreamed of. In India he had received about 15c a day. Buck went on to Chicago and New York.

Then Lal was taken ill. Buck returned to San Francisco and a very sick Lal, a Lal fighting to prevent his chutia from being cut off by the doctors and nurses, who did not understand that this three inch pencil-like tuft of hair on the crown of his head was the handle Vishnu, the Hindu god, would use to lift his soul into heaven.

Lal begged to go home to die where Vishnu could find him and he could see his babies once more. He had been eating cow meat in this strange land and sad indeed would be his lot unless he returned to India to get his caste mark.

Buck started back to India with him. Lal got steadily worse. In Hong Kong they refused to admit a native to the hospital. Buck was laughed at for his concern—the country was swarming with natives, why all this excitement about one.

In Manila a friend of Frank Buck's, thoroughly familiar with tropical diseases, operated on Lal for ulcers of the liver.

Soon Lal was well again but Buck left him behind on the next trip fearing he was



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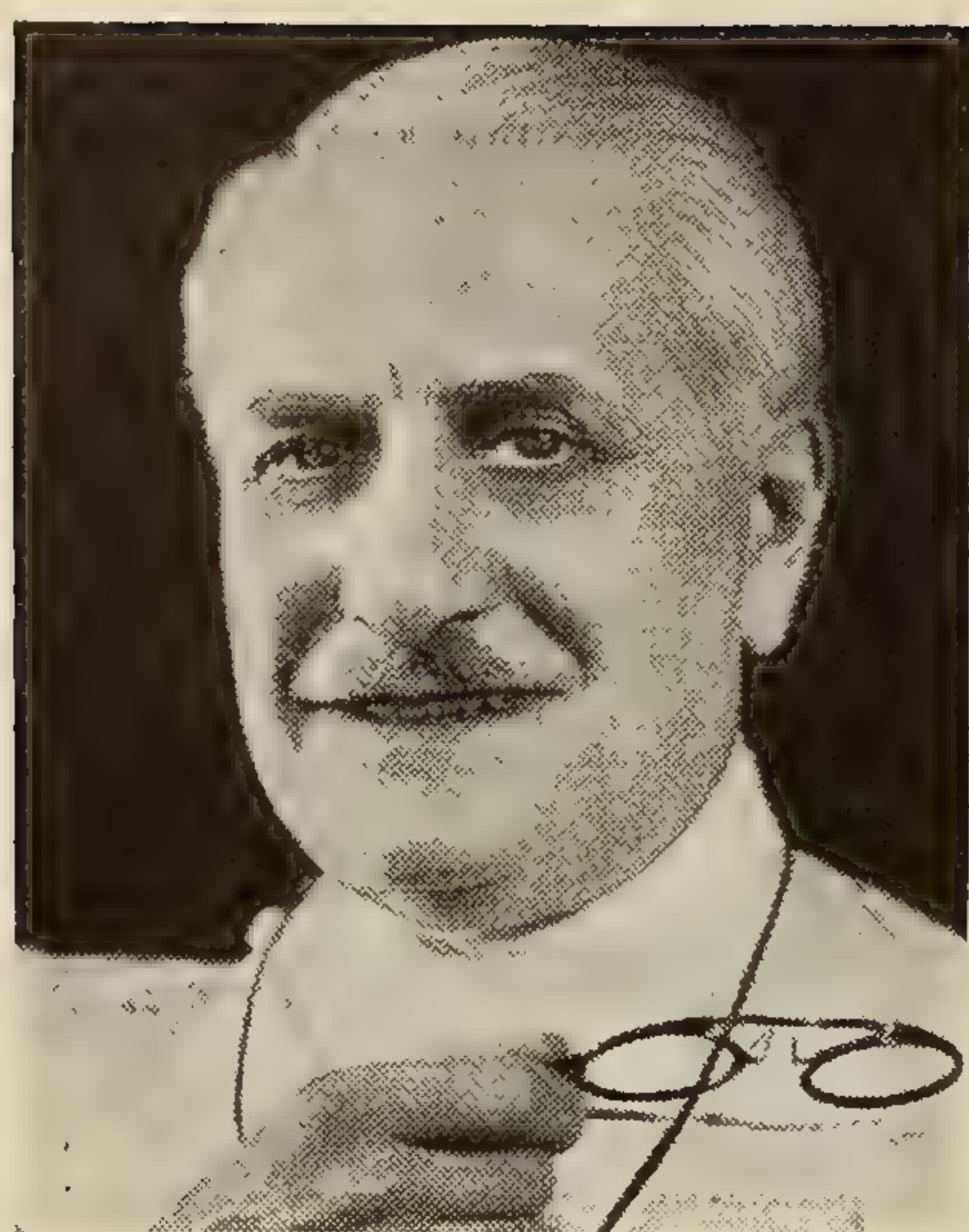
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too weak to go along. He told Lal he would cable him as usual and Lal promised to meet him. But when Buck came down the gang plank Lal wasn't there.

"He failed to meet me for the first time in fifteen years," said Buck. "I went to Accoli's and he told me Lal was dead. He had gone home to see his babies while I was away. One night he awoke to find his house on fire. After he got out he remembered that his wife and babies were in that blazing shack. Folding his arms across his chest he walked back in to burn with them.

"Somehow," Buck smiled strangely, "I can almost see him as he walked back into that burning house. Lal had real courage. I think he must have had this talent for bravery you spoke about."

Animals never do anything without a particular and very good reason, according to Buck, which is more than can be said of humans. But, although pretty much the same set of principals can be applied to the actions of animals of the same species and kind, every once in a while they spring a surprise on you which gives you something of a jolt.

"I remember, for example," explained Buck, "how a clouded leopard once fooled me completely and caused me considerable trouble by taking to a tree for safety instead of returning to her den.

"She was an exceptionally fine specimen and we had trailed her all day. Just at dusk—and the jungle night is something to be reckoned with, it descends so quickly—we lost her trail completely. I was about to give up and return to camp when Ali shouted excitedly:

"Tuan, loteng, loteng!"

"My eyes followed the brown finger pointing high up in the branches of a tree where I saw my marble cat, as the natives call these leopards, crouching. This was indeed a new experience, capturing a leopard from a tree. By now it was too late to get her down so I left some natives with torches to guard her all night. Next morning before dawn Ali and I returned with six boys, some 180 grain soft nosed bullets for my rifle and a net fifteen feet square made of pliable, steel wire. We spread this net under the tree with the leopard at least one hundred feet above us on a limb. And then I shot the limb from the tree. The leopard landed in the net which the boys drew around her and we returned triumphantly to camp bearing

our fighting leopard on carrying poles.

"I said animals never do anything without a reason. This leopard was no exception. She had recently had cubs and knew that returning to her den would expose them to capture. So she took to a tree. Later we found two cubs in a den hollowed out under a tree. When we got them to camp the mother calmed down and for the first time since her capture lay down beside her young and slept."

At the World's Fair in Chicago Buck exhibited the largest orang-utan in captivity, which he had captured in Sumatra. It had an arm spread of eight and a half feet. Baby oranges frequently grow up with native children and are playful and spoiled, all young animals are, but when full grown they are quite savage. This particular orang was trailed for hours before he took to a tree top from which he refused to budge. Buck tried shooting him down as he had the leopard, but the long arms would catch on another tree or limb and he would swing himself back to safety. After five days in a jungle lean-to Buck decided to take things into his own hands. A baited cage was hauled up into the tree and after a time the half starved orang came down to get food. Unable to reach it with his long arms he entered the trap, thus ending his freedom and Buck's suspense.

According to Buck, normal tigers seldom attack a human being. The man-eaters are perverted or depraved. Prevented by old age or injury from seeking their ordinary food, they develop an appetite for human flesh. Once they taste human blood they are never satisfied with any other kind. He believes the seledang to be one of the most vicious animals in the world. It is afraid of nothing. Buck brought the first specimens ever captured to this country but was unable to photograph them, since he captured them in the dark.

If you are going to hunt big game you must be a natural gambler, which does not mean you must take unnecessary chances. In his jungle camp Buck and his natives sleep in a cage of expanded metal, a wire mesh tough enough to withstand the fiercest attack. It is the only way they can be sure of staying alive. The jungle looks beautiful but behind the scenes a constant struggle for existence goes on, savage, wild, dangerous, rugged. Here, indeed, only the strong survive.



Wide World

Delmar Daves, the scenario writer, and Kay Francis, who are reported to have applied for a marriage license.

But not all of Buck's experiences are exhausting ones. There are many amusing episodes to his jungle day. The monkeys around the camp are always good for a laugh. If you have ever stood before a cage watching the antics of these almost human little creatures you understand why.

On Buck's last trip the party paused for lunch under a shady tree. They spread out their food, much of it wrapped in the large flat leaves of the banana plant to keep it fresh, and Buck sent one of his boys for some cocoanuts since water is seldom drunk in the jungle and then only after being boiled. In a moment the native returned crying:

"Tuan, ula bazar, ular bazar!"

"All of us," Buck continued, "followed the native to capture the 'big snake' which had so excited him, but when we got back there wasn't a scrap of food left." He grinned. "A horde of monkeys had eaten all of it. When they spied us they scampered to the limbs of the tree and from this chattered and laughed at us.

"Honey bears are always funny and cute. The golden gibbons fight and scrap among themselves while the langur monkeys look on like silent, solemn judges."

Amusing, too, is the manner in which he captures these white-spectacled langur monkeys, so called because of the white rings which encircle their eyes. A hole is made in a cocoanut and it is filled with rice. When the langur inserts his hand for the rice he finds he cannot get his fist out unless he lets go of the rice, and since this is something no monkey will ever do they are easily captured.

Buck once delivered a baby elephant to Singer's Midgets. He called her Mitzi. A year and a half later in San Francisco Singer invited him to see the show from the wings. On the opposite side of the stage Mitzi was waiting to go on when she spied Buck. Unmindful of stage etiquette she ran clear across the stage in her joy at seeing Buck whom she had instantly recognized and remembered.

One of the most laughable sights around the recent camp was a baby rhinoceros which Buck had captured from a Bengal tiger, after the latter had chewed off the rhino's ear. First aid was applied but unable to find in his kits bandages large enough to go around the rhino's head a white bed spread was used to bind up the wound.

"I brought back some rare antelope this trip—my first. For a short while after their capture I had them in a cage just large enough for them to stand in. Gradually I enlarged the cage, allowing them to become accustomed to each change. If I had put these antelope in a regular cage when I caught them they would have dashed about madly, broken their necks and legs. They must not, at first, have room in which to even turn around. I do this with all my animals."

Buck became camera conscious about four years ago when he was persuaded to make his first record of jungle life and hunting. Often some of his tiniest scenes take weeks of watchful waiting before they are shot, and enough film is used to make one of his pictures for seven of the Hollywood variety. He never leaves anything to chance in his work or takes unnecessary risks.

"The fellow who gets careless gets killed," he explained. "And I have no desire to go to Vishnu yet awhile. Often Ali thinks I am *gila habasa* but in the years he has served me he has finally come to realize that usually there is a well planned reason for even my maddest scheme. I've crossed the Pacific forty-two times and have been around the world ten times and I still have a few more trips up my sleeve."

Frank Buck is the man behind the circus and the song of the calliope. He is the shadowy keeper of the zoos of the nation.

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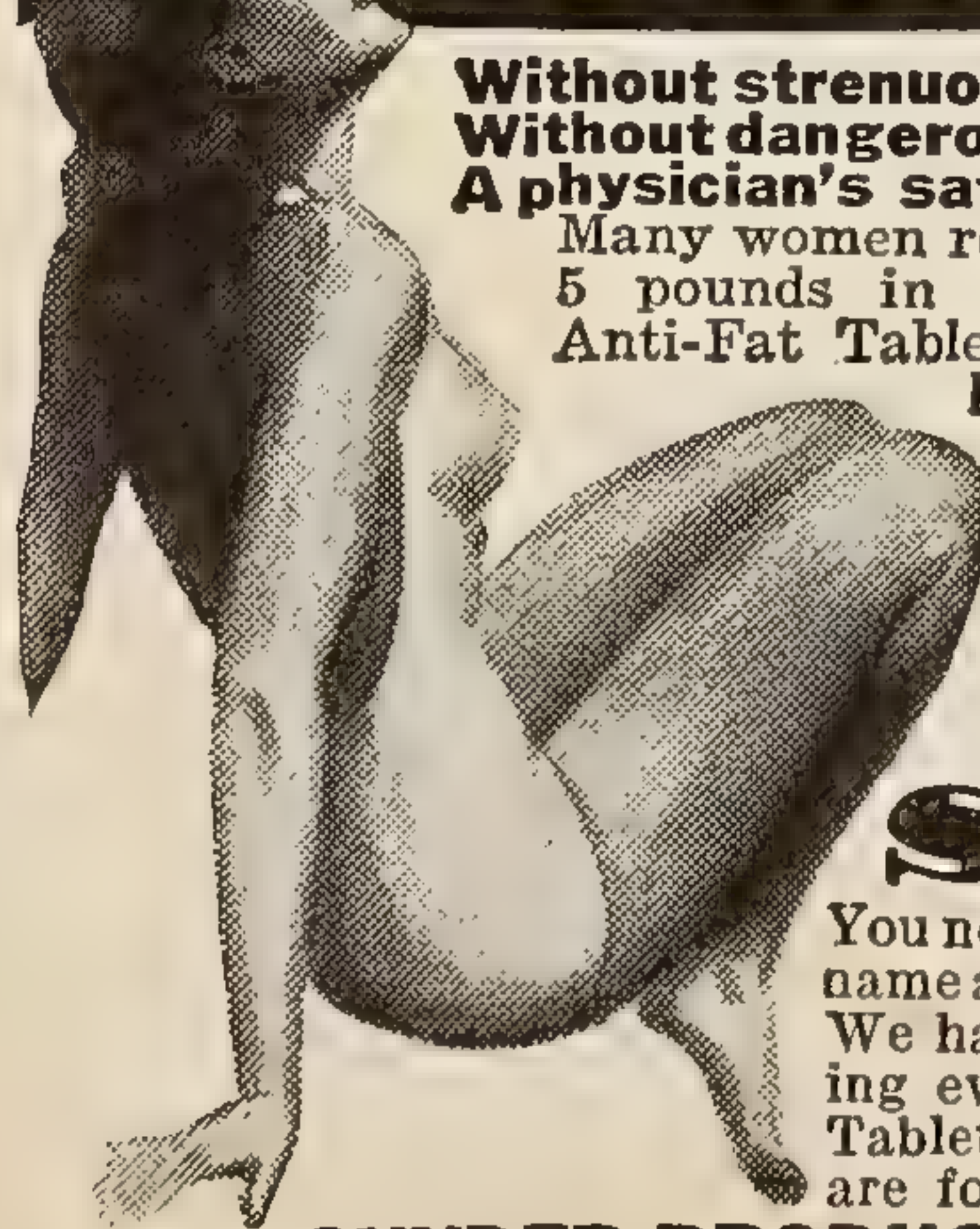
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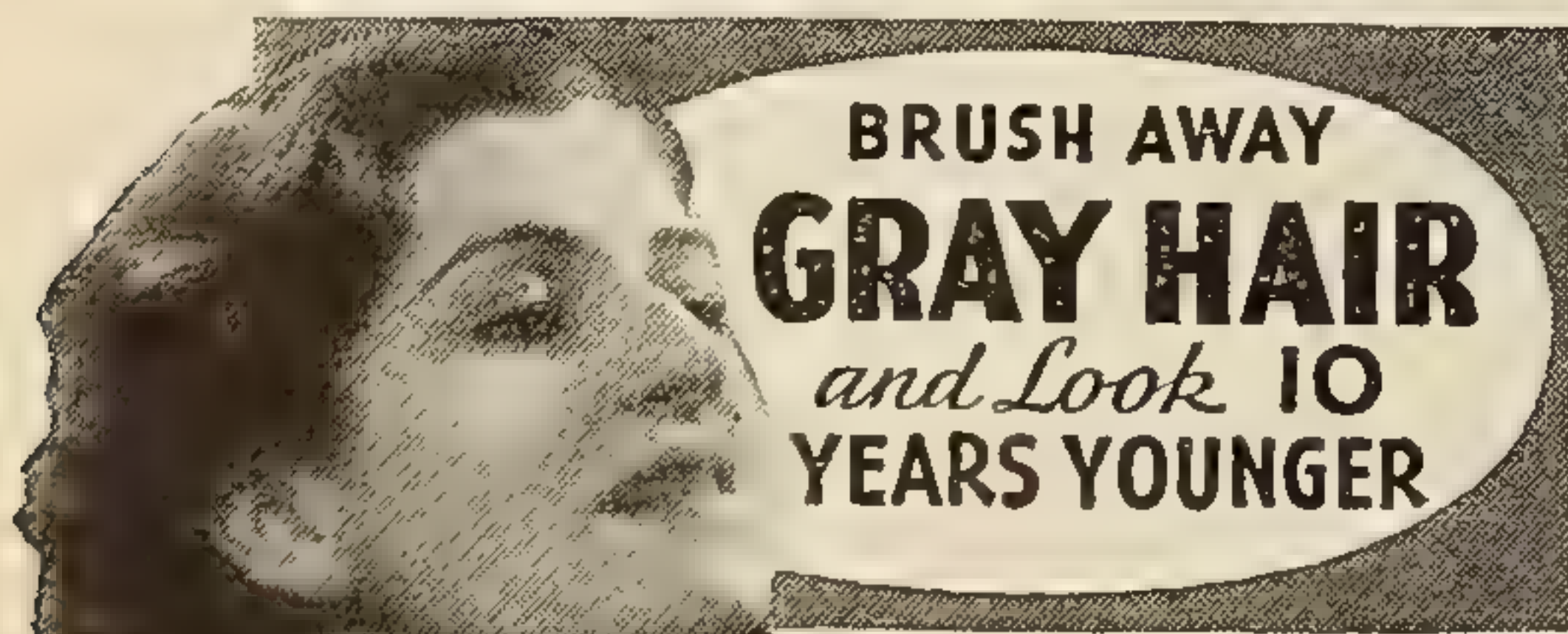
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Speed Crazy

[Continued from page 21]

is a speed fanatic. BUT, she adds, any person who realizes that he or she has no sense of speed should never drive a car under ANY circumstances.

"To curb this insensibility to motion, I have a set of rules for my chauffeur which he dares not violate if he wishes to keep his job. He may not go beyond a certain speed no matter what I say about being late and can't we go a trifle faster. And most vital of all to him or to anyone, I would say an emphatic NEVER DRIVE WHEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL."

She says many traffic accidents are caused by plain bad manners. "Too many drivers seem to shed every bit of common politeness and courtesy the minute they step into a car. They are always in the right line of traffic, always have the right of way—in their own opinion. I've seen women who were the epitome of good breeding at other times, get out in a car and 'hog' the road and make turns without signalling. They seem to think it's always ladies first when they are driving. And I have seen many drivers dash through an intersection without looking to the right or left. In traffic fatalities, death is no respecter of right or wrong. The innocent are victims as often as the guilty, and this right-of-way business is not much more than a figure of speech."

Glenda Farrell takes up the banner for the woman driver and sees red when the man with her remarks, in disgust at a breach of traffic manners, "You might know it was a woman driving." She says there are as many bad drivers among men as among women. Glenda herself drives excellently, which means she is considerate. She handles a car with a steady easy hand—but she doesn't take any more curves at forty miles an hour. The reason is this: "We were driving through Laurel Canyon one night on the way to a preview—a little late, as usual. Just as we rounded a blind curve at a good clip, we struck a wide wet spot in the narrow road. The car skidded clear to the opposite side, and if another car had been passing at that moment, Tommy Farrell would be an orphan, and this by-line a name on a tombstone."

You have had close shaves like that yourself. But the important thing is, have you learned anything from them?

John Boles drives himself around in a small car of popular make, and he is a fine driver. He believes many accidents could be averted if car-owners would be certain every mechanical detail is in perfect working order, especially lights and brakes. "At night, the number of cars on the road with one light is positively alarming. The man in such a car may be driving carefully, but the odds are against him," John says.

"A dangerous habit I see in frequent practise is getting out of the driver's seat into the street, especially a narrow street with cars parked closely on both sides, and just room to get through the center. There are many such streets in Hollywood and other towns. I will have to admit women are the worst offenders in this respect. They do not like to slide across to the other side and disarrange their clothes. Often they open the car-door into the street and get out backward, since to turn facing the street usually means displaying a length of limb. Well, legs are no particular treat nowadays, anyway, and they might better show the leg than lose it. It is a fact that too many drivers cut up side streets to save time, and do not drive as cautiously in them as on the open boulevards.

"This is not intended as a criticism of women drivers. The woman who is a good driver is apt to be more cautious than a

man. Often she has her children in the car, and she is taking no chances.

"It is my opinion that the overly cautious driver who pauses at the wrong time is as dangerous as the too-confident driver."

Adrienne Ames has never driven a car since her sister, Linda McClure, was killed in a shocking automobile accident—she was on her way to a Stanford football game in a carefree happy group.

Binnie Barnes tells me that one of the first novels she ever read was "Woman With a Fan"—the story of a woman who was hideously scarred in a motor accident, and went through the rest of her life holding a fan before her face. Binnie has never been able to bring herself to drive a car, this early impression is so vivid in her mind, and employs a very cautious chauffeur.

Otto Kruger says the most thoughtful parents have a way of allowing small children to stand on the car-seat. His own Ottilie, when she was four, rode with him one day standing alongside on the front seat. Reaching out her little foot, she playfully kicked the door-handle. By some miracle, Kruger caught the back of her dress before she fell all the way out. It taught him a drastic lesson.

A remarkable change of attitude toward law-infringement is more and more apparent in this town. Stars no longer boast of how many tickets they have rated. I have heard a young woman, who was quite sane and cautious in other respects, say airily, "I got six tickets last week, I must see about getting them fixed." That was a year ago. She would be ashamed to admit such a thing now—and further than that, she would have a tough time to get any ticket fixed at this time, or at any time in the future, one hopes. Traffic and motor officers in and around Hollywood no longer make exceptions of stars when they break laws.

Since we know tragedy has to be near in order to be felt, the stars have had painful evidence that those in their midst can be just as pitifully maimed (Gertrude Michael, Mary Blackford, Ruth Jones, of whom Bette Davis was speaking, and others), and just as helpless in the shocking finality of death, as any other people.

It is no longer a matter of pride to relate how quickly one drove into town from Palm Springs or Malibu, and how many motor cops were eluded, and it is not smart any more. No one does it except a speed-crazed fool, and he will get lifted eyebrows and disapproving glances if he tells of it.

The stars are doing their part to cut down the hideous mortality resulting from accidents—and they implore you to do the same.



Wide World
Evelyn Venable (Mrs. Hal Mohr)
and her new baby girl, Dolores
Venable Mohr.

Off to the Desert

[Continued from page 23]

around and they assure me that there's nothing like the desert when you yearn to be alone. The ever-changing color of the mountains which loom on the horizon is bound to stir you indescribably. As you look out on those magnificent distances all your petty griefs seem to assume their proper insignificant nooks in your mind.

It's the rage now to build your own desert home. That splendid character actor, Reginald Owen, has completed one of the nicest houses at the Springs. He had the adobe bricks made right there and the timber was hauled from the adjacent hills. The Ralph Bellamy bungalow is nearly done. Meanwhile, Ralph and Mrs. B. have been bunking with the Charlie Farrells in the spare bedroom. The Paul Lukases and the Charlie Butterworths own fashionably designed homes near the center of the village. The Marx Brothers and Louise Fazenda are "renters." Can you fancy all of the Marx boys in one establishment? They can afford to spread out, but they want to relax in unison. I suppose in case one concocts a neat gag they can try it out on the wives! Louise, who's my favorite movie personality because she's as interesting as she is funny, believes the Palm Springs air is just the correct thing for a growing boy. So she keeps her three-year-old son there as much as she can.

If you can't steer a horse you're a positive flop in the desert. Freddie Bartholomew told me so, and that's why I can be arbitrary about it. He confides that Jeanette MacDonald possesses the finest saddle technique. Freddie's aunt doesn't take him to the Springs, but to the equally exclusive Deep Well Ranch some miles away. There he may help the cowboys ready the horses for the morning canters if he's exceptionally good. While proudly participating in this manual labor, Freddie's also learning to lasso in true Western manner. He may be a starched Little Lord Fauntleroy in his newest flicker, but in private life he's yipping and twirling a rope with startling abandon.

This same secluded dude ranch appeals to heart-throb Robert Taylor. Bob scrams there on all of his rare days off. He sheds his Hollywood wardrobe for old cords and a gray sweatshirt and he's out on his horse with some abandon himself. That terribly attractive brunette he's goofy over manages to visit the desert occasionally. But the Taylor-Irene Hervey marriage is destined to be an event of years hence, if it ever materializes. His studio won't let him go husbandly just when they're building him into a second Gable.

You've heard of the club of the moment, haven't you? It's the Racquet Club, personally run by Ralph Bellamy and Charlie Farrell, and it's a couple of miles down a dusty road from the Springs proper. Last winter these two stars had a hunch. They'd pioneered in the desert, so far as Hollywood is concerned, and they realized that tennis courts would be a godsend to the glamour gang on the loose. So they built two and soon found themselves with a money-making setup. This past fall they added two more excellent courts, and then a small clubhouse and a pool and locker-rooms.

They charge \$100 for a season's membership and those who belong can extend guest courtesies at the rate of \$10 a week. Not precisely cheap, but then I told you there's nothing cut-price about the desert. This month every movie name with a flair for congenial, healthy capering has plunked

the seasonal fee into the hands of one or the other of the handsome managers. The unique feature of the building is a bamboo cocktail bar. Did I proclaim we were too tired to sip tall cool ones? Well, I meant—practically!

I shouldn't forget to credit Mrs. B. and Mrs. F. (who was famous herself as Virginia Valli, remember?) for they've proved very competent assistants. After all, Ralph and Charlie have careers to handle, too. So some of the details of their astute development are carried out by their willing wives. For instance, the two women shopped for all the interior furnishings and personally made all the nifty drapes, couch covers, and cushions. There's more fun being canny when the housekeepers at home are keeping the wheels rolling!

The whole desert shuts up in the summer when the heat's too intense, but nevertheless Palm Springs has a regular mayor. And Clara Bow and Rex Bell are his pets. The Bow-Bells and infant son are to be discovered at Mayor Chuck Morrison's mansion whenever you drop over to register an official request. By the by, Clara's curvaceous now. She hasn't abandoned her acting, but until she's actually going to work she's off the stringent diet which bugbears nine out of ten screen lovelies. Clara's accepting two heaping helpings of everything and is happily roly-poly. Rex declares there's no need for them going to the Springs when they have hundreds of acres of their own desert in Nevada. But Clara wants to see her old Hollywood pals and they're glad to have her frolicking with them again.

Ronald Colman is another who is a house-guest when he drives over the mountains to the warm, unperturbed valleys. He stays with an architect friend who has a ranch far from the general mecca. Ronnie invited Brian Aherne along on his latest trip and the solitude appealed to the elusive new rave, too. Isn't it strange that such extremely eligible bachelors like to be so aloof? For that matter, Myrna Loy's the same way when she goes to the desert. She's gracious, but she fades out from the town movie with a thoroughness that's provoking—if you want to be certain just what everyone's doing.

You have no trouble locating Grace Moore at director Edmund Goulding's house, nor the Warner Baxters, the Fredric Marches, and Virginia Bruce at one of the hotels.

David Manners is so crazy about the desert that he has his permanent home in a hacienda settlement some ten miles beyond Victorville. This is a tiny village where they used to take a lot of those rip-roaring Westerns, and you cross the San Bernardino mountains to reach it. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone think David's trackless view is so gorgeous that they'll be spending their free time in an adjoining house this month, instead of joining the parade at Palm Springs.

Should you be tempted to visit the Springs this merry month of January, let me put you wise to two facts. Don't be hectic if your front porch roof blows off. The wind's apt to swish those palm fronds they fasten to the rafters. But many's the notable who nonchalantly chases his roofing after a hefty breeze. And, also, try and wake up earlier than those Injuns who collect a quarter from every sightseer who's curious about the reservation at the east end of the village.



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GARFIELD TEA

"Follow the Fleet"

[Continued from page 27]

laughed. "We've been in the dance contest," she explained to Bat, "and didn't even know it."

"This isn't the right kind of place for Miss Martin," Bat told Weber with an air of importance, "she's used to working in nicer atmosphere. You see, I'm her new manager."

"Oh yeah?" Weber said furiously, "then go manage her elsewhere. Get your check in the morning, Miss Martin."

Speechless with anger, Sherry turned blazing eyes on Bat.

"Sherry, I did that purposely," Bat said, meek as a henpecked husband, "I don't want you working here. I'm going to take you to my old pal Jim Nolan and get him to put you into one of his shows. Leave everything to me, Toots." And Sherry was forced to smile back into Bat's tender eyes.

Back in the apartment which the two girls shared, Bilge Smith was enjoying a midnight supper which a deliriously happy Connie had prepared for him.

"Bilge," she said almost pleadingly, "I've got to tell you the truth. You remember that homely girl who dragged you into the dance hall tonight? Well, that was me."

"You?" asked Bilge in amazement, "what was the getup for?"

"That was no getup. That was the way I used to dress. Bilge," a wistful note crept into her voice, "how long will you be here?"

"Don't know. Maybe a day. Maybe a week." He took a big bite of his sandwich, waited until he had swallowed it and continued, "Boy I'd like to leave the gob business and become an officer. Maybe some day I'll have a ship of my own."

A radiant smile crossed Connie's face as a thought struck her. "Bilge," she said, "I've got a ship. It was my Dad's which ran aground. I've a model of it—see?" She pointed to the mantelpiece.

Bilge looked at it eagerly. "Gee, that's a swell boat. I wouldn't mind sailing a ship like that."

"I've always wanted to float her again," Connie said thoughtfully, "and sail on her with my husband at the helm."

At the word "husband," Bilge became a trifle seasick.

"It's late, Connie," he said almost brusquely, "I've got to go." He took up his hat but couldn't resist the temptation to take the sweet girl in his arms again. Once more, he thought. Then the bell rang sharply. Connie withdrew from his embrace reluctantly and went to admit Iris Manning, a rich and attractive divorcee, and a friend of Sherry's.

Connie introduced them and added, "Mr. Smith is just leaving."

"So am I," Iris said, looking Bilge over, "I thought Sherry was home. Maybe I can drop you off somewhere?"

"Maybe you can," Bilge's voice was almost too eager. "Goodbye Connie." He took Connie in his arms in one last crushing embrace, then abruptly left her, starry-eyed and happy. She did not realize, then, that Iris Manning, too, liked this fellow Bilge Smith.

When they had left, she sat down on a couch thinking of a glorious future with Bilge by her side. So rapt in ecstatic thought was she that she did not hear Sherry's key in the lock. It was only after Sherry had barged into the room with a cheery "hi, there," that she realized her sister was home.

"I'm so tickled," Sherry crowed, "Bat and I have made up and he's getting me a job with Nolan. Isn't it wonderful, sis?"

"It is," smiled Connie. Her own hap-

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pininess complete, she could share her sister's. Suddenly she heard the loud tooting of horns. She ran to the window and a cry of pain came from her unconsciously. The fleet was leaving. The boys had gotten their sailing orders without warning.

"The dirty . . . double-crossing . . .," said Sherry, and she sobbed as though her heart would break.

In a few months' time, Connie's boat was salvaged. She had paid a thousand dollars on account and the remaining seven hundred she had promised to raise somehow. Dazed with happiness, she inspected its clean decks, and Sherry, coming in to see how things were going, smiled in sympathy.

"The great day is dawning," Sherry said. "Yes," said Connie thinking of Bilge, "the fleet's in again."

"I didn't mean that," Sherry said hastily, "Nolan is giving me an audition tomorrow. I want to show that Bat person I can get along without him."

Connie laughed deliciously. Later, back in her apartment, she hummed a gay tune as she prepared an elaborate supper for Bilge and made herself beautiful for him. When she was finished, she sat and waited for him. But hours passed and Bilge did not come. Poor Connie did not know he had gone directly to Iris Manning's house.

The next day Sherry went up to Nolan for an audition. When told to do her number, she danced to "Let Yourself Go."

"That's very nice," said Nolan, "now please sing for us."

Bat, too, had come in to see Nolan. When told Nolan was busy, he sat down and waited. The door opened and Nolan's assistant came out.

"She's a great little dancer," he said to a stenographer, "if she can sing, we've got a grand bet."

Bat listened and a worried look came over his face. Sherry must have a competitor, he thought with a groan.

"Better get a contract ready because Nolan will be yelling for one if she's good. I'll take in a glass of water for the young lady. She says she's thirsty."

He opened the drawer to get the contract form and Bat's sharp eyes noticed a box of bicarbonate of soda inside. Unobserved, he took one of the paper cups, put the soda in it, and the cup in a prominent place. The assistant took the cup, filled it with water and brought it to Sherry, who thanked him and drank it eagerly.

"All right, go ahead," said Nolan.

She started to sing, then stopped abruptly as a queer sensation passed through her stomach. Nervously she brought her handkerchief to her mouth. She felt so sick, sicker than she had ever felt before. Oh, what was the matter with her? With a dry sob, she ran from the stage. Perhaps if she lay down a bit—

"Too bad, Miss Martin, but I'm afraid we can't wait for you." And the chance of a lifetime had come and gone!

If Connie's heart was broken and Sherry's hopes were blasted, it was no business of Iris Manning's. The fleet was in and she would celebrate by giving a party in its honor. As she moved among her guests, she nodded to Sherry and asked her how she was.

"Not well," said Sherry, "in fact Connie has to sing for me tonight. I've been taking bicarbonate of soda all afternoon, but it doesn't help. But there's Connie—all ready."

Connie, no longer in her bespeckled teacher's gown, but beautifully dressed, with her hair attractively wound about her head in thick braids, stood poised where all on board could see her. Her voice trembled with emotion as she sang, and though she smiled upon her audience, everyone felt that Connie's whole heart was singing to someone a sincere message of love.

At its conclusion, Connie's face lit up with sudden joy as she saw Bilge and Bat

enter together. Deaf to the plaudits of her audience, she went in search of Bilge. She had so much to say to him; she would tell him about the boat, first of all. Finally she found Bat on the terrace, wandering about.

"Bat!"

He turned swiftly. "Why—er, hello. Connie Martin, isn't it?"

"Yes. You're back," she said eagerly. "Where is Bilge?"

"Why—er, he's here somewhere." Bat moved along without seeing the look of pain that crossed Connie's face. All the joy had suddenly been drained from her life. Bilge had not looked her up. Tears came to her eyes, but she must not lose control of her emotions. Not here. At home alone, she would have her cry. She stumbled toward the doorway and stopped suddenly. Iris stood there with a man's arm around her waist. Before she saw his face, she knew that it was Bilge. With a heartbreaking little sob, she left them quite alone.

On the way out she bumped into Bat, but she didn't even see him.

He looked after her wonderingly, but when he saw Sherry he forgot about Connie.

"Hello Sherry," he said swooping down on her like an eagle, "I want to explain to you about Jim Nolan. I was there this afternoon and fixed things up for you. It wasn't easy, either. There was a girl there he was about to sign. I heard she was going to sing and I put some bicarbonate of soda in her water."

"You did—what?" Sherry asked, her voice crackling with fury and her eyes emitting sparks, "Bat Baker, I'll get even with you if it takes me the rest of my life."

The next day a repentant and humble Bat went to Sherry's apartment to beg forgiveness and explain his actions of the day before. He found her crying as though her heart must break.

"Gosh," he said, "I didn't know you took this so seriously."

"It's not about you, smarty. It's Connie. She's going back to Bellport. Like a sap, she fell in love with a sailor named Smith—Bilge Smith."

"Bilge Smith? Gee, he's my shipmate. He's stuck on that Manning jane, that's the trouble with him."

"Yes," said Sherry, "and that's not all. Connie owes the sum of seven hundred dollars on her ship. If she hasn't got the money by Saturday, she loses the boat."

"No kidding," Bat said soberly. Then his face lit up like a Neon sign at night, "I think I've got a way to get that money."

Bat's plan was soon put into effect. In a short time the boat was in the process of being transformed into a floating theatre. Sherry and a group of girls who had volunteered, their services walked past the band which Bat was enthusiastically leading. Connie went about in a glorified daze giving orders.

"Come on fellows," Bat yelled, "put some pep into this new number. I'm putting all my eggs in one basket—I'm betting everything I've got on you."

After the rehearsal, Bat went back to his ship to find Bilge, who was in an affable mood.

"I hear you're putting a show on for the Martin girls," Bilge said casually.

"Yeah," Bat's eyes narrowed, "by the way, what are your plans for tonight?"

"I've got a date with Mrs. Manning at ten o'clock."

"Oh yeah?" Bat decided to fix that Manning dame once and for all. With deadly precision, he took a sheet of paper and inserted it into his typewriter.

Scene 1: (typed Bat) Iris enters from bedroom dressed in negligee and greets . . .

He went on typing furiously hoping his plan would work.

That night he paid a social call on Iris.



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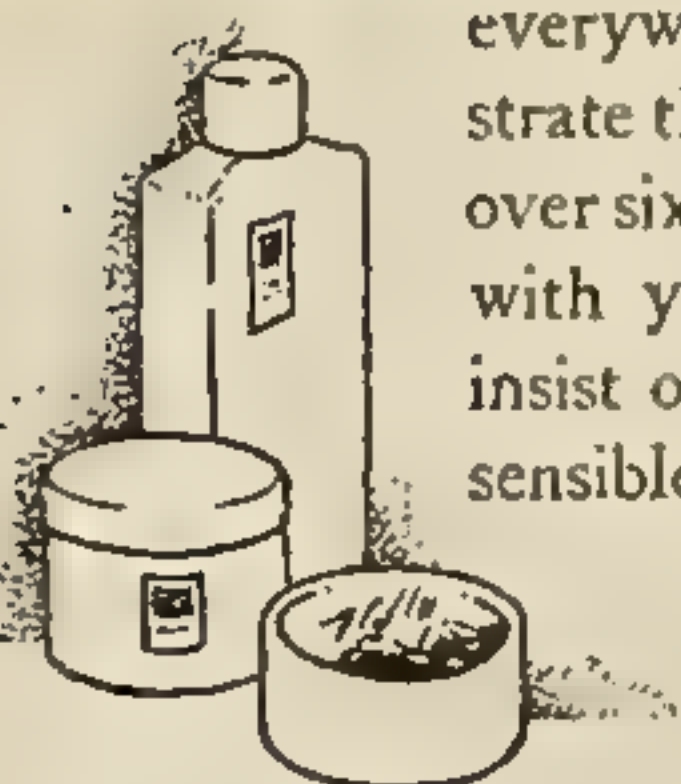
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"I'm happy to see you again," she said graciously, "thank you for asking me to join your show. It's rather short order to learn my part by tomorrow night but I think I'll know it quite well."

"I want to run through it with you," said Bat, "since we haven't much time."

"But Mr. Smith, who plays the third role, isn't here yet."

"He'll be here," Bat said dryly.

"I'm supposed to be in negligee, aren't I?" Iris asked.

"Yes," Bat said, "that's very important to the scene."

As she left the room to slip into a negligee, Bat looked anxiously at the clock, then there was a discreet knock on the door and the butler admitted Bilge.

"What's this?" he asked angrily when he saw Bat.

"Mrs. Manning and I have developed a close friendship," Bat answered airily, and most significantly.

"I don't believe it."

"Okay, Bilge," you wait out there and I'll prove it to you."

From his vantage point on the patio, Bilge watched the proceedings within in shocked surprise. He saw Iris come out of her room in a negligee. He heard them speaking together in soft, dulcet tones. He saw Bat take Iris in his arms. Then Bat gave him the high sign and he stalked in angrily.

Iris looked at Bat. This wasn't in the script but Bat nodded and suggested her cue.

"How dare you enter like this," Iris stormed at Bilge. "I was only playing with you and you fell for it. Do I have to ring or will you leave?"

"I'll leave," Bilge said taking up his hat. He strode to the door and slammed it behind him.

"I was a little confused because Bilge fumbled his lines," Iris said.

With Iris out of the way, Bat could turn his attention to the show. The gala night found everything in readiness. Behind the scenes, hectic preparations were going on. Everything was ready, except that Bat had not yet come.

"If he doesn't come we'll have to return the admission," Connie said frantically, "and we've got enough to pay for the ship."

At that very moment, Bat was pleading with Bilge to let him go on land.

"Orders for your liberty have been cancelled."

"You did this to get even with me for last night," Bat groaned. He made for the gangplank.

"Hey, come back here!" Bilge grabbed hold of Bat. Together they wrestled and it looked bad for Bat. But he managed to get one hand free and with all his might, struck a mean right to Bilge's jaw. Bilge, taken by surprise, was literally floored. Looking around first, Bat rose, got hold of a rope and swung himself into the water. Swimming easily, he reached the pier and hailed a taxi.

Back on Connie's boat, everyone was enjoying a nervous breakdown, when Bat finally arrived and made for his dressing room. The show could go on!

In the meantime, Bilge had recovered and had come to arrest Bat.

"What's the matter?" Connie asked fearfully.

"I came for Bat. He skipped ship." Bilge looked at Connie tenderly. A sweet kid, he thought. "Gee, can't we just start again like we did at the beginning?" he asked and Connie's reply was a burst of tears as she ran out of the room.

"You here? I guess I didn't hit you hard enough," Bat said coming out of his dressing room.

"Yeah. I'm here. Come along, little boy."

"Listen, stupid. Do you know why this

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show is being given? Well it's to help Connie pay off this ship. She salvaged it for you, you dope." Bat gave Bilge time to digest this tidbit and went out for his opening number.

Sherry met him and they danced together amid the wild applause of the audience.

After the dance they found Connie and Bilge in the wings.

"Thanks pal," Bilge said, "you aren't quite the heel I thought."

"Come on," said Sherry grabbing Bat's arm, "they want an encore and we'd better be good because Nolan's here and he's got

a contract with him.

Bilge turned to Connie and a rueful smile played about his mouth. "What do you say we sail to all those spiggoty places with your husband at the helm?" he asked, putting his finger under her chin and stooping to kiss her up-turned mouth.

"I'd love it," she answered simply.

Outside the orchestra was playing "I'm putting all my eggs in one basket" but Sherry and Bat weren't listening. They were in each other's arms.

"I'm betting everything I have on you," whispered Bat.

A DELIGHTFUL feature of Silver Screen for March (on sale February 7) will be a fictionization of one of the most important pictures of the month.

She Has Everything [Continued from page 51]

game of skill in the place—she threw darts at balloons, she threw balls in slots and made her horse win, she threw rings at numbers, she caught goldfish—and she spent about fifty dollars on a lot of truck she could have purchased for \$4.98.

Helpless and childlike? That's what you think! When you saw her play Sallie in "Private Worlds" (and wasn't she simply elegant—I can still hear that weird "Sall-ee, Sall-ee, Sall-ee") you very likely thought, "What a lovely little thing. But she probably hasn't a thought in that pretty head." And that's where you're mistaken. "That pretty head" contains more good common sense than any head, large or small, in Hollywood. Just last week I happened to be at the Pasadena station when the Chief came in—I wasn't meeting Joan, I don't know her that well—but I was most pleased when I saw her come tripping down the train steps. She had on a swagger coat, a little turned up hat, and her spectacles—and Joan's specs are not dark glasses but sure enough specs to see out of. She looked exactly like a freshman from Miss So-and-So's on the Hudson returning home to Mama and Papa after a semester of Latin, French and appreciation of music.

But she didn't stay in character very long. Immediately she took charge—Joan has a decided flair for organization and is really the most methodical person I know. She checked over every piece of luggage and there must have been dozens of them, she saw that Ditty and Melinda and their respective nurses were removed from train to car, she saw that Gene didn't leave anything on the train, and she moved her family with such care and precision that not even a victrola record was broken. Well, girl and woman, I have seen movie stars arrive in Hollywood but I have never seen one as quiet and efficient as Joan.

Also, in all my life, I have never seen a Glamour Girl arrive any place wearing glasses! It just isn't done. Every movie star knows that there will be reporters and photographers when she alights, especially in Hollywood, and as soon as the Chief starts creeping over Tejon Pass into San Bernardino the girls start powdering and painting and trying on hats. Spectacles, heavens no! And just to prove to you how the youngest of the Bennetts rates with the Press I'll have you know that not a single one of those photographers, and there were eight or more, clicked a camera until Joan had finished checking her luggage and removed her glasses—by their request. You can, well imagine with what fiendish glee they would have pounced on some of our movie stars if they could catch them in horrible spectacles!

That's what I love about Joan. Despite the fact that she is one of the most beau-

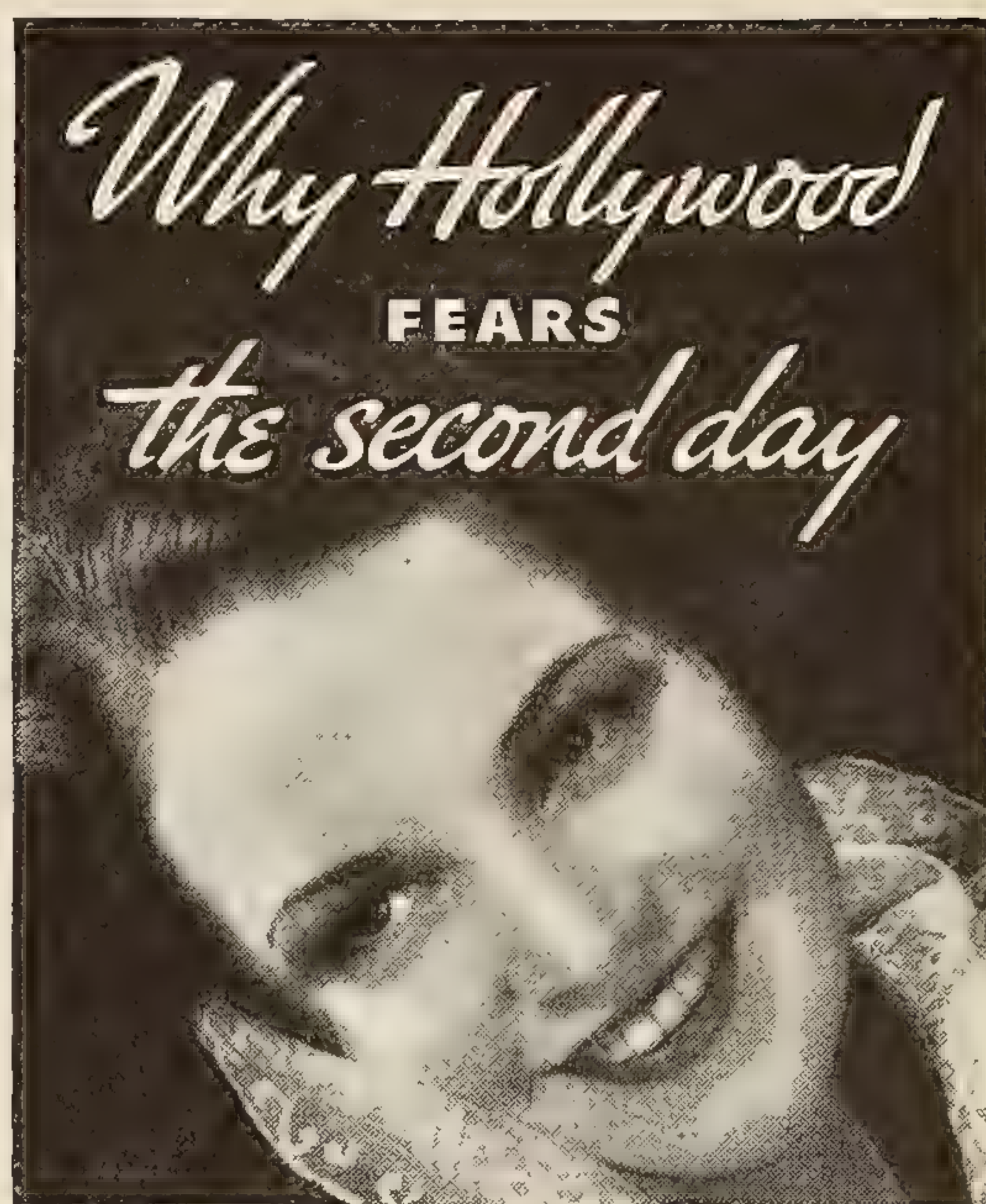
tiful women in Hollywood, and a Bennett my dear, she has absolutely no *chichi* about her. She is near-sighted and so she wears glasses—and I may say looks too cute for words in them. She certainly puts to lie Dorothy Parker's famous lines, "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses." There isn't a male in Hollywood who wouldn't make a pass at Joan if he had half the chance.

I can't talk another minute about Joan Bennett without bringing in Melinda Markey, who will be two years old in February, and who is the "spittin' image" of Gene Markey, as we say down South. Melinda, with her little old-fashioned face and quaint manners, is my special "crush" and she can throw me into hysterics any time. I've probably told you about her first trip on the elevator at Bullock's Wilshire—the day Joan took her shopping for the first time. The elevator began to move. Melinda looked wildly about her for a moment at this strange apparition of a floor rising in thin air, and then quietly commented, "Whoopee."

And then there was the day Joan took her to the studio for the first time to see Mamma make pictures. All during the production of "The Man Who Broke the Bank of Monte Carlo" Ronald Colman, in his dignified and reserved manner, had kept entirely to himself—which fact a palsy walsy picture crew always resents. So, naturally, they went into convulsions when little Melinda Markey, quite startled by her first visit to a set, ran right over to the aloof Mr. Colman and said "Papa." And there was the time I was having a very delightful luncheon at Joan's home on Tower Road in Beverly Hills, and, in true fan writing style, was raving over the charm and beauty of her home when Melinda pulled aside the drapes, exposing a nice big beautiful hole. "Hole," said Melinda.

Joan may seem ethereal to you, but she doesn't to the waiters at the Beverly Brown Derby and the Vendome. Her favorite luncheon dish is corn beef hash and a large portion. She loves big thick steaks and French fried onions and baked sweet potatoes and Roquefort cheese. Her appetite is what one might call "hearty."

Joan has a passion for gardenia perfume and always has a large bowl of gardenias in her living room, which looks just like you'd think Joan Bennett's living room would look like—topped off with a huge oil painting of Richard Bennett in a mood. Joan likes red nail polish, stories with a punch line, yellow bathing suits and the radio. She has a radio in every room of her house and the first thing she does when she gets into her car is turn on the radio. She collects first editions, reads them, and actually loans them to her friends, which



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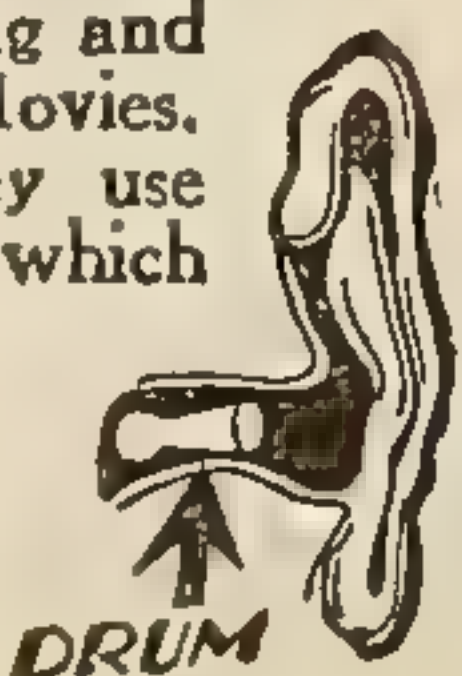
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proves that Joan has great confidence in human nature.

She has a perfect phobia on catching cold and for moths. If she is sitting in the second booth at the Vendome (which has come to be called "Joan Bennett's booth" on account she sits there so often) and someone three booths away sneezes Joan immediately begins to worry—she just knows that she is going to catch cold. Moths also throw her into a frenzy and a little moth has just about as much chance in the Markey home as I have in Windsor Castle. Joan hates people who are inefficient and she hates reporters who misquote her. She is so methodical that she could walk into any of her clothes closets or reach into any of her dresser drawers and put her hand on what she wanted at a second's notice.

She keeps the "Joan Markey Scribbler" in her bag. This is a notebook in which she makes notes all during the day. "Take Ditty to the dentist" . . . "Buy new oil-cloth for the kitchen" . . . "Call butcher about error in his bill" . . . etc., etc. Nothing goes on in the Markey household without Joan knowing all about it. At night she reads through the Joan Markey Scribbler and really attends to everything that was jotted down in it. Joan also keeps a scrap book. She cuts all the clippings about herself that she likes and pastes them in a big book. "It's not conceit," she tells you, "but just think what a big kick Ditty and Melinda will get some day reading about Ma." Melinda will probably say, "Whoopee."

Personalities in Their Homes

[Continued from page 33]

that your "decorating reporter" (that's me) has yet discovered. Get yourself a room like this and you can entertain your friends whenever you want without disturbing father at his evening paper or mother at her round of solitaire.

The walls are papered in a soft gray-blue paper with a small vine pattern. There is a rich looking but washable white rug on the floor. Curtains which hang at windows, through which the California sun pours, are of sunburned tan organdy. The bed has been used as a day bed, put flat against the wall and upholstered in a light beige color of a Turkish towel material, which some people call ratiné.

As in the Carole Lombard room, there is no *chaise longue*—the bed serving as a lounge or sofa. There is a small night stand by the bed, a radio and a dressing table with mirrored top and, around its bottom, a skirt of sunburned tan organdy.

"Virginia wanted a rocking chair in the room, and although I don't know when I have used a rocking chair in a girl's bedroom, I gave her one," Decorator Grieve told me. "It is white, upholstered in blue Chinese cloth. This, with the little rosebuds and Dresden ash trays that Virginia likes around, give it an old fashioned air. You can see that although the room is quite modern, it has this old-fashioned-girl touch, which to me is Virginia Bruce—tall, lovely, modern and yet possessing quaint old-fashioned qualities which shine out at the most unexpected moments."

I could go on and on with descriptions of the bedrooms of the stars into which personality has been injected in large doses. But—even though I think they're the most interesting rooms of all, maybe you'd like to know about some rooms in stars' homes into which personality and comfort has been injected.

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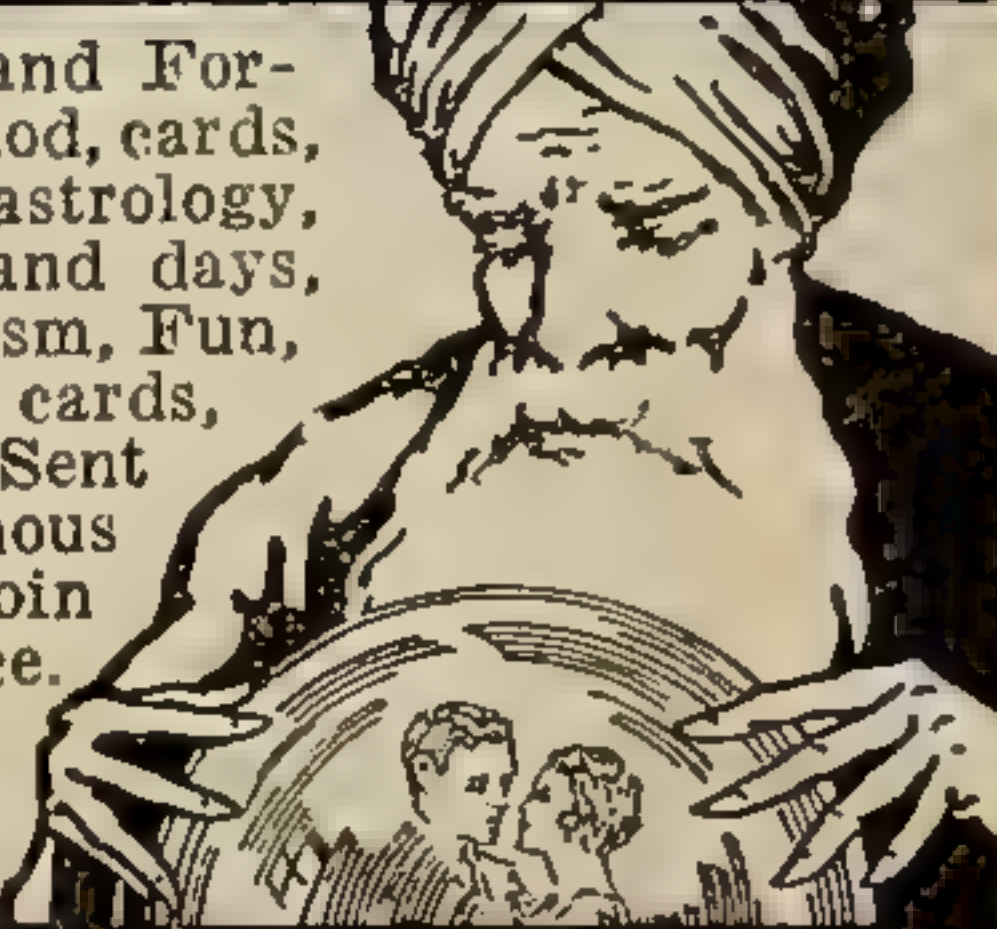
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The new Bing Crosby ranch house at Rancho Santa Fe on the desert, which Harold Grieve decorated, is terribly interesting. Here's a small house, only large enough for Bing and Dixie and the three boys, built for comfort and relaxation and yet perfectly furnished. Bing and Dixie go here to relax and be away from Hollywood. They can have no guests actually in the house because there is no extra room. Guests have to stay at a guest house or hotel!

Way out on the desert and shut up half the year, they had the problem of making it practical and yet enjoyable. Decorator Harold Grieve worked out the scheme of decoration along with Dixie and Bing. First thing, they decided to use sand color—blending in with the desert—as their principal color. They decided to use no woolen fabrics on the upholstery because they didn't want to worry about moths. (Yes, my readers, common ordinary moths attack and eat up the upholstery of even such charmed people as movie stars!)

But let Dixie tell you about it:

"In the first place," she told me, "we combined the living and dining rooms. We put two big sofas around the fireplace and covered them with rough sand colored linen. We decided on another chair in quilted gingham and a big coffee table with drop leaves for Sunday night supper in front of the fireplace. The glass curtains, which are all we use at the windows, are of crinkled organdy which can be laundered and ironed right at home. The electric fixtures are in the form of old lamps to carry out the ranch house idea. The dining table, and its gingham upholstered chairs, are at one side of the room.

"My favorite room is the nursery. In a row, like the beds of the three little bears, are three little beds for my three little Crosby boys. They, interestingly enough, are not baby beds, but small twin beds so that as the boys get older, their side rails may be taken off and the boys will have regular adult sized beds. Yellow and white and a kind of an old red are used in this room, with curtains of yellow gingham with small red lines in them. There are little roller shades decorated with pictures of animals. The wood in the room is of maple; the carpet is sand colored and the ceiling soft maple. I love it and the boys, I think, do too."

And there goes Scribe Babcock again on the subject of bedrooms. Well, they do seem to be the most interesting rooms—aside from Carole's blue-blue living room—in any house. Which brings me to Norma Shearer's bedroom in the lovely Thalberg house at Santa Monica.

Norma is a tailored woman—how many times have you heard it? Well, I'll reiterate it. She is and her house shows it. There are no ruffles, frills or fringe about her house, no—as my buddy by this time, Harold Grieve, who also did this one, would express it—"undergrowth or knicknacks." The house itself is a combination of modern and antique, for Norma likes the first named and Irving the latter, so that the only room which really gets the full import of Norma's tailored personality is her bedroom.

The color scheme is sophisticated. What are "sophisticated colors," you ask? Listen, and Mama (Expert Decorator) Babcock will tell you, as she describes Miss Shearer's bedroom. The walls are soft yellowish-green, almost a pale citron, and the carpet is an off-white. As an accent, there is an indelible blue color and chartreuse. And here comes a *chaise longue* for a change!

Norma's is a *double chaise longue*, so that Husband Irving Thalberg may share it with Norma. There are two twin beds in the room with one big double headboard made out of light magnolia wood, which Mr. Grieve tells me is a very interesting, much-used, modern wood. A desk of magnolia wood is also in the room.

Venetian blinds hang at an enormous window which goes right down to the floor and looks out over the Pacific. The window is almost a picture in itself and thus the walls are bare except for a large mirror over the fireplace. The lighting fixtures and floor lamps are of a monel metal which withstands rust. There is no dressing table in the room because Miss Shearer has a large dressing room just off the bedroom.

The curtains? You'd love 'em if you have a flare for the modern. They are of hand-blocked linen of a citron color with the design blocked on in white, the design being an indelible blue and green leaf pattern. Oh yes, m'am, the room is about as modern as anything you've ever seen and it is Norma Shearer to a T.

I could go on and on and tell you about the house that Binnie Barnes has just finished, which is all white with touches of pink and gray and designed to show off her red hair and light complexion; I could tell you about the blue and white house that is Joan Crawford's and how Joan, who loves all colors but won't let Bill Haines use anything but blue and white and more blue until he's been put to it to invent new shades of blue for her. He only recently achieved a lovely greenish-blue which he calls the Crawford color.

I could tell you how Joan Bennett builds her living room always about a huge painting of her father, Richard Bennett, arranging the furniture and the colors of the room to emphasize this picture; I could tell you about the very gay red, white and blue playroom which Keogh Gleason just finished for Ann Sothorn and which is such a success that Ann may have to do the rest of her house over to keep step; I could tell you about Dick Powell's house which is the perfect bachelor's home, with all its closets for shoes and boots and riding and fishing equipment. In fact, I could just go on and on, for this is a never ending, fascinating subject, but I'll stop right here, with one final word!

Take Bill Haines' advice if you want to do a room or a house. Study yourself and see what becomes you. Then you'll have something which expresses you, just as the stars have homes which express them.

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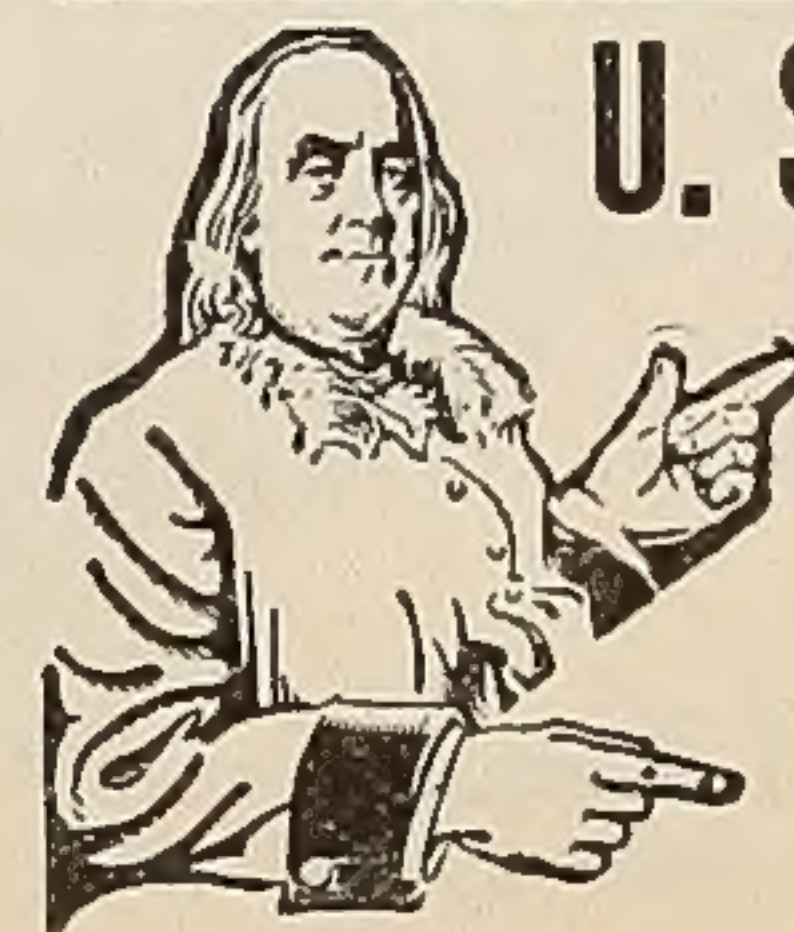
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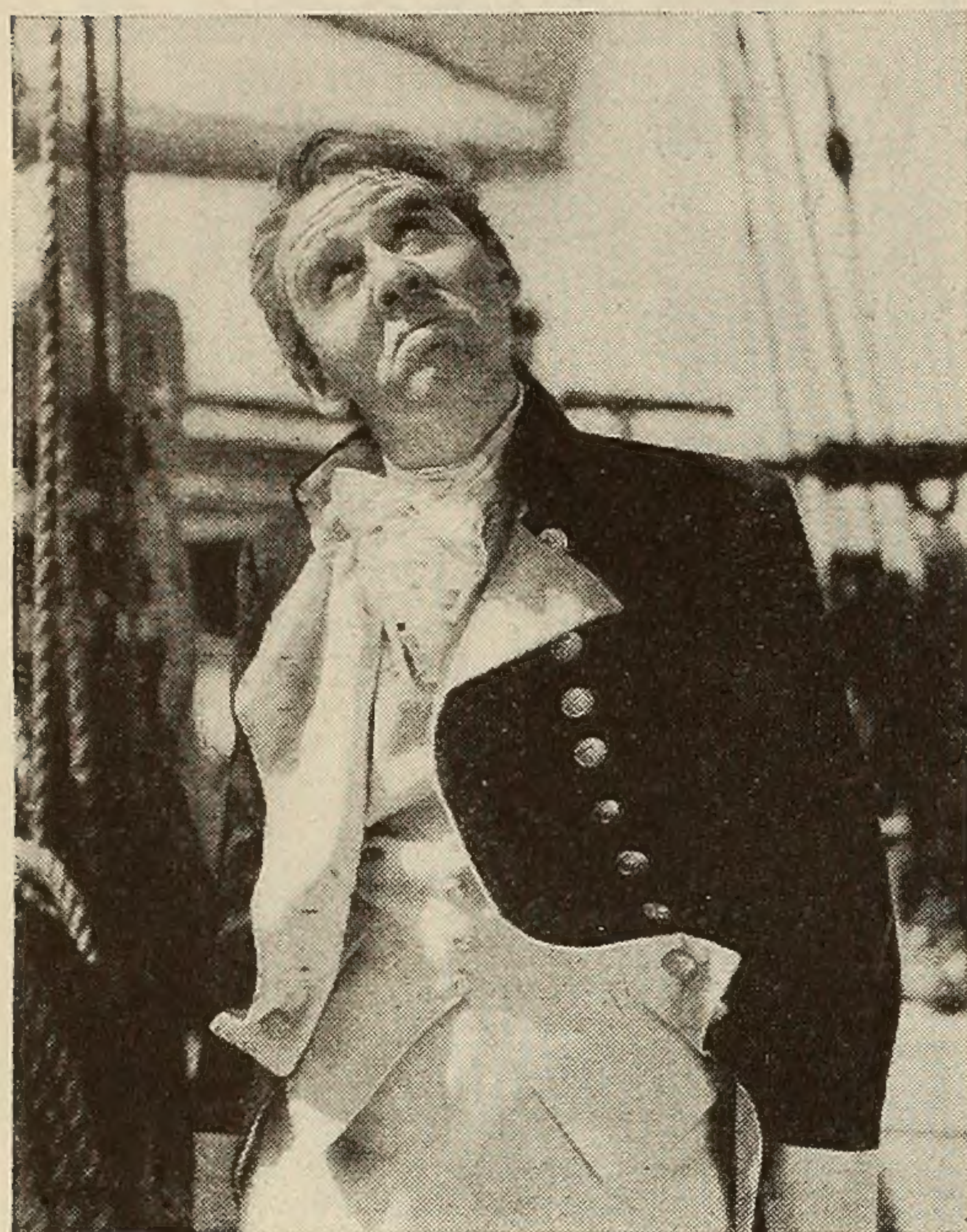


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We have met Bette and she was a very pleasant person from our own Massachusetts. Laughton, during the making of "Mutiny On The Bounty," was the life of the party at the camp at Catalina and well liked by everyone.

One is quite ready to see the true soul of a player when the part he is playing is lovable or goes heroic, so naturally we are likewise apt to imagine the villainy is not make-believe.

After Peter Lorre made "M" people would get up and leave a restaurant if he entered. All of which makes us eager to see Charles Laughton as *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a favorite well-loved character of ours.

* * *

The picture theatre has a certain function, which is to entertain you by stimulating your imagination so skillfully that you are lifted out of yourself.

To go to see Lily Pons just to hear her voice, is to have missed the point. In other words, you could have enjoyed her voice by hearing her sing (in person) or on a radio. You went to the theatre for something real and not for make-believe.

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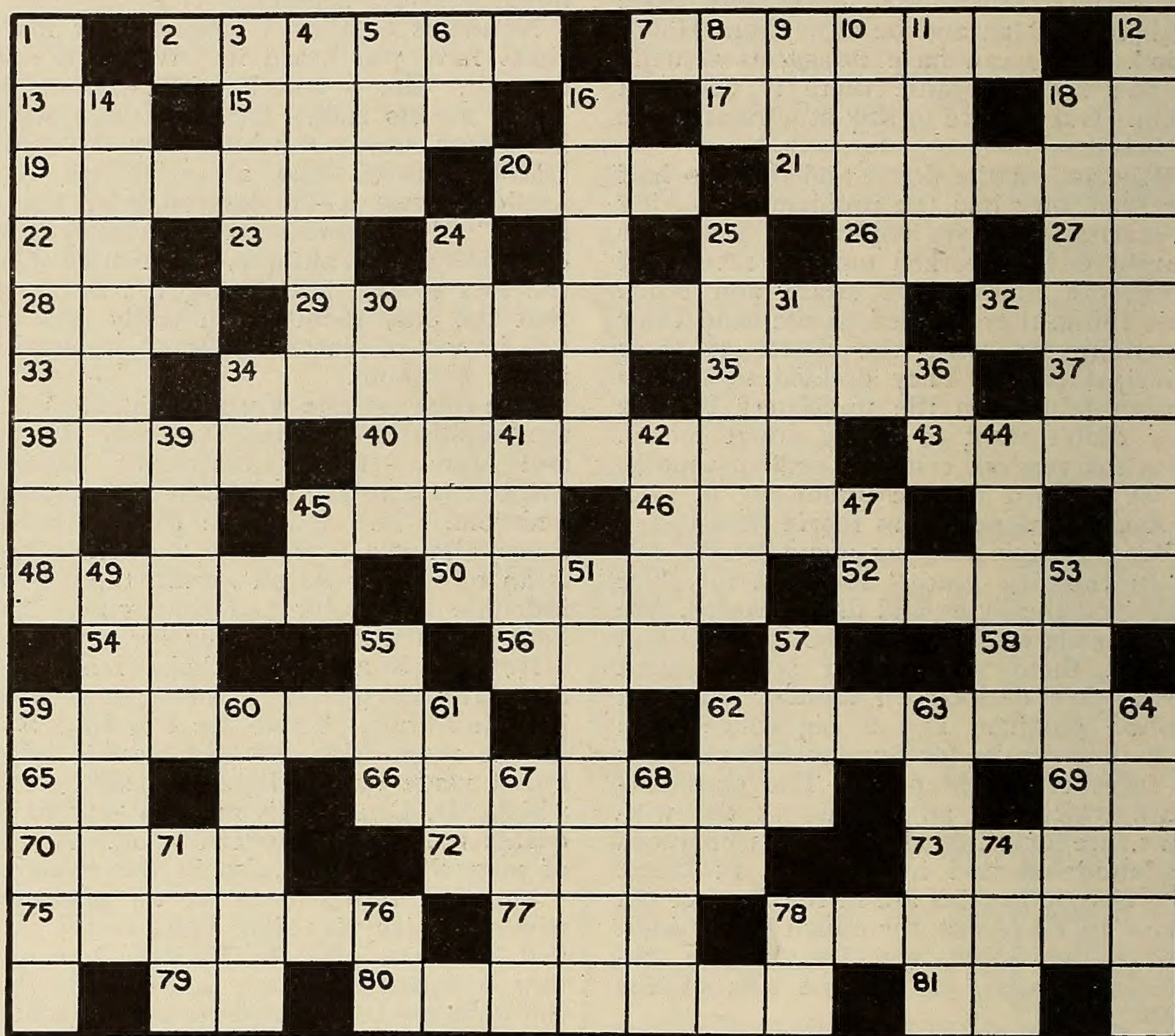
* * *

Lily Pons is real without our imagination. Captain Bligh is real too, but our imagination, tortured, twisted and goaded by a great actor, made him so.

Edw. Keen
THE EDITOR

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

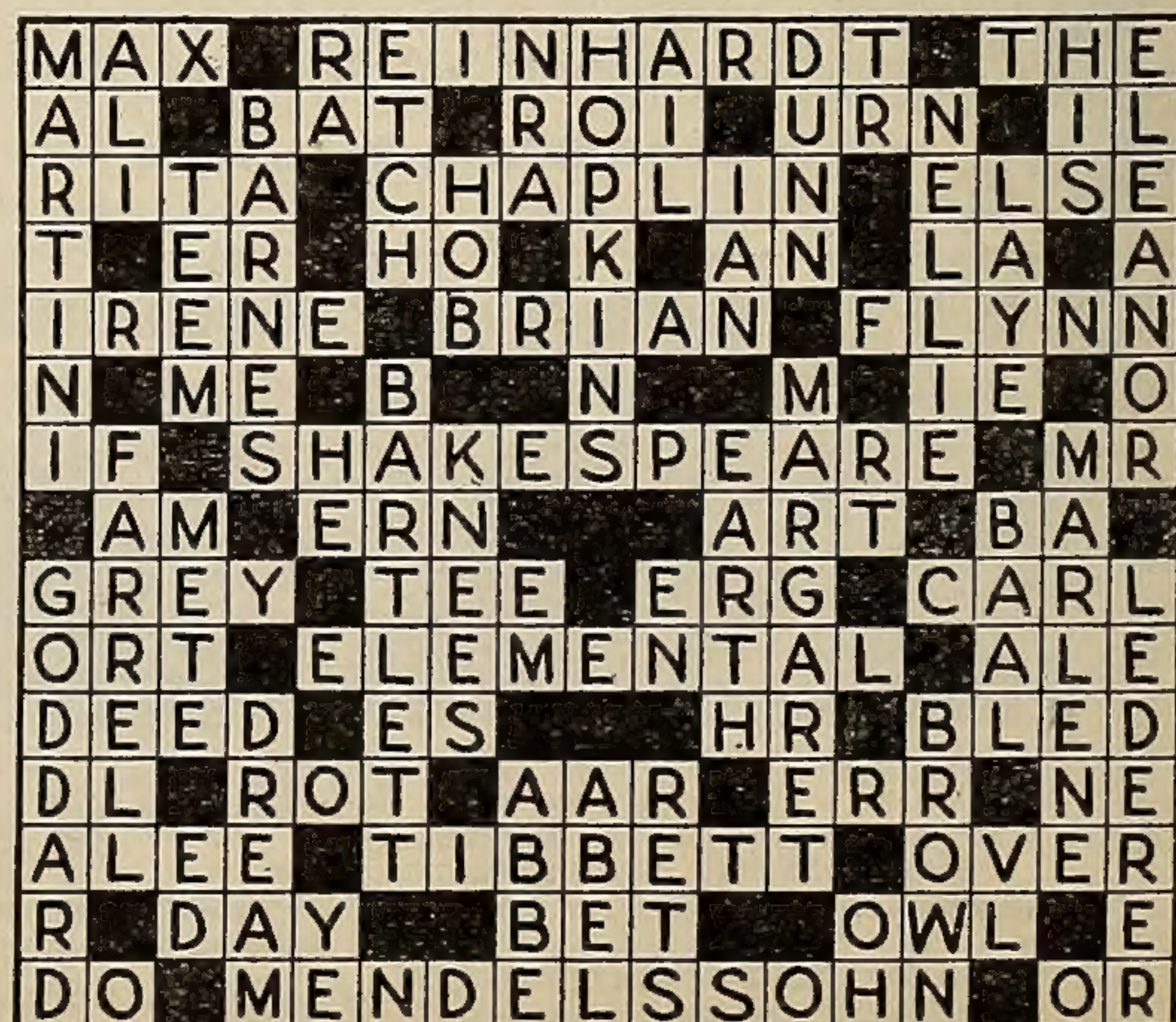
- 2-7 "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"
13 Morning (abbr.)
15 Dr. Felix in "The Invisible Ray"
17 To be afraid of
18 The sun god
19 The poor manicurist in "Hands Across the Table"
20 The originator of "Come up and see me some time"
21 Her latest picture is "If Only You Could Cook"
22 The queen of "Three Kids and a Queen" (init.)
23 A suffix used to form many plurals
26 Exists
27 Masculine title of respect (abbr.)
28 Our country (abbr.)
29 Tarzan's mate
32 Star of "I Found Stella Parrish"
33 He is now appearing on the stage (initials)
34 To break suddenly
35 A precious stone
37 A South Western state (abbr.)
38 The reformed gangster in "Rich Girl's Folly"
40 Looking-glasses
43 Star of "Here's to Romance"
45 A large river in Siberia
46 A Celtic Scotch Highlander
48 Removes with a sudden pull
50 A range of mountains in Arkansas, Missouri and Oklahoma
52 In that place
54 Head (abbr.)
56 Before
58 Denial
59 The lovely Constance in "The Three Musketeers"
62 Large Spanish vessel of the Fifteenth Century
65 Either
66 A girl's name
69 Nickel (abbr.)
70 The Russian girl portrayed by Garbo in her last picture
72 The Chase and Sanborn Coffee Slogan:—"It's _____"
73 Beheld
75 Acts again
77 Station (abbr.)
78 She is married to Hal Mohr
79 Near
80 She will soon appear in "Romeo and Juliet"
81 Thoroughfare (abbr.)

DOWN

- 1 Shared honors with Lombard in "Hands Across the Table"
3 A musical wind instrument
4 Bruce, of the Canadian Mounted, in "Rose Marie"
5 A beverage
6 Huey Long's home state (abbr.)
8 Belonging to
9 A meadow
10 The Duchess of Kent
11 Branches of learning

- 12 His next starring vehicle is "The Voice of Ann Bugle"
14 A Paramount player
16 He is featured in "The Magnificent Obsession"
18 He's in "East of Java"
24 Agnes in "Peter Ibbetson"
25 She dances with Patsy Kelly in "Thanks a Million"
30 Identical
31 Semi-circular recess of a church
34 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
36 The reporter in "Atlantic Adventure" (init.)
39 Featured with Lily Pons in her first picture
41 To level with the ground
42 An imaginary monster
44 She will be starred in "Show Boat"
45 The disgraced ex-captain in "China Seas"
47 Army officer (abbr.)
49 He portrayed an archeologist in "I Live My Life"
51 Tony Orsatti in "Three Kids and a Queen"
53 Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"
55 Twelfth month (abbr.)
57 The cry of a sheep
59 To gather and store away
60 He played opposite Jean Harlow in "Riffraff"
61 A color
62 A disease of sheep
63 One who is defeated
64 A simpleton
67 A box in which things may be kept
68 A Shakespearean king
71 Seize unexpectedly
74 Old times (poet.)
76 Star of "Mary Burns, Fugitive" (initials)
78 Speech of hesitancy

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"YOU CAN'T BE LOVELY WITHOUT A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN"

Merle Oberon



DOES Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! "But," says this charming star, "I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin. I remove make-up *thoroughly* — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean Cosmetic Skin has developed. No wise girl will neglect Merle Oberon's advice!

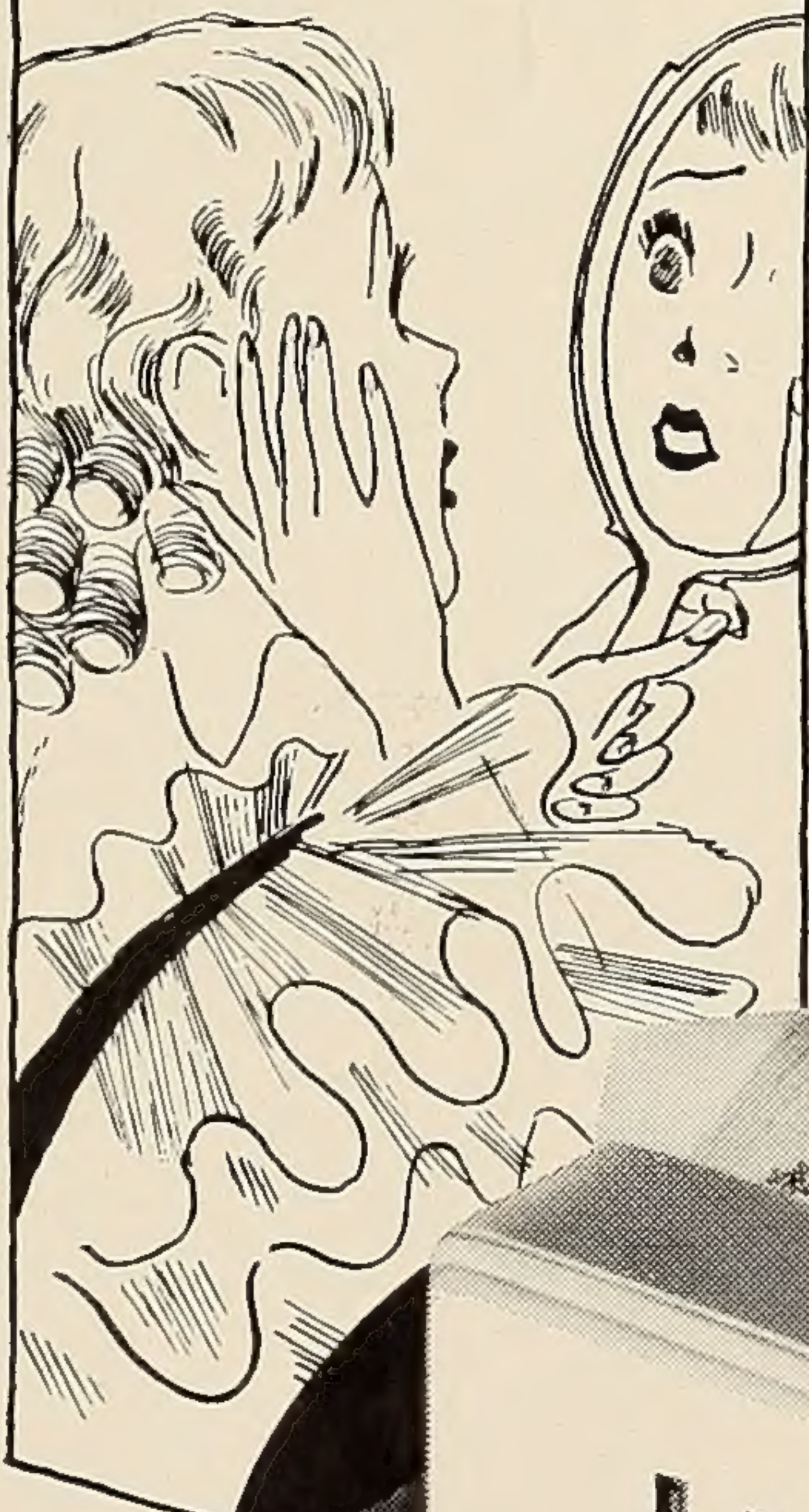
Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won't *choke your pores*. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely—the way you want *yours* to be!

Why don't *you* use it—before you renew your make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

MERLE OBERON, charming star of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, never takes chances with unattractive Cosmetic Skin! Here she tells you how to guard against this danger.

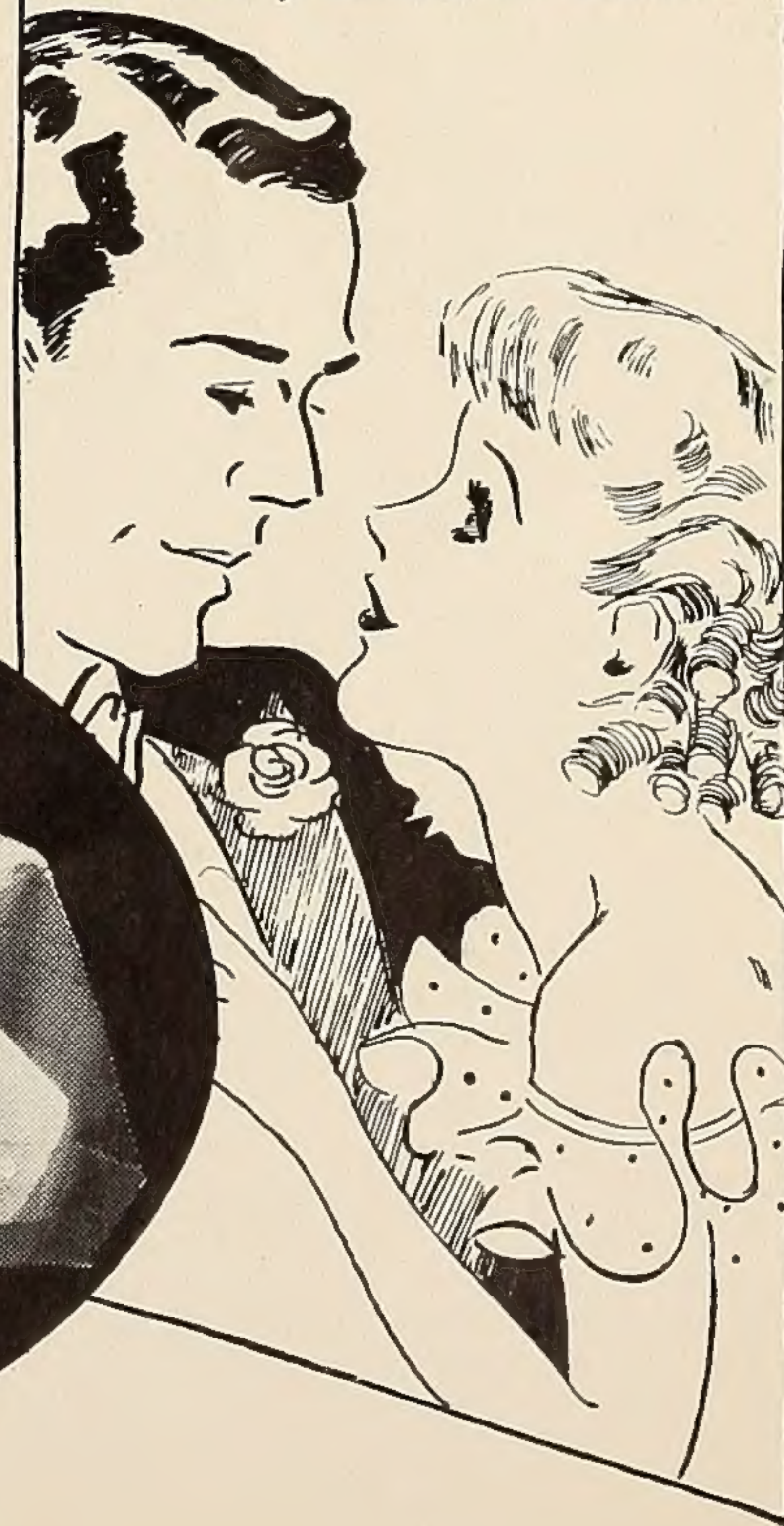
*Worried about
Cosmetic Skin?*



*No need to be
if you remove
cosmetics thoroughly*



*Men always fall
for soft, smooth skin*



“Smoking a Camel certainly makes a difference”

MISS VIVIAN DIXON



Miss Vivian Dixon is the débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Dixon of New York and Long Island. “One’s first season is exciting,” she says. “There are so many parties...so many things to do. Smoking a Camel gives you a splendid ‘lift,’ and makes it so much easier to go on enjoying things.” You’ll agree with Miss Dixon, because Camel spends millions more every year for finer, more expensive tobaccos.



Miss Dixon’s dinner dress is from Bergdorf Goodman

“I certainly appreciate the fact,” says Miss Dixon, “that Camels never make me feel nervous. I can smoke as often as I want and feel simply grand. Camels never give me that ‘I’ve been smoking too much’ feeling.” Camels never get on your nerves.

“I don’t like strong cigarettes,” says Miss Dixon, “that’s one of the reasons I always smoke Camels—they are much milder.” Milder—finer flavor! Camel’s costlier tobaccos *do* make a difference.



**Camels are Milder!...made from finer, more expensive tobaccos
...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand**

AMONG THE MANY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN
WHO PREFER CAMEL’S COSTLIER TOBACCOS:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT, *Richmond*
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. POTTER D’ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*